Liberty

JUNE 16, 1945 10c

Honor Dad.
He's in there
fighting—

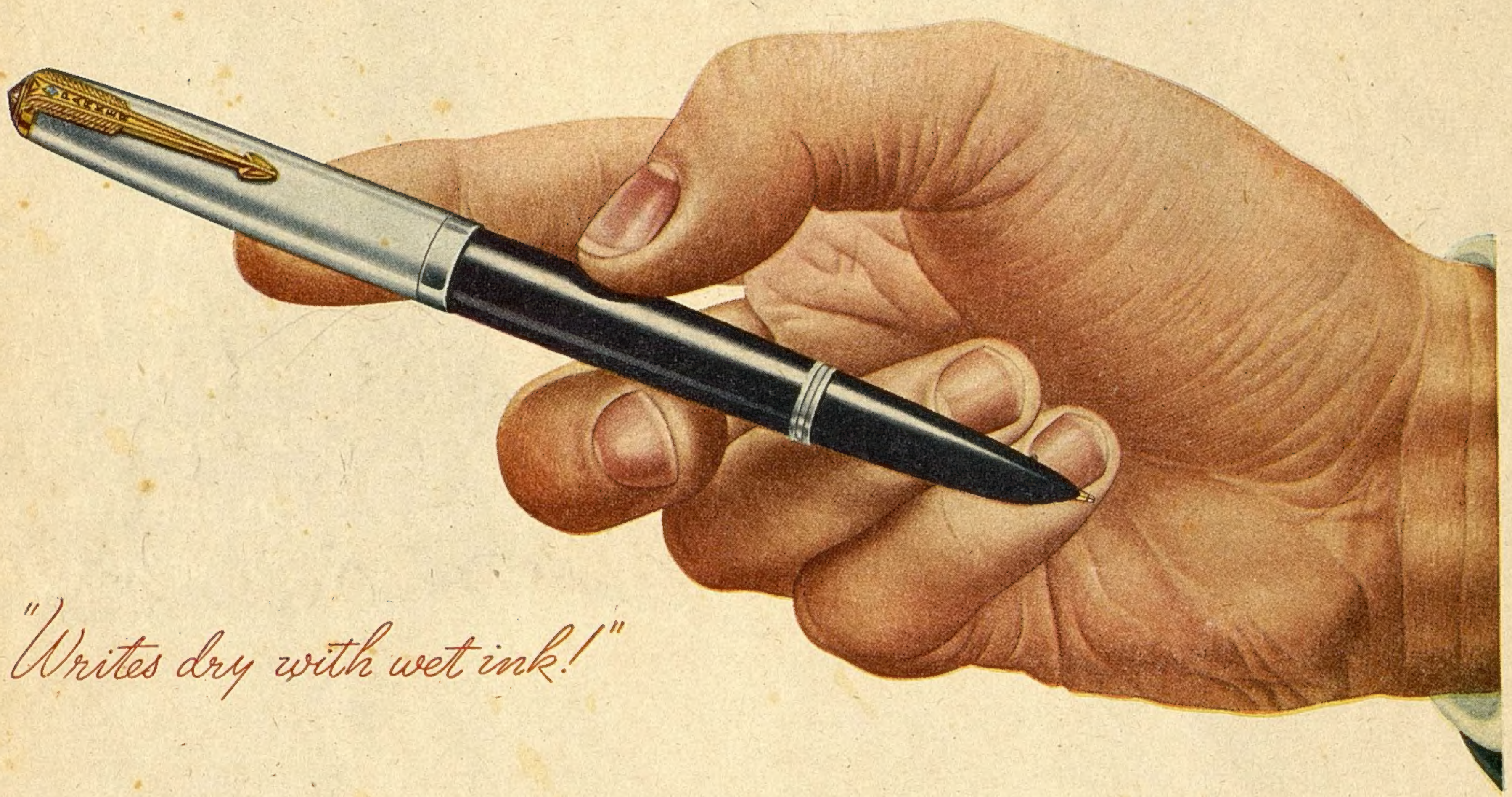
Buy War Bonds
for the present
and they will
be home bonds
for the future—
7th WAR LOAN

Book: AT HIS SIDE—The Red Cross in Action—A Great American Story

SHORT STORIES by Jerome Weidman · Samuel W. Taylor · Frederick Nebel

"Most Wanted..."

AND MORE PARKER 51'S CAN BE EXPECTED!


"Writes dry with wet ink!"

An owner proudly exhibits his Parker "51." You ask to try it—it wins you completely! ♦ The ever-moist, protected point starts on the split second. Eagerly it floats over the paper. That Osmiridium tip is smoother than satin! ♦ Then look . . . your words dry faster almost than you can lift the pen from the paper. For this pen uses magical Parker "51" Ink. It alone has the design and construction required for satisfactory use of this world's fastest drying ink. It can, of course, also use any regular ink. ♦ Small wonder Parker "51" is the world's "most wanted" pen. ♦ This demand, of course, cannot be completely filled. For the "51" is a precision instrument, built to the highest standards of craftsmanship. It cannot be hastily mass produced. And our first obligation is to produce equipment vital to victory. ♦ More Parker "51" Pens, however, are coming. So place a reservation order now with your dealer. Perhaps sooner than you think, a Parker "51" will be yours! Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW.

PARKER "51"

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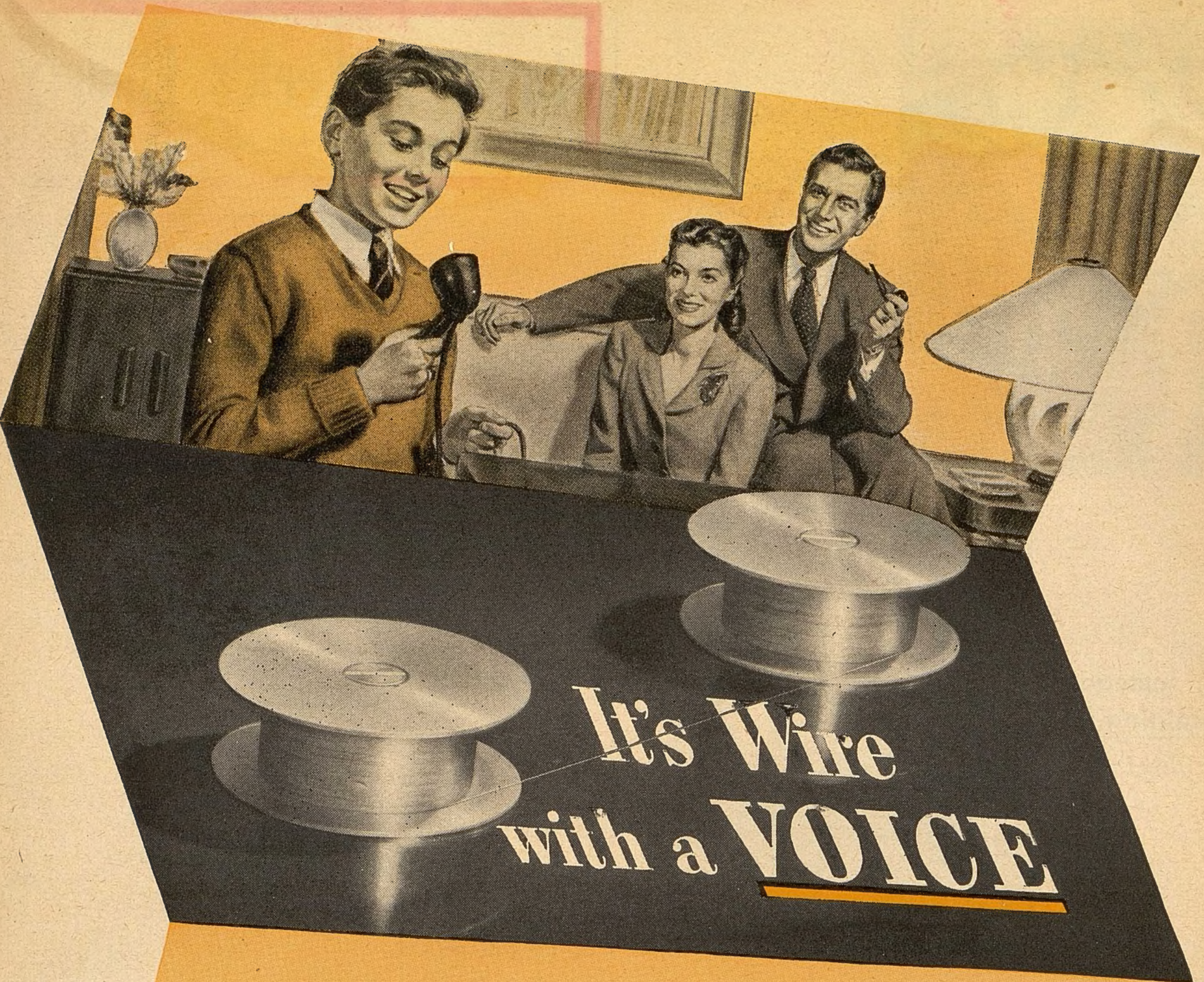

Listen! That's your own voice you hear. Or a radio program caught and recorded straight from the air. Or maybe a program produced by your own youngsters.

It all comes from the thin wire that runs through the Lear Wire Recorder—a wire magnetically impressed with sound through an entirely new method of recording brought to its present high state in Lear laboratories.

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No one has yet begun to explore the full realm of possibilities that lie in Lear Wire Recording. But to give you a glimpse of how it works and a few of the ways it can be used, Lear has prepared a free booklet of questions and answers. Would you like one? Just drop us a line--or mail the coupon below.

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Gentlemen:

I am interested in the development of wire recording and the ways in which it may be used. Please send me your free booklet.

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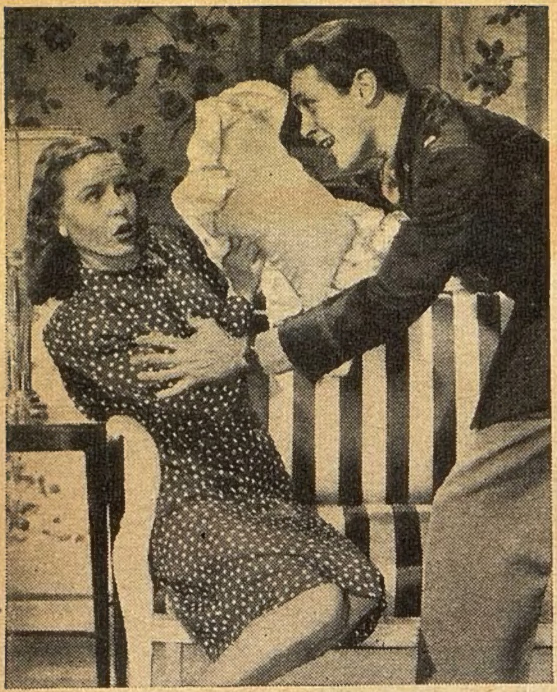

When she **shields** you off like this . . .

Instead of **shielding** you in like this . . .

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*

WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS

Pining for your favorite flavor? We're sorry if there aren't enough Life Savers to go around. But Servicemen come first—we know you'd want it that way. Try other delicious Life Savers flavors!

In This Week's Liberty

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Are you in the know?

Leg make-up looks best if you—

- ☐ *Use a depilatory*
- ☐ *Choose a stocking shade*
- ☐ *Apply it evenly*

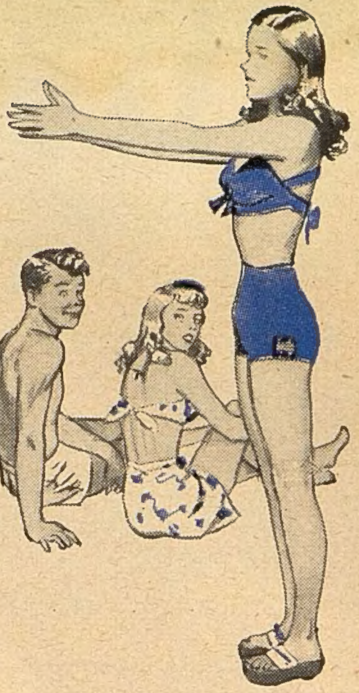
It takes more than a light-going-over to make those gams whistle-worthy. It takes the three answers given above. De-fuzz your legs. Choose a stocking shade that matches your suntan. Apply it evenly. Cosmetic "hose" are so comfortable, seems they're here to stay. So, too, is the comfort you get from Kotex—for Kotex *stays soft while wearing*. That's why there's such a difference between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex doesn't bunch up . . . its softness stays and stays!

For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

- ☐ *A skilled operator*
- ☐ *A cold wave*
- ☐ *A machine wave*

Frizzy flub—or dream girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Let her decide the right type of wave for your hair-texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care. And guard your *daintiness* with care . . . especially at "certain" times.

Now there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for this new Kotex "extra" that aids your charm, your confidence.



Is this little beach belle—

- ☐ *Playing patty-cake*
- ☐ *Dive balmy*
- ☐ *Collar-bone conscious*

No, she's not "tetched". . . just collar-bone conscious . . . and if *you* have a lean-and-hollow-look around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward—touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. And to banish problem-day worries—choose Kotex, because the special *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection by keeping moisture from the sides of the pad . . . helps safeguard your secret.

If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—

- ☐ *Try to reform him*
- ☐ *Go smilin' through*
- ☐ *Make with the icicles*

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying *days*, too . . . when you laugh off "telltale outline" fears with the patented, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

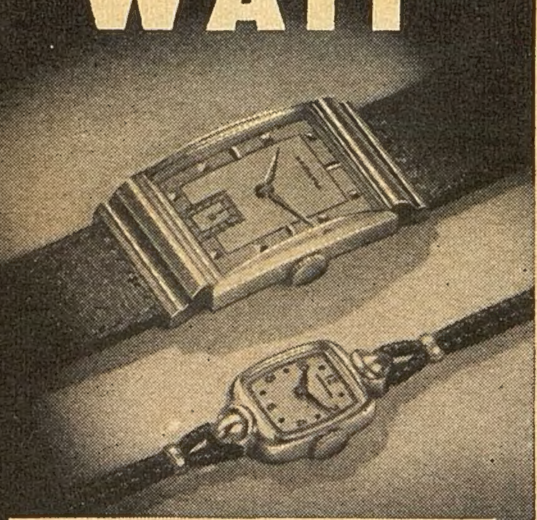
KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
Containing a Deodorant
KOTEX
Kotex

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WATCH
WAIT



Hold out for a Hamilton! Though we're now building only high-precision timing instruments for war, later on we'll be turning out the finest of fine gifts—accurate and beautiful Hamilton Watches for you!

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

FROM KHAKI TO CIVVIES

Great Bend, Kans.—A lot of us have been reading magazine stories about returning servicemen. Most of them seem to imply that the average G. I. is a little off the beam, for the simple reason that he cannot get adjusted to civilian life immediately. In these stories there is always the traditionally beautiful heroine who helps the poor half-witted G. I. to get adjusted to civilian life again. If you don't mind us saying so—Phooey!

Assuredly there are a few cases that will need some help. However, I dare say 99 per cent of the servicemen could make the leap from khaki to civvies and no one be the wiser.

Don't make us out a bunch of grinning, half-batty gargoyles. We're all human beings and we do have human feelings. We can get along without a lot of interfering people who claim to be specialists and who probe into every corner of our private lives and tell us what is good for us.

Please, for us and for our children and children's children, print the stories that will make them look at us with pride and not with half-averted eyes and the mild suspicion that we are insane.—*Sgt. Dominic Billet, Cpl. Donald H. Stork.*

Sure you got the right magazine? Or did you miss The Bobby-Sock Bride, by H. Vernor Dixon; O Captain! My Captain! by Edwin Rutt; and The Unfinished Saga of Samuel MacBain, by Matt Taylor—to name a few of our more recent stories about returned G. I.s who were 100 per cent (or more) on the beam? Copies are on their way to you.—Vox Pop Editor.

MARINES ON GUAM

Bethesda, Md.—I'm Proud to Belong, by Major General A. D. Bruce (April 21), interested me very much. I was in the Fourth Marine Regiment on Guam. Everyone in our outfit had only words of praise for the 77th Infantry's fighting ability. They were good!

But the picture caption, "Men of the 77th moving up on Guam," is wrong, inasmuch as the picture it describes is that of my company (the Fourth Marine Regiment) advancing.—*Pfc. R. G., U. S. M. C.*

Liberty's picture was taken by the Signal Corps, cleared by CINCPOA, and officially identified as a photograph of 77th infantrymen. —Vox Pop Editor.

COMPROMISE SUGGESTION

San Rafael, Calif.—In your article, Should We Have Compulsory Military Training? (April 28), both Charles Seymour (who answers Yes) and Booth Tarkington (who answers No) seem to assume that such training can be obtained only through the bill as presented to Congress. If we can get the training and remove the objections to that bill, perhaps everybody will be happy.

Many who favor universal training oppose compulsory peacetime service and argue that a year is too long. If we can train officers in three months (as we have done in two wars), how can it require twelve months to train men? There isn't that much difference between a lieutenant and a private.

If the best-known method of training officers is four years in college (West Point and Annapolis for regulars, R. O. T. C. for reserve officers), why shouldn't that suffice for corporals and sergeants and privates?

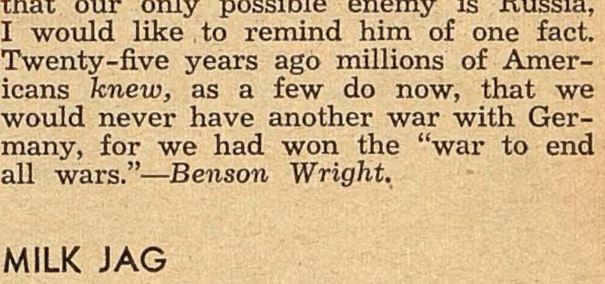
Intensive full-time training should be provided for the shortest term in which adequate instruction can be given. The same amount of training can be spread over a high-school or college course, or through an enlistment in the National Guard or a similar organization. Each young man might well be required to complete the prescribed training before his twenty-fifth birthday by any means provided. Each method of training might include field training for one month a year for three successive summers.

Universal military training can and should be attained without the regimentation of the youth of the nation, and without taking the boy from his family, his education, or his work for a long period of time.

Referring to Mr. Tarkington's statement that our only possible enemy is Russia, I would like to remind him of one fact. Twenty-five years ago millions of Americans *knew,* as a few do now, that we would never have another war with Germany, for we had won the "war to end all wars."—*Benson Wright.*

MILK JAG

South Pacific—All the verbal praise the merchant marine gets is fine, but what bothers us is the discrimination. We deliver the supplies and are stuck in one place for months, hauling materials. We have been out here for five months and I have been ashore only eight days, because shore leave is not granted to merchantmen.



We are intrusted with cargoes of all values, but yet, while at ports of discharge, we can't go ashore or receive the benefits of PX canteens. Many times we are treated as aliens. Army clubs and Navy clubs where a man can get a drink are barred

(*Continued on page 8.*)

How many Bette Davises?

For millions of movie-goers, there are as many different Bette Davises as there are Bette Davis-starring pictures!

That's part of Miss Davis' greatness: the ability to make each character she plays stand by itself, a distinct and memorable triumph of screen acting.

And since coming to Warner Bros., Bette has starred in nearly fifty pictures, won two Academy Awards, and been universally acclaimed The Screen's First Lady!

In our newest production, "THE CORN IS GREEN", you'll see Bette Davis in one of the finest of her many fine achievements... as a woman so splendidly stubborn that she makes a daring dream come true.

You'll see, too, how Warner Bros. so brilliantly combines *"good picture-making with good citizenship."* For "THE CORN IS GREEN" is not only wonderfully entertaining... it also makes a very pertinent point about the world we live in.

Be sure to see it when it comes your way!

WARNER BROS. JACK L. WARNER, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Bette Davis
in
"The Corn is Green"

with JOHN DALL • JOAN LORRING
NIGEL BRUCE • RHYS WILLIAMS
Directed by IRVING RAPPER
Produced by JACK CHERTOK
Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Frank Cavett
From the Stage Play by EMLYN WILLIAMS
Produced by Herman Shumlin • Music by Max Steiner

Other current Warner Bros. productions:
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Smoke this outstanding quality cigarette... Smoke it critically...Compare it with any other brand...See if you don't agree that ...from now on...it's Chelsea!
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The BEST in Cigarettes – Blended by EDGEWORTH
A Heritage of Quality Since 1877

(Continued from page 6)

to us, so I walk around the streets and gorge myself on milk, or pay a bootlegger for a bottle.

Why don't we receive equal recognition, or at least some consideration while we're in the service of the merchant marine? —*J. A. J.*

THE DEFENSE RESTS

Fullerton, Calif.—I hope this takes care of Irene Harville (May 12 Vox Pop) who took king-size offense at my poem, Pint-Size Blues (March 17).

Poor Irene,
You prove what I mean:
Big gals are eyefuls
But not too keen.
To seethe so and fret
And get
Overhet—
You can't take the mildest
Of ribbings, my pet!
Who's spiteful, mean?
Tut, tut, such spleen!
You'll ruin your looks.
Relax, Irene!
(And I don't know how big
Your guy is, pard,
But mine's 6' 2
And an ex-left guard.
So smile when you make
With the "pint-size" sally,
Or he'll ask you, Toots,
To step out in the alley.)
—*Ethel Jacobson.*

WELL-ROUNDED REPORT

Los Angeles, Calif.—Let me congratulate you upon your book condensation, Battle Report, by Commander Walter Karig and Lieutenant Welbourn Kelley (April 14).

This is the first comprehensive overview of the Pacific war I have seen where the numerous dramatic events have been put together in their proper sequence and true relationship without losing the human-interest appeal of personal experiences.

I hope the authors will follow through until we dictate the peace terms in the Royal Palace in Tokyo.—*Cline M. Koon.*

A sequel to Battle Report is already in the works.—Vox Pop Editor.

DOUBTING THOMAS

Kansas City, Mo.—I am alarmed over the attitude in which Ted Shane is compiling his Cockeyed Crosswords. Just listen to this and see if you don't think he has gone cockeyed. He asks in his puzzle (April 14), "Name the author of 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea or David Copperfield." How can one arrive at the correct answer when there are two different authors—Jules Verne and Charles Dickens? Anyway, the puzzle when worked out (April 21), gives "Benchley" as the answer. How come?—*E. E. Thomas.*

It's quite simple. Robert Benchley is the author of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield," which is *one* book, published by Henry Holt & Co. in 1928.—Vox Pop Editor.

Girl with a Husband . . .
or Lady with Memories?

A lot depends on her holding action during that one big date with a furloughed hero...who's a master of tactics in battle—and romance!

ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINE DAY
in

Those Endearing Young Charms

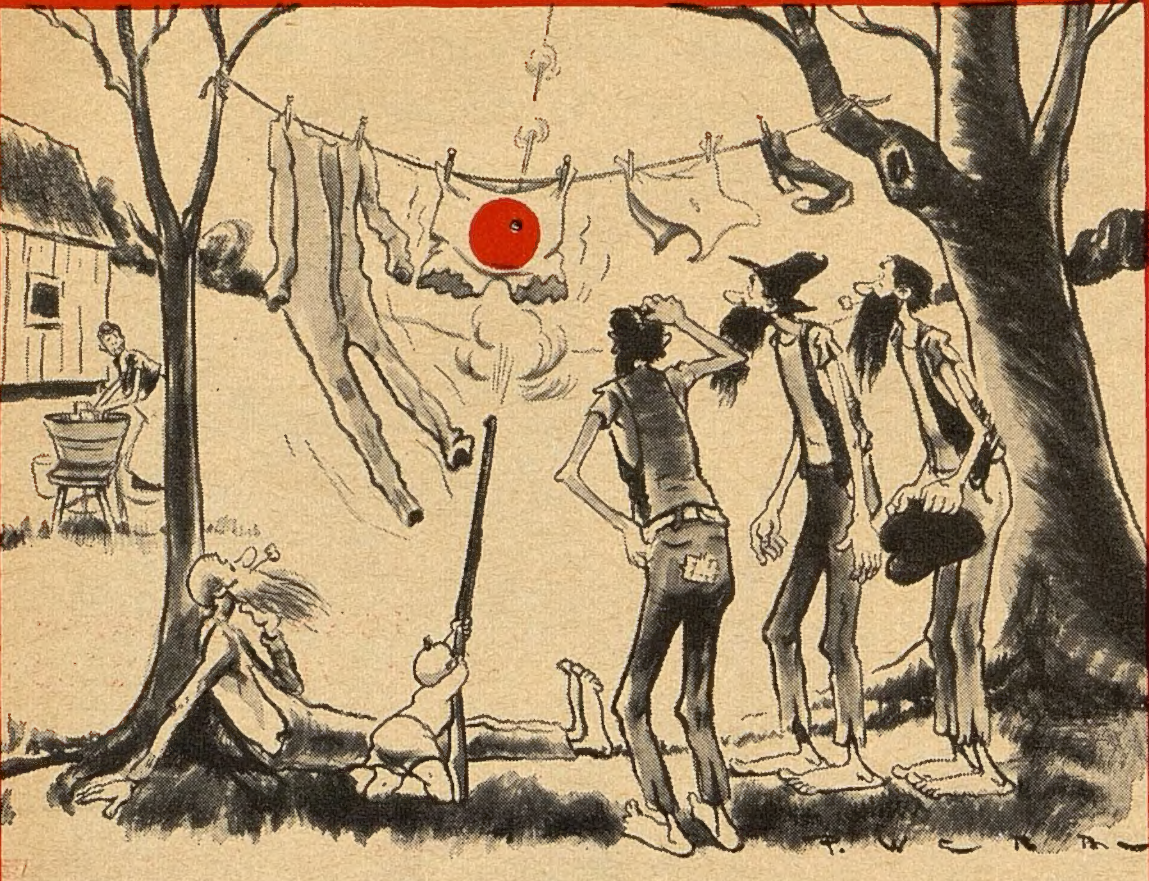
with **ANN HARDING**
and Introducing **BILL WILLIAMS**

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by BERT GRANET • Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
Screen Play by JEROME CHODOROV

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"Ain't thet the Jap flag Cousin Gulp tuk off'n a Rear Admiral?"

"PLUG-CHEK" SCORES BULL'S EYE ON FAULTY PLUGS . . .

For accurate *trouble-shooting* in helping spot faulty spark plugs . . . ask for an Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek." The famous "Plug-Chek" way of inspecting spark plugs shows what should be done to restore top spark plug efficiency, add as much as 12% to gas mileage, according to tests conducted by the American Automobile Association.

Just cleaning and re-gapping your present plugs may help stretch every ration coupon miles farther. And if you discover new plugs are needed, ask for Auto-Lite spark plugs —they're ignition engineered.

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BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

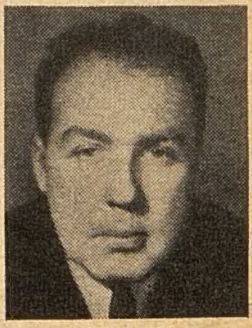
Tune in the AUTO-LITE Radio Show
STARRING Dick Haymes
HELEN FORREST • GORDON JENKINS' ORCHESTRA
Every Tuesday Night • NBC

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES TURNED AUTHOR

JEROME WEIDMAN, a jack-of-all-trades before he broke into print, describes his early career as that of "a newsboy, a soda jerker, a mail clerk, a delivery boy for a firm that rented tuxedos (made—I'll take an oath—of pure lead), a printer, a stenographer, a window cleaner, a switchboard operator, and an operator in a necktie factory." He was born on New York's East Side in 1913, and went to night school at City College and N. Y. U., where he studied accounting and law. He never used those specialties much, because he soon branched out into writing. A well-known novelist now, he's also working with the OWI. This week Liberty publishes his latest short story, THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN.

SCHOOLTEACHING LED THE WAY



AUTHOR, lecturer, traveler, whose firsthand report on AMERICA'S ISLAND HELL HOLE appears in this week's issue, Wenzell Brown started out as a schoolteacher. And it was through his ex-pupils in Puerto Rico that he was able to get a direct pipe line to real conditions there. Four years ago he was assistant professor of English at a Chinese university. Then Hong Kong fell and he was interned at Stanley Prison for seven months. A shadow of his former self when he was repatriated, he regained his robust figure and went to work for the Treasury Department, lecturing defense workers on the nature of the enemy. He resigned to go to Puerto Rico, and is now back, writing a book about the island.

NEXT WEEK

Do you know that THE BIGGEST JOB HUNT IN HISTORY is going on right under your nose? Let Millard C. Faught introduce you to a nongovernmental, nonpolitical, nonprofit organization of business men who are planning *now* for postwar employment. . . . You may not realize it, but you're watching one of the most remarkable biological phenomena in human history. In ARE WE GROWING INTO GIANTS? Amram Scheinfeld tells a tall tale with plenty of basis in fact. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, SHAPE OF DANGER, by Axel Kielland, is a lusty story of romance and adventure in wartime Norway.

FLYING MADE EASY—Carol Stone, talented daughter of famous actor Fred, steps into an Ercoupe. Beginners have learned to fly this spin-proof plane in 5 hours or less. Flying or driving, when war's over, you'll have new war-developed Sinclair Gasoline to help your motor always do its best.

LIFE LINE TO BATTLE FRONTS—Liberty Ships like this are carrying vital supplies to war zones the world over. Hundreds of these ships are efficiently operated with Sinclair Marine Lubricants.

SINCLAIR
H-C
GASOLINE

SAVE *YOUR* CAR from the junk yard. Thousands of worn-out cars are junked daily. Proper lubrication saves wear—helps save cars. See your Sinclair Dealer regularly.

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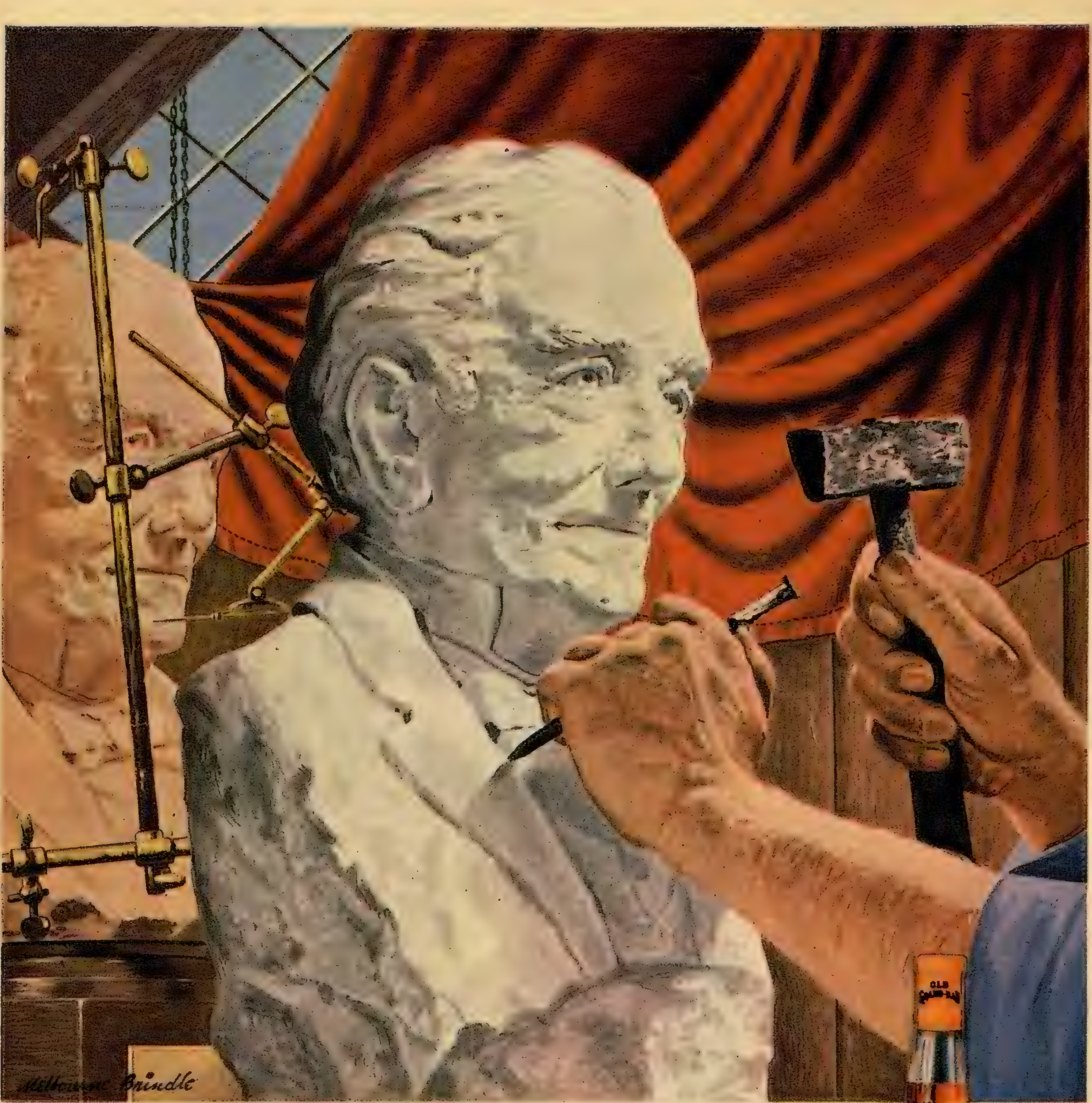
SINCLAIR

Sinclair's Post-war Program:

Better Products • Better Service


Melbourne Brindle

EXPERIENCE

The sure hand of experience shows up in every drop of Old Grand-Dad. Here a careful selection of ripe grains is combined with masterly handling at the still and long storing away in staunch oak until flavor and mellowness reach their peak. The sum total is as rare an old bourbon as a man ever sniffed or sipped. Head your next list of guests with the Head of the Bourbon Family.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof—4 Years Old

Head of the Bourbon Family

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

A model of a super-giant transport plane, a Consolidated Vultee Clipper, that will carry 204 passengers from New York to London in about nine hours.

ON THE BEAM

The biggest air-transport operation in history . . . The future of jet propulsion . . . An airplane built for one

BY WAYNE PARRISH

BY the time you read this the greatest mass movement of men by air in history will be under way. The War Department will be flying 50,000 men a month across the Atlantic from Europe. Some 800 transport airplanes will be utilized.

Not only does this big air movement return many men to this country faster than would otherwise be possible, but it will demonstrate as nothing else has done the possibility of mass transportation over oceans. It was only a few years ago, in 1927, that Charles Lindbergh's solo flight across the Atlantic signaled a new era in the air. Eighteen years later 50,000 men are to be transported in one month, all in one direction, across that same ocean.

For the Atlantic flight the four-engined Douglas C-54 Skymaster will be used almost exclusively. Feeding into the transatlantic terminals in Europe will be smaller twin-engined transports. Various routes will be used, somewhat depending upon current weather conditions. Many flights will be direct from England, Paris, and other points, with stops on this side of the ocean in the Newfoundland area. The Azores and Bermuda will also be utilized at times.

The military significance of the movement cannot be overlooked, for air transport is now an integral part of war, and we can demonstrate in this air evacuation what can be done in a time of military urgency. Look for much more air transport in the Pacific, too, for transports will speed men to the far reaches of that ocean in an effort to bring the Japanese war to an end as quickly as possible.

P-80 Shooting Star as a Pioneer

Charles V. Bennett of Hampton, Virginia, has written to your On the Beam editor to comment on the interview with Hall L. Hibbard, vice-president and chief engineer of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, regarding the future of jet propulsion.

Mr. Bennett thinks our story may have given the impression that Lockheed's P-80 Shooting Star, acclaimed as the fastest and highest-flying airplane in the world, has reached the ultimate in speed, power, and range. We think he has brought up a good point. If we did give the impression that the P-80 is the ultimate, then we want to get this matter of jet propulsion straightened out.

Aircraft engineers are now only in the very beginnings of the era of jet propulsion. The P-80 happens to be the best yet produced in this field—but much is to come in the future. There are a great many problems yet unsolved, such as long-range operations and adaptation to commercial planes. New sources of power will have to be discovered, probably, before long ranges can be attained. The door to this fantastically promising method of propulsion through the air is now just opening—but is already opened far enough for engineers to know that research and experimentation can conquer any remaining problems.

How fast jet propulsion will be developed in the future depends entirely on what resources are available to the industry. A complete stoppage of military appropriations for research and development would stifle the opening of this new field. As for commercial usage, certain air-line engineers now believe that jet propulsion, modified in one way or another through the use of a gas turbine, will be in actual use on transport planes in five years. This means that you can expect commercial cruising speeds of 340 or 350 miles an hour in approximately five years. That's moving ahead rapidly.

Single-Seater, Easy to Fly

How would you like to have your own "air motorcycle," a little airplane with just enough room for yourself? Almost all private-owner airplanes have been built to accommodate at least two persons, but there may be a market for single-seaters.

In any event, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation has built a single-seater which it calls "Little Dipper," and which had some military possibilities for artillery spotting, air couriers, and other such uses. But Lockheed may build it, or a similar airplane, for postwar personal flying.

It would have a forty-horsepower engine, a cruising speed of ninety miles an hour, and a price of about $800. Lockheed has said nothing officially about building single-seaters, but that hasn't stopped speculation within industry and flying circles.

A Little Dipper would fit into Lock-

(*Continued on page 15*)

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"Here, Herrenvolk and sons of the Sun, is what a Thunderbolt pilot sees as he peels off to wipe you out... You've heard about the Thunderbolt?*... Of course you have, but as we say in our quaint American way, you ain't heard nothin' yet... You've brought 'em down?... well, that happens, too, but at what a cost men, what a cost... The records tell that gratifying story. ℭ And naturally you've examined with awe, these instruments and other details of the few ships that fall into your hands... so we don't hesitate to publish this fine view. ℭ Confidentially, we're well aware that if you had the blueprints and complete specifications, you haven't the time... you haven't the material... and more important still... you haven't, and never have had, the kind of people... with the kind of spirit and the freeman's pride of accomplishment, which have made the name 'Thunderbolt', a synonym for allied air supremacy."

***THE RECORDS OF FIGHTER SQUADRONS EMPHASIZE THE UNMATCHABLE PERFORMANCE OF THE THUNDERBOLT AND ITS PILOTS.**

REPUBLIC AVIATION
CORPORATION

Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y. *Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt* *Evansville, Ind.*

(*Continued from page 13*)

heed's galaxy of names. It already has the fast jet-propelled fighter Shooting Star, the P-38 Lightning, the big transport Constellation, the small transport Saturn, and at least one other plane with a heavenly name on the books.

If a single-seater easy-to-fly airplane for $800 came on the market, would you buy one? Would you buy this type in preference to a two-seater that might cost twice as much?

Such questions as these are puzzling aircraft manufacturers who want to know a lot more about the potentials of personal flying.

How N. A. T. S. Evacuates Wounded

No other war nor any other nation at war has ever produced such stories as this one:

A soldier was struck down by Jap mortar fire while advancing on Okinawa. Forty-five minutes later he was in a four-engined VRE-1 Skymaster of the Naval Air Transport Service. For seven hours he sailed through Pacific skies, heading for a base hospital on Guam. While in flight a skilled Navy flight nurse dressed and re-dressed his wounds, aided by a Navy hospital corpsman.

At Guam, after being off-loaded from the transport plane, he spent twenty-two minutes in an air evacuation center, where he drank hot coffee, ate ice cream, and had a smoke. Litter bearers placed him in an ambulance; a Red Cross worker placed a sack of candy in his hand. Sixteen minutes later he was registered at a base hospital with all modern medical facilities.

White sheets, good food, and pretty nurses—more than 7,000 miles from home base. That's what Naval Air Transport Service is doing in the way of evacuating wounded—not just a few men, but hundreds of casualties at the rate of twenty-five to thirty a plane.

"Li'l Thor's" Blitz Score

The citizens of three towns in southwestern Virginia—Big Stone Gap, Appalachia, and Stonega-Collieries—can feel that their purchase of a Republic P-47 Thunderbolt fighter in a war-bond drive paid off handsomely. Their fighter, called "Li'l Thor" and flown for 200 hours by Captain Raymond E. Smith of Long Beach, California, chalked up the following record of destruction in Germany: fifteen locomotives destroyed and six damaged, 150 freight cars damaged, twenty-five to thirty German trucks destroyed and damaged, and thirty to forty flak positions silenced. Captain Smith also helped convoy thousands of heavy bombers. Then the fighter crashed on landing in bad weather, but the pilot was uninjured.

Proudest of all, no doubt, of Li'l Thor's record was Lieutenant Colonel Kermit A. Bailey, twenty-eight, of Big Stone Gap, deputy commander and operations officer of the 78th Fighter Group of the Eighth Air Force, who watched out for his "home-town" plane as any native should. Also proud was F. L. Gilmer, also of Big Stone Gap, who is chief pilot for Republic Aviation Corporation, the builder of the P-47.

Civilian-School Pilot Training

If you happen to hear uninformed critics talk about pilot training accidents, look at the record, which is now virtually complete, on the training of Army Air Force pilots by the private civilian schools under contract to the War Department. In World War I there was a fatality for every 1,146 hours of flight. For the entire year 1943, which was the biggest training year of the war, there was one fatality for every 63,230 hours of primary training. This is a tremendous gain in safety. The Aeronautical Training Society estimates that the Army saved $250,000,000 a year by contracting with civilian schools for its training, and saved about 100,000 soldiers for combat who would have been needed otherwise had the Army done its own job. Incidentally, the last pilot training for the Army ends in August.

Air Service Routes Extended

Military air services continue to lengthen in all directions. The Air Transport Command route to China, some 11,000 miles, continues to be the longest. But Naval Air Transport Service is lengthening in the Pacific. It has now begun operations to Okinawa, 1,400 miles beyond Guam, extending the route 7,500 miles from San Francisco. That's rather a long trip if you're planning to fly direct all the way, but it's less than forty hours and is a lot less time than it takes to go across the United States by rail.

Next stop beyond Okinawa? Tokyo.

Gunfire by Weather Forecast

Thanks to the weather division of the Army Air Forces, our ground force artillery has achieved greater accuracy. The weather division demonstrated that the winds, density, and temperature of the atmosphere could be forecast to a sufficient degree of certainty, for short periods of time, to give greater accuracy in ground force artillery firing than was obtained by using the standard artillery ballistics tables. An A. A. F. weather division officer, stationed in the European theater, issued daily forecasts for use in artillery firing.

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Children resent or appreciate the mood of an adult far more than most adults imagine. And they are quick to pass along their likes and dislikes. That's why a cheerful mother is soon the favorite of the neighborhood.

"Fresh up" —keep smiling!

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If you've never had a "fresh up" before, sip your chilled 7-Up slowly . . . let it roll over and under your tongue. That's the way to get complete enjoyment.

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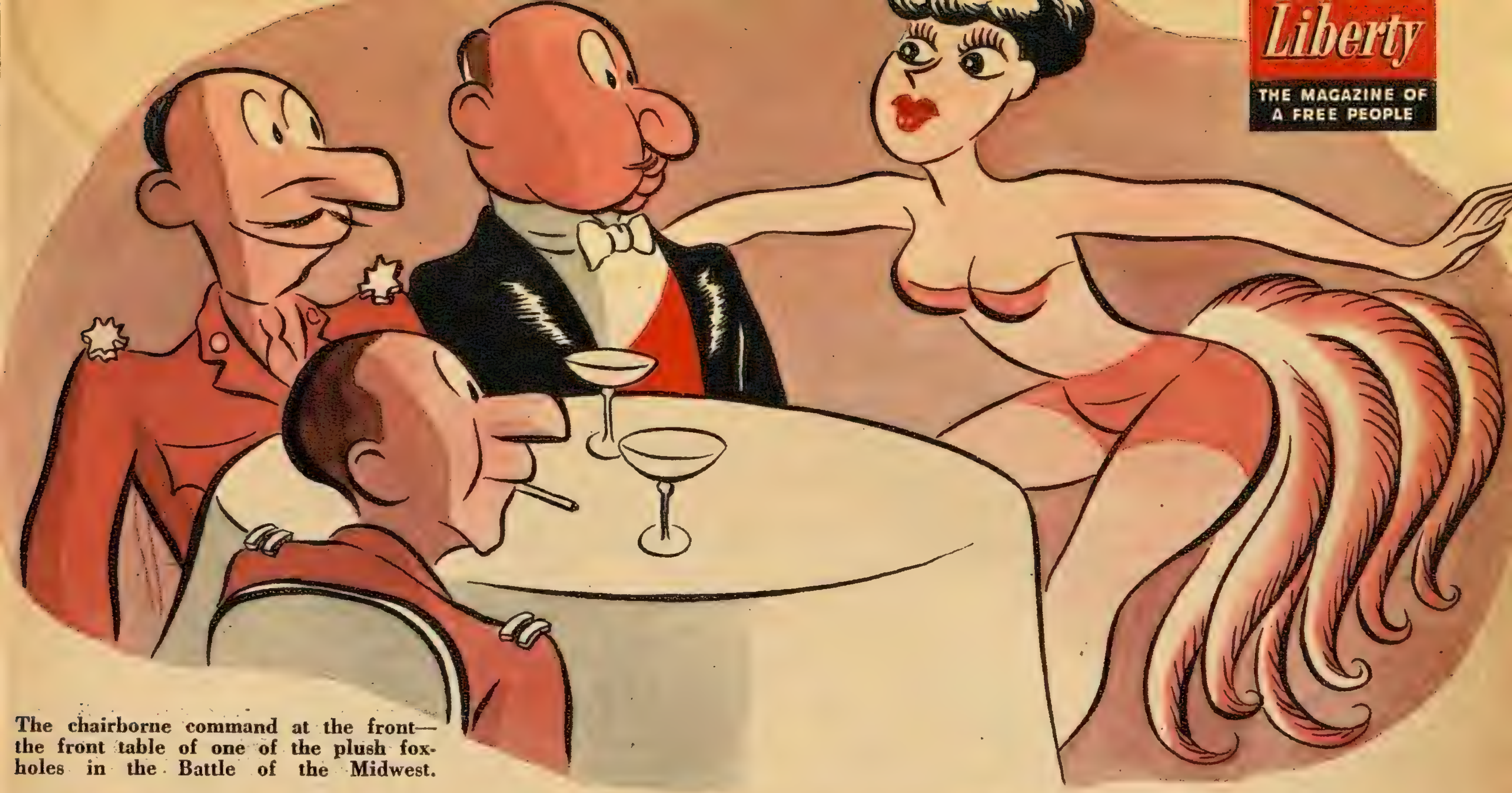


The chairborne command at the front—the front table of one of the plush foxholes in the Battle of the Midwest.

Too Many Soldiers Don't Fight

BY HERBERT G. MOORE

ONE night last summer a gay little group was gathered around a hotel dining table in a big Midwestern city. There were fifteen in the party—Army officers, a South American diplomat, and a bevy of the town's fairest. They were the center of all eyes, for a noted entertainer was turning on the charm for their particular benefit.

Possibly other merrymakers in the famous room were gratified that these Army men could enjoy a night like this after horrible nights in Normandy or in some lonely Pacific foxhole. It would have surprised them to learn that most of these officers had "fought" only in swivel chairs, that this party itself was an official assignment, that its cost was now part of the war debt. I know, because I was at that table.

At intervals for years we have been hearing charges that the Army is the worst waster of manpower. Are these accusations based on facts, or can they be attributed to misinformation, political expediency, or merely someone's desire to air a pet gripe?

This question was put to me recently by a friend who thought I might have the answer because I have served in the Army—overseas with the field artillery in World War I; two and a half years with the "chairborne command" in the present war. Well, let's take a look and see what these men do besides attending night clubs.

First I think we should understand that "the Army," in the usual all-inclusive sense, means really two armies, one that fights and one that doesn't—the combat men and the administrative men. Although they are as far apart as the poles, they are equally essential. One cannot function without the other.

For our present purpose we can dismiss the fighting army, for this is a well-trained, streamlined organization that can't afford the luxury of waste in any form. The other army—the administrative army—has also achieved a proud record, and its deeds are no less important because they lack the glamor of the battle front. But it is this administrative army—or "chairborne command," if you prefer—which is constantly in the public view, and when civilians see officers lounging around hotel lobbies and bars, or strolling along the street, they naturally start wondering and they often end up criticizing.

In the Army administrative forces, they say, "Never have so many commanded so few." A veteran of two wars shows how an Army can grow topheavy with unused manpower—and what that does to efficiency and morale

Nor are civilians the only critics. Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson recently stated that a survey would be completed soon of the "Air Technical Service Command in the United States with a view to keeping the employment of personnel down."

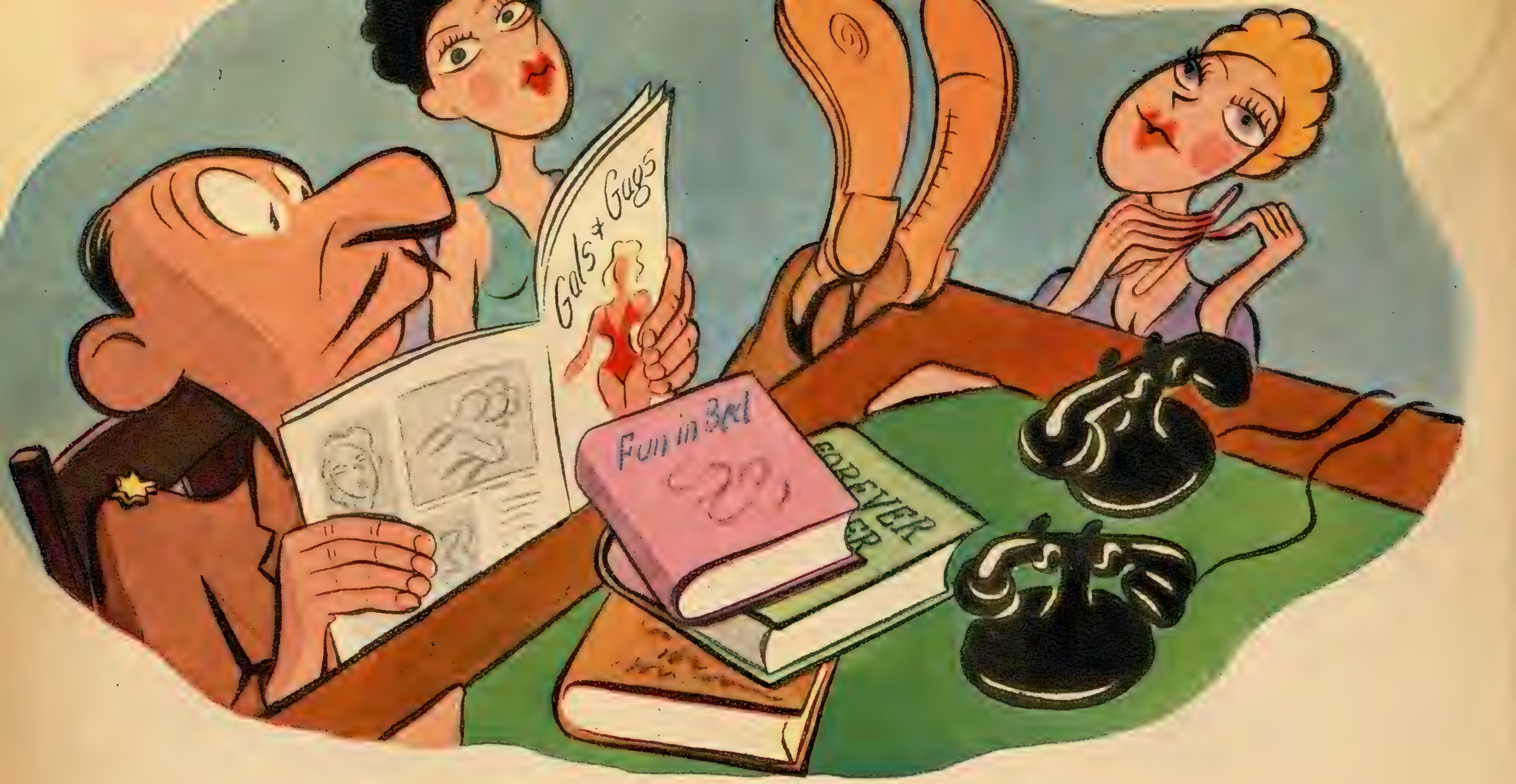
This statement was in answer to an Army mechanic at an air base at Coffeyville, Kansas, who had complained that the work there would be done more efficiently with fewer workers.

I can't give you any information on Coffeyville, but I did serve in the Air Technical Service Command for more than eighteen months, and I can give you my experiences and observations. Let's visit a district headquarters of this Command, see what I did and others did, and determine, if possible, how well the war effort was served there.

When I arrived in the city in August of 1943, I was assigned to the public-relations section, whose staff at the time consisted of one other officer—a major—and two stenographers. In November of 1944 the staff included six officers and four girls. I can state without fear of contradiction that there was no corresponding increase in necessary work.

I soon discovered that one of our chief duties—if not our primary one—was to act as watchdog for the Command. In other words, we were not only supposed to release as much good publicity as possible, but we were given to understand that we must use our ingenuity in keeping unfavorable publicity out of the newspapers. Citing four actual cases, two responsible newspapers at one time or another dug up the following stories: Communist activities in an important aircraft plant; organized loafing and planned slowdowns in another; improper inspection procedures, resulting in the installation of allegedly faulty airplane wings; and acceptance by the Air Forces of high-octane gasoline that failed to meet specifications.

When these stories broke—or rather, before they broke—it was our job to try to quiet the gentlemen of the press and have the publicity killed. It should be pointed out that the Command had been



The well-trained swivel-chair soldier manages to keep busy without ever having recourse to phones or secretaries.

extremely sensitive about any unfavorable publicity ever since a Detroit paper unearthed the "tool scandal" and brought on a Truman Committee investigation. The mere mention of Truman at that time was enough to throw some Air Technical Service Command officers into chills and fever.

Air Forces officers argued that such stories would give aid and comfort to the enemy, lower the morale of workers in the war plants concerned, and tend to create public suspicion and distrust of the entire war effort. Naturally, instructions and reasons were given verbally. The newspapers argued that the people were paying the bill and were entitled to know what was going on. They insisted that military security was no longer involved and that honest publicity never hurt any good cause. I suppose something can be said for both sides. But I will admit that, right or wrong, I didn't particularly relish my part in this hush-hush job.

OF course we had other duties. Occasionally we would write a speech for an officer to deliver, or a short news release which usually made the city-room wastebasket. Occasionally we would answer a telephone inquiry, plan a morale rally, or clear some advertising copy. But for days at a time our program consisted of coffee at ten in the morning; lunch, possibly followed by an hour of pool or ping-pong at the officers' club; and coffee again at three in the afternoon. The coffee hour is a fixture at most Army administration installations from the Pentagon Building down—and I believe the Navy follows the same social custom.

We did have our pleasant interludes, too, such as that dining-room episode. On that occasion Washington had telephoned that a group of Army and diplomatic dignitaries would be passing through town, that they sorely needed relaxation, and that we should provide an evening of entertainment. I had never thought I would live to see the War Department ordering me to indulge in official night-clubbing. But I undertook the assignment with gusto. My most difficult task was to find suitable female companions for these tired officials, but I managed even that. We started out with cocktails and dinner in one famous spot and ended with highballs at another.

There were similar occasions. I spent one "official" evening at one of the town's swankier nighteries; several others at a big hotel. There were other pleasurable assignments at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wisconsin; at Burlington, Iowa; at Moline, Illinois; at Evansville, Indiana. The "Battle of the Midwest" had its moments.

Of course some of these parties accompanied Army-Navy "E" awards, although the War Department officially frowns on such activities. Plant management paid for most of them, but there is a cute way of adding these expenditures to the cost of government contracts, so that the taxpayer foots the bill. Some Army officers spend a great deal of their time at such gatherings.

The girls in the public-relations office were not overworked, either. They answered the few phone calls and typed the infrequent letters. Occasionally they thrilled to a visit from an air hero like Major Bong or Captain Gentile. But there were whole weeks when they actually did not do one good day's work. So—from necessity, not by choice—they spent much of their time gossiping, reading books, knitting sweaters, and dashing over to the canteen for refreshments. And these civilian employees, with their elevated Civil Service classifications, get not only more money than the average office worker in business, but also two and one half days a month for annual leave, and one and one quarter days a month for sick leave.

I used to go to the major frequently, telling him that I felt like a drone, that I was contributing nothing to the successful prosecution of the war. He would try to reassure me that my work was most important, that I most certainly was not a drone; that if I should leave, another officer would have to be brought in to take my place. I did not doubt that another officer would be brought in, but the major was not very convincing on the other points. And I think other public-relations officers shared my qualms. At least two of them managed to get transfers during the time I was there.

In all fairness it must be said that not all sections were like public relations. The adjutant's office was usually busy with the great quantities of paper work you will always find in the Army—paper shortage or no. Every time an officer is shifted from one post to another, he is photographed, fingerprinted, and forced to fill out countless papers in quadruplicate. Certain individuals in other sections had enough to do, which is to be expected in an organization handling thousands of contracts running into hundreds of millions of dollars.

But the thing that always impressed visitors was how little most people did. And I think it is axiomatic that, when some people have a lot and others very little to do, morale sags and efficiency drops.

THE readjustment section certainly was not busy, and this is perhaps the largest section of all at every procurement installation. These officers—many of them lawyers—are trained to negotiate cutbacks of contracts, to terminate contracts, and in other ways to facilitate reconversion. A subsection handles the disposal of surplus government property. But large-scale reconversion is still in the vague future. These officers, with their civilian assistants, have been waiting for well over a year, and they're still waiting, with practically nothing to do except to draw their pay and hope for promotions.

At the beginning of this year our headquarters had about 140 officers and 450 to 500 civilians, an increase over the previous twelve months even though the value of government contracts in the district had declined. And many freely admitted that possibly half that force could do the work more efficiently—which bears out the contention of the mechanic at Coffeyville.

The commanding officer—a full colonel and a former prominent industrialist—tried valiantly to run the organization along business lines. He was largely instrumental in having the headquarters moved from a de luxe office building to a less expensive location, thereby saving about $80,000 a year, an example of economy none too common in the Army.

But when it came to curtailing employment in keeping with good business practices, the system had him licked. He tried to get releases for over-age officers no longer needed. He tried to arrange transfers so that officers' abilities and special skills could be better utilized. Some of these officers begged for combat duty, but Wright Field refused most of the requests. When they were granted, two officers usually replaced each one released, even if it meant that jobs had to be "tailor-made."

An example of a "made" job was that of the officer who was assigned to us last summer. A former professional football player, he had arranged the transfer so that he could play in Sunday games for the local team. Unfortunately he could not get the necessary permission, but he was given the title of billeting officer and allowed to remain. He was a fine chap and probably a good football player. He bowled in the headquarters league and he listened as well as any of us to the World Series last fall. But he never did any billeting. There was none to do. He simply came in every morning with an armful of newspapers and magazines, and, when I left the city, was probably the best-read man in the Command.

ANOTHER officer—a major—had been commissioned directly from civilian life, like many others in the administrative army. I shall never forget him because, when I first arrived, he listed for me the officers I should ignore and those I should treat with respect. It was his maxim that you should never waste time being pleasant and courteous to someone who could do you no good.

At any rate, this major had had no previous military experience; he knew nothing about the Army; he had held a rather insignificant job in civilian life. In his office I would usually find him sitting back with his feet on the desk, his eyes staring blankly at the horizon. There were never any visible signs of employment.

But he was an "eager beaver" when it came to following up his promised promotion. Each time Washington turned down the recommendation he would sulk for days. If the outlook brightened, he immediately became the jolliest of souls. I know that he telephoned Wright Field several times about his promotion, and called his contacts at Washington—all, of course, at government expense. For two or three months that was about all he did do. Finally he appeared resplendent in the silver leaves of a lieutenant colonel. The old singleness of purpose had paid off, and I think everyone breathed easier.

Inspectors visited the headquarters periodically, but there is usually an advance notice and everybody is warned to look busy at the right time. On one occasion the inspectors, after a visit, reported at length on a civilian concessionaire who operated a canteen on the premises. It seemed that he was using several dollars' worth of government property—a few feet of wooden shelving. No report was made of surplus personnel, of elevators loaded beyond capacity, of unnecessary travel or unnecessary long-distance calls. No report was made of a waste of paper. No report was made of an officer who attempted to commit suicide, or of the one allowed to remain in the city so that he could live at home. But the few dollars' worth of shelving was amply covered.

Countless other incidents could be mentioned. There was the lieutenant colonel who apparently did nothing but wine, dine, and entertain his secretary, who was a little too young to have been his daughter. There was the major who, without combat or field service, complained long and bitterly because he was forced to wait until his twenty-eighth birthday before getting his majority. There was the captain—possibly the only Army officer in captivity to appear in public in suspenders—who spent all his time gathering material for a still unpublished history of the headquarters. There was the lieutenant who took several days off every week or so to go on a spree. There were dozens of captains and lieutenants in their early twenties, itching for field service but tied to desks.

But these little episodes give at least a sketchy picture of life in one Air Forces installation in one city. All the other services are represented in this city too—Signal Corps, Ordnance, Quartermasters, Engineers, Intelligence, Transportation, not forgetting a Service Command or the Navy and Marine Corps. Then multiply that by other cities and administrative posts throughout the country, and you will get some idea of the national picture.

I spent some time with the Air Technical Service Command in New York and Philadelphia. I also was stationed for more than three months in Washington. I can report conditions in those offices almost identical with those in the Midwest, even to the coffee hour. In Washington I spent a lot of time escorting visiting band leaders, dancers, and radio singers around the post, photographing them standing in chow lines and talking to generals, M. P.s, and just ordinary G. I. Joes. I spent days clipping newspapers to furnish a general's wife a full account of her husband's exploits overseas. I spent one whole day taking a general's cat to the veterinary hospital at Fort Myers.

But this is not our only administrative army. There are several others overseas. During the North African invasion an Army officer in Dakar wrote that he had never seen so few commanded by so many. In other words, the Army's chairborne command had moved en masse from London to North Africa, strewing Army brass all over the place. And I have been told that desk officers and their enlisted assistants occupy about 150 hotels in the Paris area.

Why is the chairborne command seemingly so overstaffed, while the fighting branch of the Army has remained streamlined? I think it can be explained this way: The administrative army, due to the very nature of its work and flexible tables of organization, allows personnel padding and overstaffing impossible in the fighting army.

For example, each combat unit has a table of organization, which must be followed. No company could have two commanding officers or two first sergeants, no platoon could have two leaders.

But in the administrative army the tables of organization too often are thrown out the window. The commanding general of a post like Wright Field, for example, must leave the details and needs of each individual section more or less in the hands of the section chief. Well, you know how that is. In a large corporation an official may be tempted to build up a huge unwieldy staff to make himself look important. A man is often rated by the number of telephones on his desk and the number of blondes in his office.

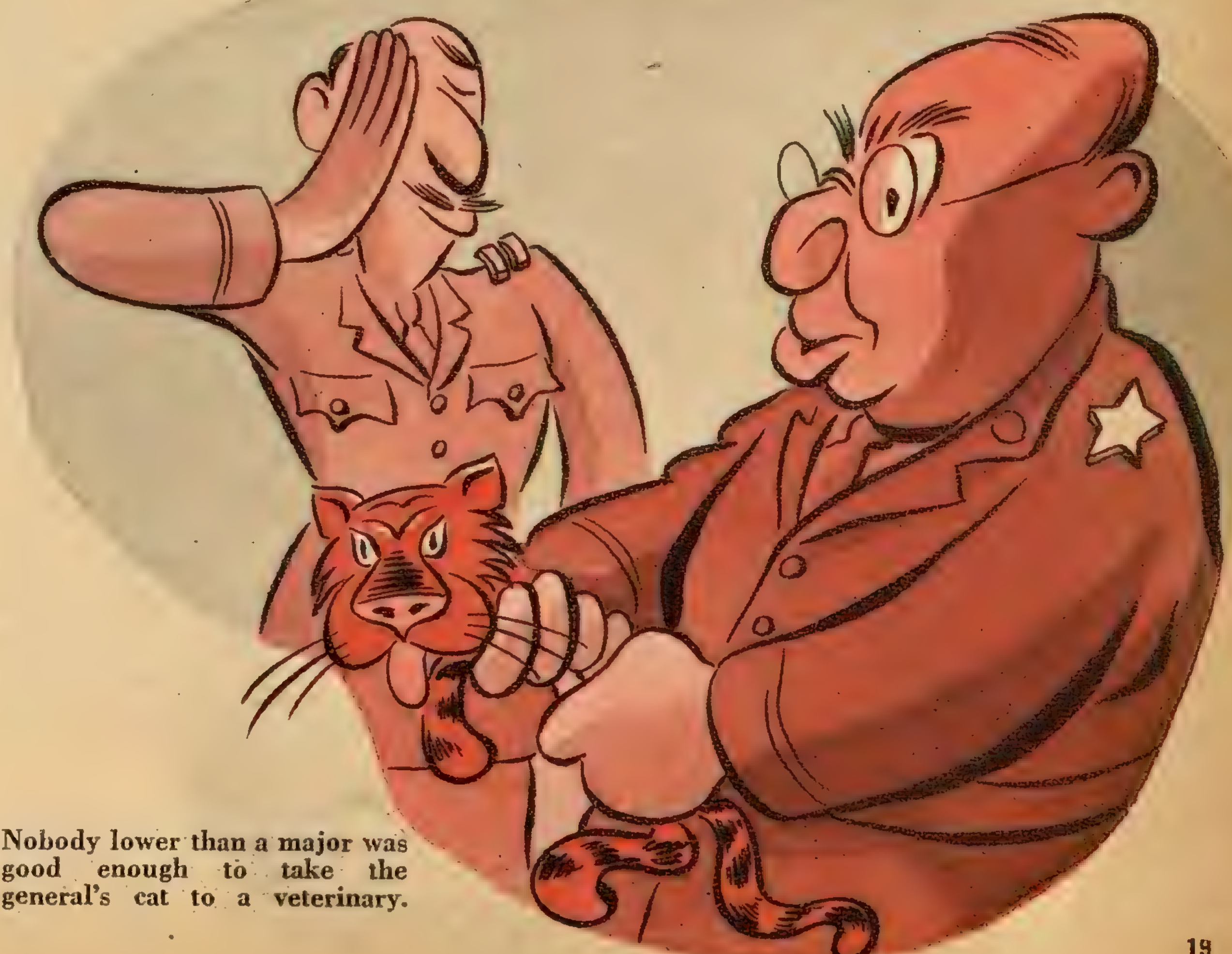
SO it is in the Army, on an exaggerated scale. I know of one section at Wright Field which has been more than doubled in the past year, simply because the section chief wanted to build a little "empire" of his own. Then someone may have a nephew or a son who wants a job for the duration, so he is added. The first thing you know, the staff has increased without rhyme or reason, and there isn't work enough to go around. It's easy to do when you know you can always meet the payroll.

Civilians, too, are partly to blame for this situation. When a man puts on a uniform, he becomes a different person, and civilians too often won't let him act like a business man.

Is there any justification for the charge that the Army is wasting manpower? I think—in fact, I know—there is. Some waste is unavoidable in the stress of war. In an emergency, results are all that count, and we can be well pleased with the overall results. But some of the waste is inexcusable at this stage of the conflict. And this waste helps explain the industrial manpower shortage and the need for drafting more men each month.

Too many of our soldiers don't fight.

THE END

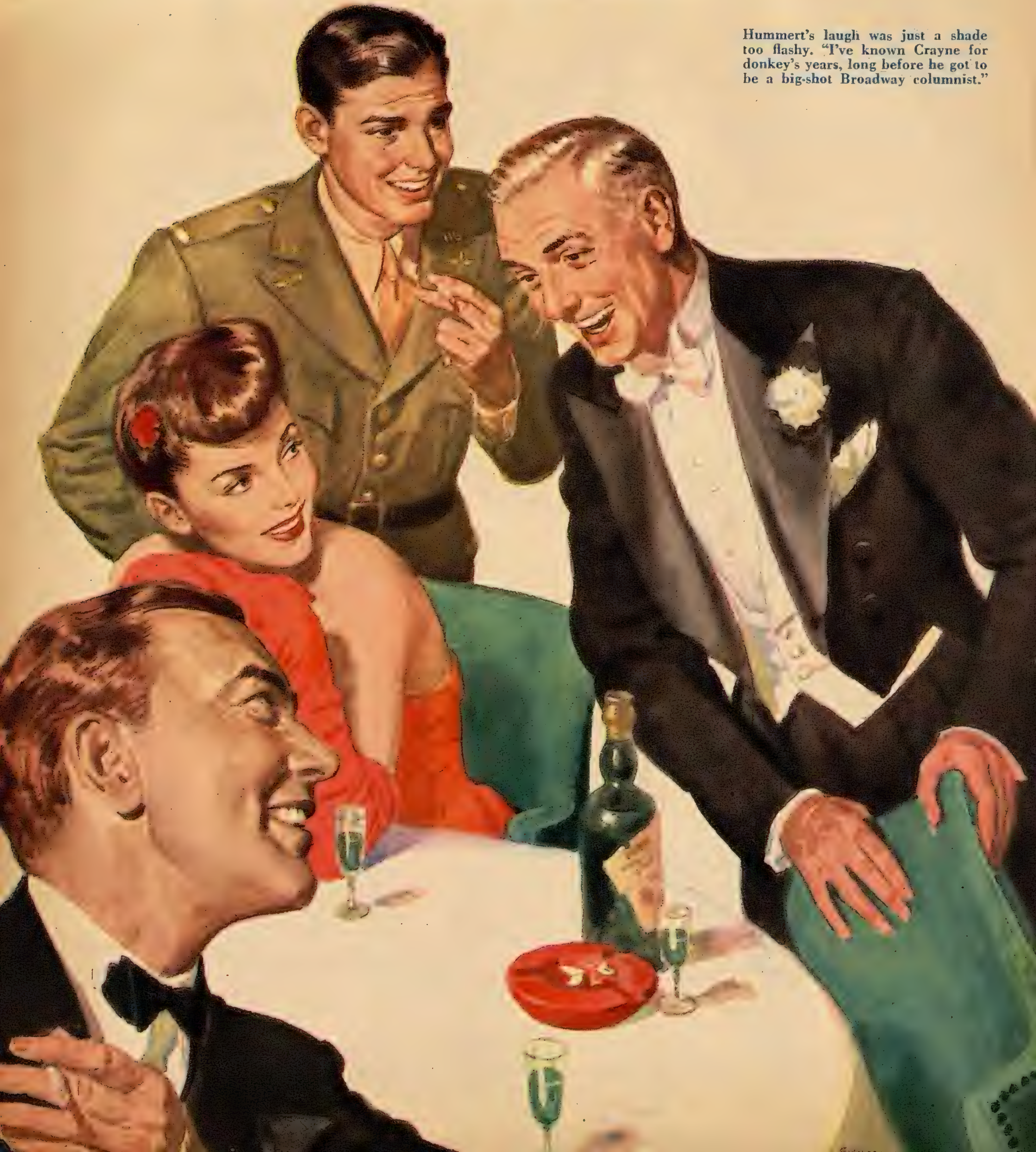


Nobody lower than a major was good enough to take the general's cat to a veterinary.

The BOTTOM of the MOUNTAIN

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING



Hummert's laugh was just a shade too flashy. "I've known Crayne for donkey's years, long before he got to be a big-shot Broadway columnist."

Someone was giving the enemy information. Intelligence suspected the band leader—an ex-American who had found fame and fortune in London. He had a secret, yes! But it wasn't what the officials thought

"WILL you have one with us, sir?" The second lieutenant was not drunk, but he was not completely sober, either. He looked very young, twenty-one or twenty-two. The Airborne flash on the shoulder of his unpressed American uniform told Crayne almost as much about the young officer's recent movements as a less carefully trained observer could have learned from reading all the papers in his pockets.

"It's real chartreuse, sir," he went on. He was holding a tall, dark green, dusty bottle. The girl with him looked even younger than he did. She was very pretty in a shy, breathless, British way. The couple had stopped at Crayne's table, probably because the lieutenant had noticed Crayne's obviously American clothes.

"That's very nice of you, but thanks," Crayne said. "I'm drinking whisky."

"It's real chartreuse, sir," the lieutenant repeated. "I just brought it over from Normandy this morning."

D Day was not so many weeks old that the boy's pride could be considered unjustified.

"Thanks again," Crayne said. "I'll stick to my whisky."

The boy looked hurt as they walked away. Crayne had a moment of anger with himself. Why had he refused to take the drink? The fact that he disliked chartreuse and casual drunks was not the answer. Crayne finished his drink in a gulp. Apparently it was not so easy as he told himself it was, to be facing your thirty-ninth birthday in civilian clothes after being invalided out of the Army, among kids who wore khaki.

"Waiter," Crayne said. "Bring me another one of these. Double, please."

The waiter brought the drink. Crayne put the young lieutenant out of his mind. He was not here for fun, even though it was supposed to look that way. Under cover of his regular job as a member of the American press corps, Crayne had taken on this special work for the Colonel. He went back to watching the thinning crowd from his side table.

The Small Downstairs Ballroom of the Crescent Hotel in London was not small and it was not downstairs. It was called the Small Downstairs Ballroom to distinguish it from the larger restaurant at the other side of the lobby. When somebody rang you up and asked you to be in "the Small Downstairs" at nine, it meant the Crescent in the Strand. And you went there for the expensive rhythms of Cedric Hummert's orchestra. All of London, or rather those parts of it that could pay the price, had been dancing to his music for twenty years.

"Time, sir," the waiter said. "We're closing the bar. Another, sir?"

Crayne looked at his watch.

"Thanks, no," he said. "Bring me my check, please."

Crayne paid his check, gave the room a final glance, and moved toward the door. As far as the information the Colonel wanted was concerned, the evening had been a failure. But Crayne was glad to be going. For almost an hour the two small electric signs in the center of the mirrored panels that flanked the orchestra had been lighted. Crayne didn't think he was more afraid of the raids than most people in London. It was just that he did not like to be in the Small Downstairs Ballroom of the Crescent when they were coming over. There was something unsettling about being warned that death was overhead by two unobtrusive bits of neon tubing that flashed, discreetly and silently, the almost innocent word "Alert."

Crayne retrieved his coat from the cloakroom and turned for a last look through the doorway. Three or four couples were still on the dance floor. The waiters were stripping tables of empty glasses and crumpled napkins. The band was playing with the soft finality that meant the next number would be God Save the King. A young American officer, holding the hand of the girl beside him, stood at the foot of the bandstand. He was talking to the conductor. Cedric Hummert leaned down from the platform, then grinned and nodded. The young officer turned. It was the boy with the Airborne flash and the dusty bottle.

"WOULD you take this back for a moment?" Crayne handed his coat to the cloakroom attendant. "Some friends I want to say good night to."

He walked back into the room and sat down. The band broke into Night and Day. When the lieutenant and his girl reached the table, they stopped short. They looked at Crayne in surprise.

"I changed my mind about that drink," Crayne said. "May I?"

The surprise in the boy's face turned to pleasure.

"You bet, sir." He took an empty glass from the next table, set it beside the two in front of him, and filled all three from the dusty bottle. "To our side, sir."

"To our side," Crayne said, "and to our allies."

"To our side," the girl said, "and to *our* allies."

Crayne noticed that she touched the glass to her lips but did not drink. He didn't blame her. The stuff was vile. "It isn't much to do for one's country in time of war," the Colonel had said when, months before, he urged Crayne to take on his curious assignment. It wasn't, and Crayne had taken it on. It had not occurred to him then that drinking bad chartreuse would be a part of the odd duties that nobody in all the world except the Colonel and Crayne knew Crayne was performing. Under the table the lieutenant and the girl were holding hands. The orchestra stopped playing.

"Great tune," the boy said. "I asked Mr. Hummert to play it for us."

"It's terribly sweet of him," the girl said shyly. "He's such a nice man."

"Yes," Crayne said. "Very."

The orchestra stood up to play God Save the King. Crayne and the lieutenant and the girl rose. When it was over, Hummert jumped down from the platform and came across the deserted dance floor toward them.

"I asked him to have a drink with us," the boy said. He moved forward and took Hummert's extended hand. "Thank you, sir. That was really swell."

"Glad you liked it," Hummert said. "Hello, Crayne."

"Oh," the boy said. "You know each other?"

"Know each other!" Hummert laughed as he sat down. The laugh was like his clothes and his manner: very good, very smooth, yet just a shade too flashy. "I've known Crayne for donkey's years, long before he got to be a big-shot Broadway columnist. Why, I knew Crayne when he was just a cub reporter around the big street." The lieutenant looked at Crayne with awe. "I'm just a New York boy myself," Hummert said. He wasn't. He came from Mapleton, Ohio, but, after twenty years in London, he pretended that he was a native New Yorker. Most people mistook him for an Englishman. Hummert did not correct them unless someone like Crayne, who knew he was not, happened to be present. "We're old, old friends, aren't we?"

"Yes," Crayne said, "we are."

They weren't. Crayne had heard about the older man only vaguely in his cub reporter days, when Hummert was just beginning to be known around Broadway. His name was Charles Hummert in those days. Twenty years later, when Crayne came to London as a war correspondent, Hummert had looked him up. He looked up all the American newspapermen. Three years had gone by, however, since it had been Crayne's business to be friendly with orchestra leaders.

During those first months in London he had not returned Hummert's enthusiastic overtures. He didn't know why he disliked him, but the feeling was strong enough to cause him to stay away from the Crescent's Small Downstairs Ballroom. But since the Colonel had assigned him to this job, Crayne regretted his earlier coolness. The chances of his coming up with what the Colonel wanted depended almost entirely on Hummert's belief that he and Crayne were really close friends.

"Are you an American, sir?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," Hummert said. "American as apple pie."

He wasn't. There was something wrong about him. Even his slang was dated and false. Crayne wondered if that was why he disliked Hummert. That, plus the fact that Hummert was a naturalized Englishman.

"You'll have another drink, then, sir, won't you?"

"You bet your life I will."

The boy tipped the chartreuse bottle. It was empty. The boy looked embarrassed.

"Never mind. We'll have one on me," Hummert said. "For old times' sake, eh, Crayne?" He snapped his fingers at a waiter. "How about a quick round for me and my friends, Victor?"

"I'm sorry, sir. The bar is closed, sir."

"To hell with that," Hummert said. "Just tell them it's for me, will you?"

"I'll try, sir."

"Step on it, Victor. My friends are thirsty." Hummert laughed. "They always say that," he said confidentially. "That's the British for you. You've got to know them. Me, I know them like a book."

THE waiter came back.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hummert. The steward's locked up and gone off, sir."

"That's one hell of a way to treat me and my friends, Victor. What's his rush?"

"There's an alert on, sir. Been on for a couple of hours. I imagine he was anxious to get home, sir."

Hummert scowled. He looked quickly at

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What's Ingrid Bergman got that always puts her in the running when the awards are passed out? What she does and doesn't do is against all Hollywood tradition. Maybe it's just that

The Girl's a Natural

By ALYCE CANFIELD

IN 1939, when Ingrid Bergman descended upon Hollywood's citizenry, they didn't believe it. They still don't believe it. They thought David O. Selznick was slightly off his base for importing a Swedish favorite who was neither cutie nor sweater girl. She was big-boned, tall, and her English was not yoost right. Another costly foreign bubble, thought Hollywood, that would dazzle for a day and then burst. It had happened too often not to happen again. Bigwigs shook their heads sadly. They are still shaking them, but only because they wish to heaven they had her under contract. For Bergman is no bubble. She's the woman of the year.

Because Bergman is so natural and Hollywood is so cockeyed, the place can't get used to her. Her admirers will tell you, "She doesn't wear make-up, not even before the cameras. She doesn't wear false eyelashes. She doesn't curl her hair. She is completely natural." And if this doesn't floor you, they chorus, "She doesn't even pluck her eyebrows!"

In Hollywood, where glamor has been synthetic for decades, she simply doesn't belong. The place can't imagine her as a smashing success, let alone winning the 1944 Academy award as its best actress.

When she first came to movieland, glamor girls looked at her and sighed, "I had a beautiful complexion too, once. But studio lights—you know—they wreck your skin!"

Ingrid agreed glumly. "Oh, yes, probably it will be that way. Now my skin will be gone."

Years later, Ingrid still has her pink cheeks, still avoids make-up because she feels it masks facial expressions. The only time she wears powder is to tone down her color when she has to appear pale and wan before the cameras.

Actually Ingrid spends little time before a mirror. "I can't understand this mania for perfection," she says. "After all, you don't have to be perfect. Why should you look like a dream all the time?"

Selznick has left Ingrid alone. She hasn't had to pose for bathing-suit art, although that would cause the beholder no pain. She isn't asked to attend premières or frequent the night spots. She rarely grants interviews.

She has no closets of glamor clothes, no cases of jewels. She lives in an unpretentious house and hasn't a swimming pool to her name. She doesn't have the money for a lush life, because although Leo McCarey paid $175,000 for her services in The Bells of St. Mary's, he claims that most of this money goes to Selznick for discovering her. Taking out taxes and substantial war-bond investments leaves little for extravagant living.

STILL, to rumors she is feuding with Selznick, Ingrid says, "That is ridiculous. We are not only dear friends, but I would rather work for Mr. Selznick than for any other producer." With only three pictures to go on her present contract, this is a tip-off to rival studios: She measures success by artistic achievement, not in dollars.

Probably no other screen actress has such a solid foundation for her career. This smörgåsbord Bernhardt was posturing and grimacing before a camera when she was a year old. Her father, Justis Bergman, was a sensitive artist who used to rent movie-studio cameras just to photograph her. Today Ingrid has these films, showing her with her mother, who died when she was two.

Her father and an adoring Aunt Ellen brought her up and encouraged her play-acting. She would go to the theater and come back with every part memorized, holding her friends spellbound by mimmicking actors and actresses she had seen.

A departure for Ingrid was the role of a sultry Creole, opposite Gary Cooper, in the yet-to-be-released Saratoga Trunk.

This Jill-of-all-parts training came in handy on a recent bond tour. Ben Hecht had written a twenty-minute sketch that appealed to her. The fact that it was written for a cast of characters, orchestral accompaniment, and sound effects didn't disturb her a bit. She put on the play, and it was a notable success.

When she got back, she told Ben Hecht she had presented his playlet as a solo performance, singing the background music, whistling like a train, and using different voices for the twelve characters.

"Was that all right?" she asked anxiously.

"My God!" exploded Hecht. "Are you sure you weren't the neon lights, too?"

By the time Ingrid was twelve she knew she wanted to be an actress. When she was twelve, too, her father succumbed to a heart attack. Six months later her Aunt Ellen also died.

Orphaned, Ingrid went to live with a stern and unsympathetic uncle who thought her desire to act was girlish nonsense. The best way to get it out of her system, he felt, was to let her try out for a Royal Dramatic Theater School scholarship against contestants from all over Sweden. Untrained, green, young—what chance would she have?

The day arrived. Ingrid had three selections, nervously and desperately rehearsed. She knew if she failed, her uncle would insist that she settle down to his way of living. It was now or never.

The tests were held before a distinguished audience of professional actors and directors, the greatest in Sweden. One by one the candidates took the stage, auditioned, then went home to await the verdict. Ingrid's hands were wet with cold sweat. Then suddenly her name was called, and she faced the critical audience.

At first she could hardly believe it. A wonderful warm happy thrill ran through her. There was laughter, applause. The audience was with her.

Still running the gamut, the smörgåsbord Bernhardt will play a nun in Leo McCarey's The Bells of St. Mary's.

Suddenly their attention wandered. They looked away, whispered. She was dismissed. No, they didn't want to hear her other two offerings. Stunned, she walked off the stage. The contest went on.

At home, past the searching eyes of her uncle, she locked herself in her room and began to cry. Deep, racking sobs. She was fifteen. They didn't want her and her world had ended.

Several days later she was notified that she had won the competition and the scholarship. When could she begin her lessons? With typical Swedish practicality, the judges had made up their minds in her favor and sent her home, feeling it was a waste of time to listen any longer.

For a year, at the Royal Dramatic Theater School, Ingrid lived, breathed, ate, and slept theater. Then came vacation, and she asked for a job at the leading movie studio, Svensk Film Industry. She loved the stage; never intended to be a motion-picture actress. But when she wanted to go back to school, they asked her to stay. They promised she could continue with her dramatic lessons. She stayed, somewhat dubiously. It would not be for long—just a lifetime.

Nice work if you can get it. Alfred Hitchcock enjoys directing Ingrid Bergman in this scene for Spellbound.

FOR Ingrid never really went back to the theater. She did only two plays in Stockholm, which may be why the favorite actress in Sweden is Signe Hasso, a comparative newcomer to Hollywood. Ingrid was also in Liliom in New York, and Anna Christie at the Selznick Summer Theater; but pictures have kept her too busy to take up a stage career. She was also busy being in love.

His name was Peter Aaron Lindstrom. He was big, young, and blond, a medical student. They used to go to plays together. They both thought Gosta Ekman was the greatest actor in Sweden. They both thought skiing was like having wings.

Their marriage in 1937 was a social event in Stockholm. Crowds thronged the church and jammed the streets, for Ingrid's performance opposite Ekman in the Swedish version of Intermezzo had made her a legend.

The legend spread to other parts of the world. Contract offers came from Germany, France, England—and from Hollywood. David O. Selznick saw Intermezzo and was determined to sign Bergman.

It was not an easy trick. She didn't think she'd like Hollywood, and she was sure it wouldn't like her. She had doubts of her textbook English. She also had her husband's medical career and her six-month-old daughter, Pia, to consider.

But Selznick sent his representative, Katharine Brown, to Sweden with one mission: to bring back Bergman. The final

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America's Island Hell Hole

BY WENZELL BROWN

Before we criticize the way other nations handle their colonies, we'd better take a look at the heart-rending poverty, filth, and disease which are the lot of Puerto Ricans, neglected citizens of our own colonial empire

Uncle Sam's stepchildren, these Puerto Ricans live little better than animals.

San Sebastian, Puerto Rico.

PAN—Tierra—Libertad (Bread—Land—Liberty). These three words echo throughout the tiny island of Puerto Rico, the Caribbean fortress that the United States annexed after the Spanish-American War.

These words are the battle cry of the Popular Party. They have united cane cutters and dock wallopers, Spaniards, Negroes, and Indians, intellectuals and illiterates, scoundrels and idealists—all the men and women of Puerto Rico who would fight the small ruling caste, invested capital, and outspoken American sympathizers on their island.

The red-and-white flag of the Populars flies by the thousands over the slums of El Fanguito (The Little Mud), along the impoverished water front of Ponce, over the tiny huts of the laborers in the cane fields. This flag is called La Pava, for it portrays a *jibaro* (a poor man of the country) wearing the crude straw hat which protects him from Puerto Rico's burning sun and which in turn is called *la pava.* The Popular Party was started as the party of the *jibaro*, but now it embraces all those who suffer from the heart-rending poverty, the filth, the disease, the social injustice that has for centuries been a part of Puerto Rico.

A few years ago there seemed no hope for these people. There were nearly two million of them crowded on a tiny island less than 150 miles long and thirty-five miles wide. A handful of big sugar corporations owned all of the fertile land. The only work was in the cane fields, at eight cents an hour, for the few weeks it took to harvest the sugar crops. The rest of the time the people hung idly about their tumble-down shacks. They were desperate and complained bitterly. Sometimes they would raise their voice, fierce with inchoate anger—sometimes against the rich men of the island, sometimes against the managers of the sugar centrals, but usually against the Americans.

A sense of injustice weighed them down and occasionally stirred them into acts of unreasoning violence. But they had no plans, no leaders, no real hope.

Then out of the teeming unrest of the island there sprang a leader. His name was Luis Muñoz-Marin, and today he holds more power than any Puerto Rican has ever held before.

The common people of Puerto Rico nearly worship him. "Don Luis," they will tell you soberly, "is the greatest man who ever lived. We will vote for him till we die." Then they will bring out a picture of him. It shows a long, dark, intense face with great black pouches beneath the eyes. The ears are unusually large, the lips thick, the mustache trimmed unevenly. The first impression is one of absurdity, but there is sensitivity in the face and a latent moving power.

This is the man whom the Puerto Ricans have chosen to lead them. He may lead them to social security, coupled with independence. He may lead them to economic chaos by completely destroying the sugar industry and by severing the cords with America, which has spent hundreds of millions on the island with seemingly negligible results.

Muñoz-Marin has grandiose schemes for splitting up the land and forming agricultural co-operatives; for building big industries. American economists say these plans won't work, that the money should be spent on schools, hospitals, roads, and other public services. Muñoz answers, "We haven't time to think of failure. We've too much work to do."

His followers, however, are not unaware of the potential dangers. Their attitude can be summed up in the words of an old man, an inhabitant of El Fanguito. "Look," he said, and pointed toward the street of mire and sewage, across which a rickety walk of cracked boards was raised. "Look," he said again, and this time pointed to half-naked children playing in the sodden rubbish that the backwaters had brought into his yard. "Look." This third time he pointed toward men and women sitting dumbly in the doorways of their shacks, their bodies ravaged by tuberculosis, hookworm, malnutrition.

"Now tell me, can anything be worse than this?" Then suddenly his clenched fist came down on his skinny palm. "Don Luis has already given us hope. Sometime he will give us justice."

Unfortunately, hope is not the only ingredient which lends power to the Popular Party. Hatred, blind and senseless, has been whipped up by many of the Popular Party leaders, and that hatred has been channeled against America. Many of these leaders are professional politicians who have deliberately sought to kill every measure on the part of America (and there are many) to give aid to the island. These leaders attempt to discredit all agencies of relief and frequently manage to stuff their pockets with graft from federal funds intended to relieve the suffering of their countrymen. Their political positions depend upon their disclosing a constant flow of American abuses against Puerto Ricans, for they know that as soon as America and Puerto Rico work closely together to solve the island's problems, their own soft jobs will be gone. Ironically enough, they find some of their staunchest support among men and women of so-called liberal leanings in the United States.

However, one accusation that these leaders hurl against Americans holds much justice. They claim that Americans are uninformed and indifferent concerning their island empire. "Americans criticize British colonial policy," they say, "but close their eyes to the fact that they have an empire of their own." Gilberto Concepción de Gracia, colored leader of the Pro-Independence Congress, hurled this challenge across his desk: "America has

You've heard of Tobacco Road, but do you know "El Fanguito," the Puerto Rican model?

boasted widely of the Four Freedoms she will bring to the world. But she will go to a world Peace Conference with unclean hands unless she settles her Puerto Rican problem first."

"All right, then," respond many Americans, "let Puerto Rico have her freedom. Let's wash our hands of the whole matter."

But it's not so simple as that. For forty-seven years Puerto Rico's economic welfare has been directly under the control of American policy. Even the most ardent of Puerto Rican Independista realize that a sudden severing of Puerto Rico from America would spell disaster to the island. America has been the sole purchaser of the island sugar and rum from which 98 per cent of Puerto Rican revenue comes. Puerto Rico could not hope to compete with Cuba and other sugar-producing countries on the open market. To attempt to do so would mean actual starvation for the mass of agricultural workers.

Independence, too, would rob the Puerto Ricans of their one opportunity to escape the terrific overcrowding of the island: wholesale emigration from Puerto Rico to the American mainland. Already New York has a larger Puerto Rican population than San Juan.

ON the surface, Puerto Rico wants two conflicting things: all the privileges of her affiliation with America and all the rights of an independent nation.

Puerto Rico can never solve her financial problems without permanent aid from America. Puerto Rico will never be happy under American control. America cannot be expected to give large sums of money annually to Puerto Rico without exercising some control over how it is spent. At this point we seem to reach a deadlock, and American and Puerto Rican leaders have both been stymied here for many years. Millions upon millions have been poured into Puerto Rico and at the same time anti-American feeling has grown until it has become a festering sore.

And there is a good deal of justification for this feeling. For no small part of Puerto Rico's difficulties is the result of American colonial policy. America likes to think of herself as a democracy, yet in reality she has built up a small but very real empire. The very machinery that makes democracy work at home becomes an oppressive and confusing thing in her colonies, policies concerning which are determined by political committees and subcommittees within our Congress. Many Americans with whom I have talked are convinced that Puerto Rico is ruled over by a governor who has dictatorial power. The Puerto Ricans frequently believe this too. But it is not at all true.

Luis Muñoz-Marin.

The U. S. Congress has almost complete control over Puerto Rico. Most Puerto Rican laws begin in the House Committee on Insular Affairs and are passed on through the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs. The congressmen and senators who form these committees are selected not on the basis of interest in our territories but on a rotation system. Consequently Puerto Rico has been made a living football for American politics. This has been particularly so during the last twelve years, for a majority of both those House and Senate Committees were violently opposed to the New Deal and gleefully obstructed every piece of legislation which the President's representatives in Puerto Rico recommended.

The personnels of these committees change with great rapidity and the entire administration is subject to a complete turnover every four years. Under this set-up any long-term policy for Puerto Rico is impossible. It is little wonder that Puerto Ricans look with dazed lack of comprehension at the hodgepodge rule which is given them.

Thoughtful Puerto Ricans wish for the establishment of a permanent body to deal with Puerto Rican affairs. The majority of them believe that the Department of State is best suited to form colonial policy. These men hope that America, in collaboration with Puerto Rican leaders, will provide a statement of long-term objectives. For they reason rightly that while Puerto Rico may decide what she wants, only America can decide what she will get.

No matter what America decides, however, there is no quick surgery that will cure Puerto Rico's economic disease. But it is possible to take steps to ameliorate her suffering and possibly to bring about a slow cure. Meanwhile Puerto Rico must struggle with the problem of how to feed and house her ever-increasing population. For not only has she nearly two million people within her confines, but she also has one of the highest birth rates in the world. Within another twenty years she will have another million mouths to feed, and there is no way of increasing the land. As it is, each acre of arable soil must support three people.

Until the advent of the Popular Party, a half dozen sugar corporations owned 75 per cent of the land, while 150,000 *jibaros* with 600,000 dependents owned no land at all.

Muñoz-Marin's chief purpose in organizing the party was to change this situation and to redistribute this land so that it might support the maximum number of people. In 1900 a law had been passed which limited the holdings of any corporation to 500 acres. No means for enforcing this law were provided, however, and the landowners scoffed at it, saying it was unconstitutional. In 1940 a test case was brought before the U. S. Supreme Court, which unanimously upheld the law's validity. This was the signal for Muñoz-Marin and his henchmen to begin their political campaign. They were able to hold out the dazzling promise of rich cane fields to the *jibaro* and later to all of the others who were landless and poverty-stricken.

MUÑOZ rigged out sound cars and campaigned throughout the island. He stopped in every tiny town, each *barrio*, even at isolated hovels along the roadway. He is a persuasive speaker and he knows the *jibaro* through and through.

The *jibaro* had always sold his vote. Sometimes he got two dollars, sometimes a pair of shoes. He did not care who won, for he knew there was nothing in it for him anyhow.

But Muñoz did not offer to pay for votes. He told the *jibaro:*

"This time I promise you there will be a change. The land shall be yours. You don't have to believe. I've no way of proving my sincerity to you, but vote for me just this once. Then if I don't keep my word, never vote for me again. That's all I ask—just one chance."

The *jibaros* believed Muñoz and for the first time they did not sell their votes. Barefooted men and women walked for miles to get to the polls, and waited for hours in the broiling sun for their turns to vote.

Prices on votes soared to thirty-five dollars and still the *jibaros* refused to sell. These men had found a new pride in the feeling that at last their votes really counted.

The *jibaros* sent Don Luis to the Puerto Rican Senate in 1940, but the Popular Party, though it polled more votes than any single party, did not hold a majority of seats in the Puerto Rican legislature. They were able to force the purchase of

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Something for Jimmy's Room

Little Jimmy was an American born and bred. But how could Tony prove to his son that he was a good American, too—even if born abroad? The fortunes of war and of the sea gave him his chance

BY HERBERT L. McNARY

ILLUSTRATED BY BENTON CLARK

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

THE chubby middle-aged Tony Giordani, owner and half the crew of the outward-bound fishing hooker Columbia, stood in the stern and stared at the loaded gray vessels lying at anchor in crowded Boston harbor. And as the puffing and potbellied hooker followed the channel markers, the Italian-born fisherman speculated on the successful progress of hostilities as evidenced by the fact that the mantle of secrecy had been lifted from the harbor as a convoy formed. Only storms like the recent northeaster delayed these troopships and freighters now.

Tony Giordani's thoughts reverted to that crisp December 7, 1941, when, in from the sea, he had clomped up from T wharf in rubber boots to the North End house that looked across historic Copp's Hill to a Navy yard already mourning comrades lost in the far-off Pacific.

Jimmy will come running to meet me, Tony had thought. It is fine to have a growing son.

Christened Vincenzio, the lad had been always called "Jimmy" like so many of that name. "The Italian is good," Tony told his wife, "but Jimmy is American. Here he was born."

And even before he attended the Michelangelo School, Jimmy could tell his proud "papa" all about the North End Church, Faneuil Hall, and Paul Revere.

But that Sunday Jimmy was full of the stunning news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

"Do you think the war will last long enough for me to get in it, papa? I am almost nine. Maybe you will go first, papa." Then Tony saw the first doubting frown ever to appear on his son's boyish forehead. "You're—not too old?"

Tony took him by the arms. "There are many ways to fight. It will be important to catch fish—much, much fish." But Tony read the disappointment and doubt. It was only the beginning. When the U-boats began sinking ships along the Atlantic coast and even the fishing grounds listed tragedies, Jimmy could not understand why his father did not even *see* a submarine.

When the authorities clamped down on alien fishermen and the Columbia remained moored to T Wharf, Tony Giordani could hardly face his son.

"But, papa—you're not even a *citizen!*"

Tony could merely shrug his shoulders. Always Joe, the local politician, had been going to take him up to the Federal Building for the necessary papers. . . .

Fishing restrictions were lifted as the U-boat menace all but vanished, and once again Tony and his gloomy side-kick, the angular Giuseppe Rugo, went to sea again in the sputtering Columbia, in fair weather or foul; in storms and gales and ever dangerous fogs.

Giordani's neighbors said, "That Tony, he takes foolish chances because prices are high. He is hungry for money."

Giordani didn't mind what his neighbors said, but he did care greatly about what his son thought of him, and he found himself unequal to the task of convincing Jimmy that catching fish played any considerable part in the war effort. For a while there had been remote possibility of sighting a periscope and having at least something the telling of which over the kitchen table might impress the boy. But now, when convoys sailed in broad daylight, there was little prospect of exciting news for Jimmy.

THINKING of the convoy, Tony looked shoreward and noted the unusual concentration of naval vessels near the South Boston piers and dry docks; including what must have been a newly commissioned super-carrier, probably in from a shakedown cruise.

"These ships," grumbled Rugo. "They think now that the storm has passed they can move. Soon comes the fog. Give me the storms and not the fog."

"Nothing is right for you," scolded Tony. But he shared with Rugo and all who went to sea to fish the abiding fear of being run down in a fog. Ill at ease, he remembered he had been meaning to check his mackerel seine. Soon would come the season when an early school of the tender fish might mean a quick profit.

Finding the seine properly tarred, Tony took over the steering again. With instinct born of years he chugged to where the haddock and cod ran fat and firm.

In a day and a night the hooker loaded its bins and Tony pointed the Columbia for Boston again. Rugo complained.

"The weather she is warm again. That means fog. Soon comes the convoy."

"Silence, unhappy one. We can steer clear of the convoy."

Rugo mumbled and huddled forward, the better to look for trouble. But Tony saw it first—a bobbing black object on the murky waters.

His heart chilled. Never had he ruled out completely the bare chance of sighting a U-boat, even at this late date. But this black object was no periscope. It was—Rugo recognized it, too. He scrambled to his feet.

"Tony! Get out of here—*presto!* It is a mine!"

But Giordani merely cut the motor. Obviously the mine had broken loose in the storms of the past week and had been carried by the tides and the currents. It must be reported to the Coast Guard. But of a certainty: The mine was in the path of the outbound convoy!

The fisherman made quick dead-reckoning estimates for position and then poured all the power he could into the asthmatic Diesel. Heavy with fish, the hooker plowed into the heaving waves. But up in the bow Giuseppe didn't protest at the ducking—so long as he was putting distance between himself and that which had been the nightmare of harbor travel—a loose mine.

Now, ahead of him, Tony could see wisps of smoke that verified his fear of the approaching convoy. Then he became aware of the damp chill on the nape of his neck. He looked over his shoulder and gasped.

"*Cielo!* The fog. It is coming in fast." He looked toward the wisps of smoke, and then to the fog, and to the convoy once more. The Diesel slowed. The hooker wallowed as it swung hard over.

Forward, Rugo let out a frightened cry. "No. Don't go back. You are insane. We shall be blown to bits."

"Quiet. I shall stay close. The convoy—it will see us when it may not see the mine."

Combating the thickening mists and Rugo's incantations, but relying on his dead reckoning, Giordani located that black package of terrific death. He began to circle it warily, with Rugo crouched below the rail and turning white at every slap of a wave. And Tony went almost as white at times when the bobbing mine, lost for the moment in a swirl of fog, reappeared suddenly, poised on a wave as if ready to pounce on the hooker.

Cold perspiration mingled with the beading on Giordani's ruddy cheeks. He knew he could no longer play hide-and-seek with the mine in the fog and he cudgeled his brain for an answer.

"Giuseppe," he shouted suddenly, "break out the mackerel seine!"

Rugo stared wide-eyed as the meaning sank home. "No! No! You are mad—"

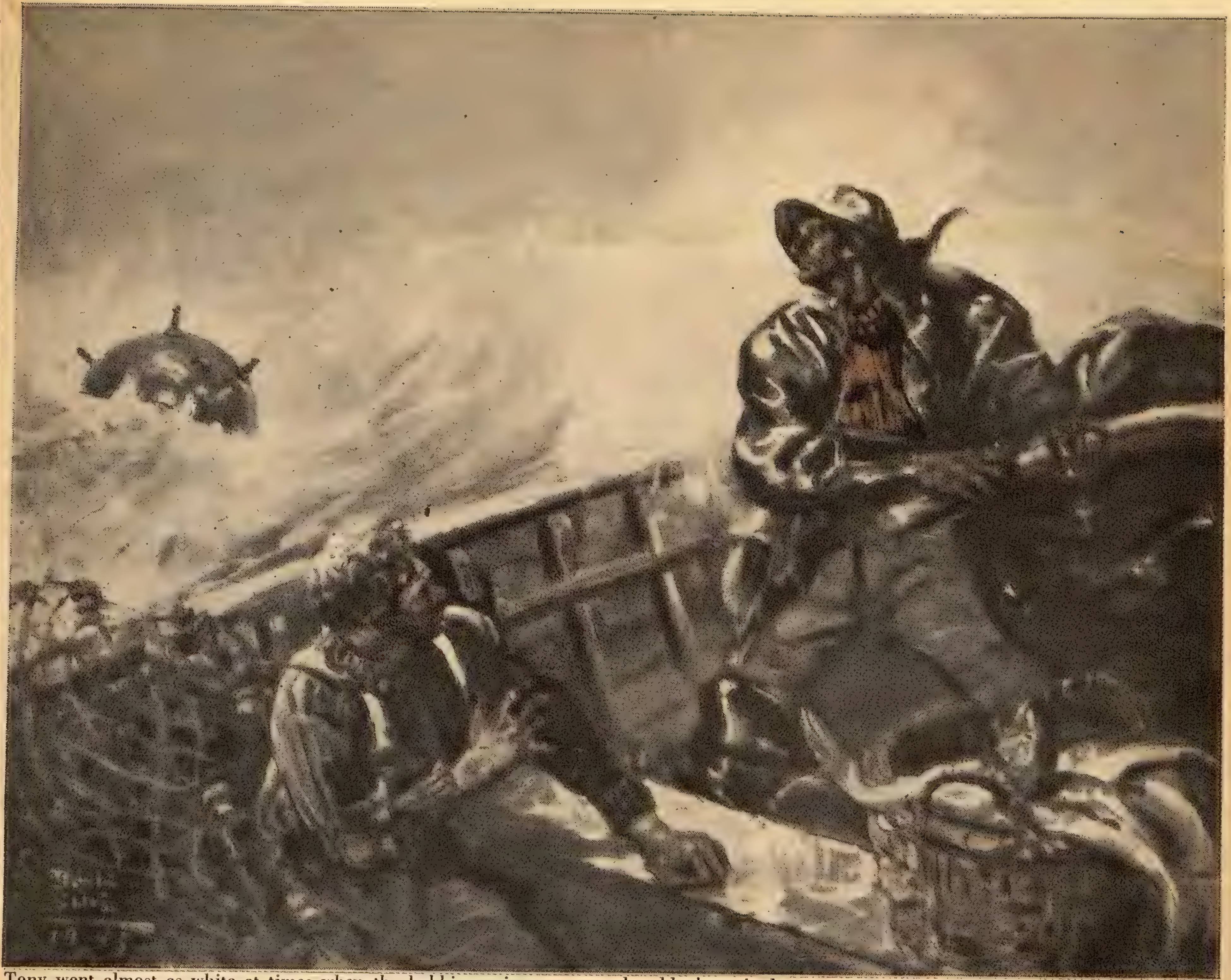
"Do what I say. Once we have the seine around the mine we shall know where it is, no matter how thick the fog." And he shut his mind to the thought that for all he knew even the contact of the seine might be enough to detonate the mine. But heading this way were loaded ships.

WHIMPERING, Rugo broke out the seine and, with Tony, payed it out as the hooker slowly circled the mine. Now both held their breath as the seine tightened and the fog thickened again. Tony gave way to a smile.

"See, nothing happens." But Rugo had scrambled to the peak of the bow.

By nursing the Diesel power, Tony found that he could do better than hold position; he could even tow the mine a bit.

The fog thinned briefly and out of the swirling mists swept a gray vessel to port and another to starboard, and then—*Madre mia!*—a gray mountain of a vessel bearing down on the hooker. This was not



Tony went almost as white at times when the bobbing mine reappeared suddenly, poised on a wave as if ready to pounce on the hooker.

the convoy. It was the new super-carrier and her escort!

Just in time the great vessel veered, and Tony could hear the angry shouts of those on deck, high above him. Tony could sense the air about him filled with crackling radio alarms. Then he heard the bleats of scurrying destroyer escorts hunting him in the fog. One cleaved past and came about like a PT.

"WHO the hell are you and what are you doing out here?" demanded a slicker-clad officer through a megaphone.

Tony, standing in the stern, pointed aft and shouted, "Drifting mine. Put my net around it."

The officer was joined by two others and then shouted an order: "Cast adrift and pull clear. We'll blow it up."

Tony tried to release the seine, without success. He would have to let it go, and seines cost money and were not easy to get at any price today. With a shrug of his broad shoulders, Tony cut free the lashings and then pulled away. He was still pounding into the fog when he saw a quick series of flashes followed by a tremendous roar that rocked the hooker.

Giordani was still struggling for control when the DE boiled alongside and herded the hooker over to the giant carrier for questioning of the two fishermen.

An incongruous pair they made in their dripping garments there in the presence of so much gold braid. The gray-haired officer at the table, the one addressed as "admiral" by other officers, looked over Giordani's and Rugo's papers.

"H'mm," he mused, looking up sharply at Tony, "alien."

Tony felt his heart sink. "I put in for papers. I am good American. My boy Jimmy he is born here. He knows all about Paul Revere—" He made a helpless gesture and looked at the ring of faces.

"Never mind your boy, Giordani," said the admiral. "Tell us in your own words just what happened."

Striving only to be honest and accurate, and certain he had made a mess of things, Tony explained how he had come upon the mine, how he had meant to inform the Coast Guard, but that when he saw smoke he supposed was the convoy coming from Boston and the fog sweeping in from the east, he had turned back to take a warning position near the mine.

"Why did you throw your seine around it?" asked the admiral calmly.

Tony shrugged. "In the fog I kept losing it."

The admiral's eyes remained fixed. "How did you know that would not explode the mine?"

Tony shivered. "Please—I don't like to think about that."

A young ensign laughed. Tony thought they must think him very stupid.

But the admiral said, "And I don't like to think of what might have happened if we had piled into that mine in this fog." Then he picked up a pen.

"Well, you lost your seine. The least I can do is write an explanation. Can't take the time to have it typed." He wrote hurriedly on stationery while Tony and Rugo silently watched.

"Here," he said as he finished and passed the folded letter in an envelope to Giordani. "Present this at the Navy yard. It will help with a formal claim."

Tony took the envelope and looked up pleadingly. "Please, can I keep the letter—and not get the seine?"

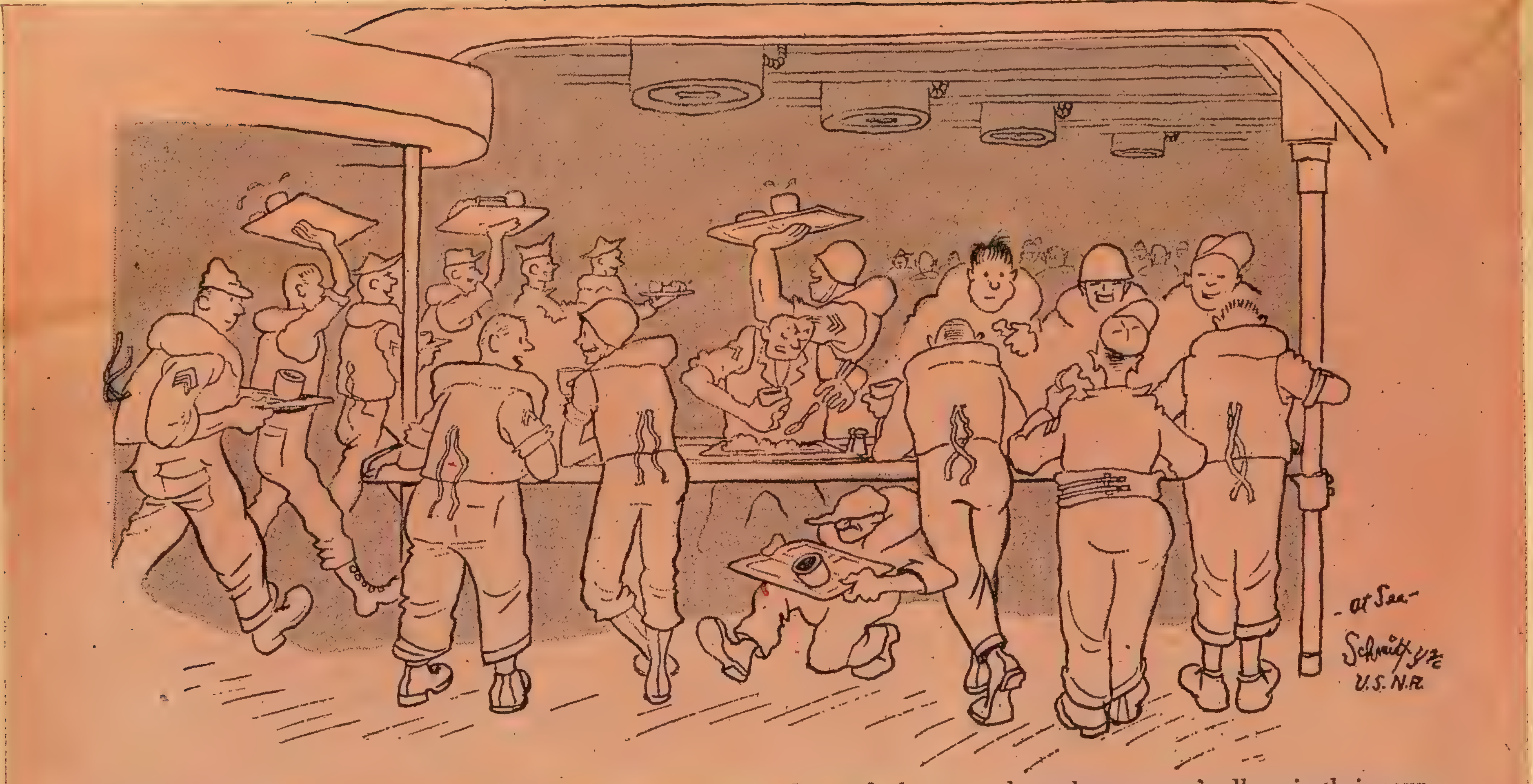
He saw the incredulous looks. A two-striper said, "Maybe he's an autograph collector." Others laughed.

"Suit yourself," smiled the admiral. "And now I must put you over the side."

AS the hooker droned away into the fog, Rugo, standing beside Tony Giordani, grunted, "A letter you take instead of a new seine! No wonder they laugh at you for the mad one."

Tony stared straight ahead and the mist in his eyes was not all from fog. He said, as though to himself, "A seine cannot be hung on the wall in Jimmy's room, but a letter that is signed by an admiral and has my name on it—that is something to put inside a frame so that all Jimmy's friends can see. Yes, that is something."

THE END



The Navy doesn't dish it up à la carte. G. I.s ate cafeteria style, and were lucky not to have the next guy's elbow in their soup.

CARTOONS DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY WALTER SCHMIDT

PACIFIC TROOPSHIP

BY JAMES BURKE

THE Coast Guard band stopped swinging Pine-Top Boogie and thumped into the National Emblem March. The first line of helmeted troops, packs on backs, began filing toward the gangplank, some still munching sandwiches Red Cross women had handed out on the pier. As each man stepped on the gangplank, his last name was called. He answered with his first name and middle initial. Then he pulled with labored strides up the inclined way and was swallowed up by the square cargo port in the ship's side.

"If this is another rumor that we're going overseas," said one of the men embarking, "it's going too far." Everyone laughed.

As they filed aboard, the troops got only a glimpse of the towering gray hulk, cluttered above with lifeboats and liferafts and topped by two rakish funnels. Then they were inside, in a long narrow corridor.

In previous months the Pacific (real name censored) had carried American fighting men to Europe. Now, like many another big troopship, she had switched oceans and was ferrying our manpower to fight the Japanese. One of our post-Pearl Harbor fleet of troopships, she usually did without convoy, for she could outrun any submarine. She was operating under U. S. Navy commission and command, although the Army maintained a small unit of its Transportation Service aboard to help handle troop affairs. The Pacific and ships of her class differed in this respect from those troopships operated entirely, except for a merchant marine crew, by the Army.

Troopship duty was old stuff to her skipper, Captain Paul S. Maguire of New York City. Shortly before the war he served on the Henderson, then one of the Navy's two transports, ferrying marines to and from their Pacific stations. Earlier he had served in the merchant marine as a Naval Reserve officer.

Pack ten times the normal number of peacetime passengers into a liner, and you have a troopship. Here are the gripes and guffaws such congestion produces on the long Pacific run

The Pacific's second in command, Lieutenant Commander Franklin C. Snow of San Francisco, also was a Naval Reserve officer in the prewar merchant marine (Grace Line). Captain Maguire took inordinate pride in pointing out that more than 90 per cent of the Pacific's forty-odd officers, like the more than 200,000 officers in the entire wartime Navy, were drawn from Naval Reserve.

Boarding the Pacific along with the thousands of Army troops and officers that day at a West Coast port were the usual other types of troopship passengers: Red Cross workers, civilian government employees, a war correspondent, and two young Chinese government workers.

The troops were quartered in the Pacific's six deep cargo holds, three deck levels to a hold. Each deck was a berthing compartment filled with tiers of steel-pipe bunk frames, four to a tier. Canvas stretched across the frames made bunks, actually nothing more than rigid hammocks. When the men had spread their blankets and draped the metal frames with their extra clothing, helmets, gas masks, canteens, musette bags, etc., the holds took on the look of an almost solid tangle of cloth and metal, with men suspended at various levels. And in tropical waters the holds gave off the distinctive scent of a gymnasium dressing room.

Officers and other passengers were scarcely less crowded, though they were in separate cabins. A cabin which in peacetime travel might hold one or two persons bulged with twelve or fifteen bunks in tiers of three. As a matter of fact, the Pacific was carrying about ten times her normal civilian passenger list.

The Navy's conception of troopship operation, as the Pacific demonstrated, was simply to transport the maximum number of troops in the shortest time with the utmost safety. Comfort or pleasure was decidedly secondary. The Army passengers never really approved this policy, but Captain Maguire dryly commented:

"We've found that they always appreciate the ship a month or two after they get overseas."

When the Pacific cast off, all troops were on the upper decks, slowly surging about in masses of olive drab and the gray of their cloth-covered kapok life jackets. These were light, but hot and bulky, and had to be worn or carried at all times like the proverbial millstone. Officers and other passengers were equipped with less cumbersome air belts.

A few miles offshore, the Pacific's passengers got a spectacular demonstration of the ship's defensive power. Navy planes from a near-by base flew and dived about her, giving her gun crews a chance to sharpen their shooting eyes. Next, a plane towed a red sleeve target high overhead and the Pacific's guns whammed away at it. Tracers probed around the sleeve and finally cut the towline, tumbling the cloth gracefully into the sea.

In addition to spacious quarters, deck chairs, and uniformed stewards serving beef tea, something else was missing: There were no sea gulls following the ship. The reason, of course, was that ships in wartime throw no garbage or anything else overside to float and leave a trail.

Leftover food on the Pacific went into what the ship's mess department called the "iron pig." This machine chopped up garbage—bones and all—into mush, which was mixed with sea water and dumped over the side as a brownish soup which dissipated and sank rapidly. An incinerator burned most of the trash on the ship, and any remaining waste was tossed over the fantail each evening at sunset in a grand cascade of milk tins, orange crates, old playing cards, and cigarette butts. (There were plenty of popular-brand cigarettes in the ship's store at fifty-five cents a carton.) Had a Japanese submarine happened on some of this debris next morning, the Pacific would have been far away on her own secret zigzags.

THE first day out, long deep swells pitched and rolled the ship gently, but many troops became seasick anyway. In two or three days, however, the men got their sea legs and there was little more sickness.

The sudden change to the sea motion and lack of exercise aboard a troopship seem to affect most men's digestive systems, with consequences ranging from simple constipation to appendicitis. The first forty-eight hours aboard the Pacific brought several cases of the latter to the ship's hospital. Two called for immediate operations, which were performed in the hospital's well-equipped operating room by the Pacific's senior medical officer, Lieutenant J. W. Carnwath of Abington, Pennsylvania. The minor cases were put to bed and treated.

Lieutenant Carnwath's policy on operations was conservative. Even the simplest operation doesn't exactly fit a man for that eventuality that may come to every troopship—sinking.

"We could always be taking out tonsils, for instance," said Dr. Carnwath, with the air of a somewhat frustrated surgeon.

The hospital also limited its use of X-ray, which could disclose the ship's position to a near-by enemy vessel or plane.

Army passengers quickly learned that the Navy was running things. All orders and announcements coming over the ship's public-address system were preceded by shrill blasts of the bo's'n's whistle. After this attention-getter, the order or announcement came in in time-honored nautical language:

"Now hear this. All special service officers lay up to the quarterdeck."

Or: "Sweepers, man your brooms. Give a clean sweepdown fore and aft."

The Navy never orders "No smoking." It must be phrased, "Now hear this. The smoking lamp is out," because back in sailing-ship days sailors lighted their pipes at a special lamp.

The Army had once politely asked the Navy to adopt, at least over public-address systems, the vernacular of ships carrying Army troops. But the Navy traditions stood, Army passengers or no. Actually, the salty flavor of announcements aboard the Pacific made a great hit with the troops, although not to the Navy's entire liking. Some G. I. whistlers soon developed startlingly accurate imitations of the bo's'n's pipe (ignoring the old maxim that only bo's'n's mates and fools whistle aboard ship), and one professional ventriloquist stationed himself near a loud-speaker and tried to lure the ship's crew into executing fake orders.

Fortunately, the Navy had run into these crude G. I. antics before.

As the G. I. stews in his deep-hold bunk on a hot night or jostles through the crowded mess hall during a long Pacific crossing, he comes to feel grossly imposed on. And the sight of his own or the ship's officers getting any better treatment—more noticeable in the close quarters of a ship than at a camp ashore—doesn't help to mollify his disposition.

The Pacific's Navy officers and men, accustomed to shipboard limitations and bolstered by the sturdy traditions of their service, never quite understood this G. I. attitude. The Navy sternly marks off its quarters into "officers' country" and "crew spaces," and no fuss and feathers about it.

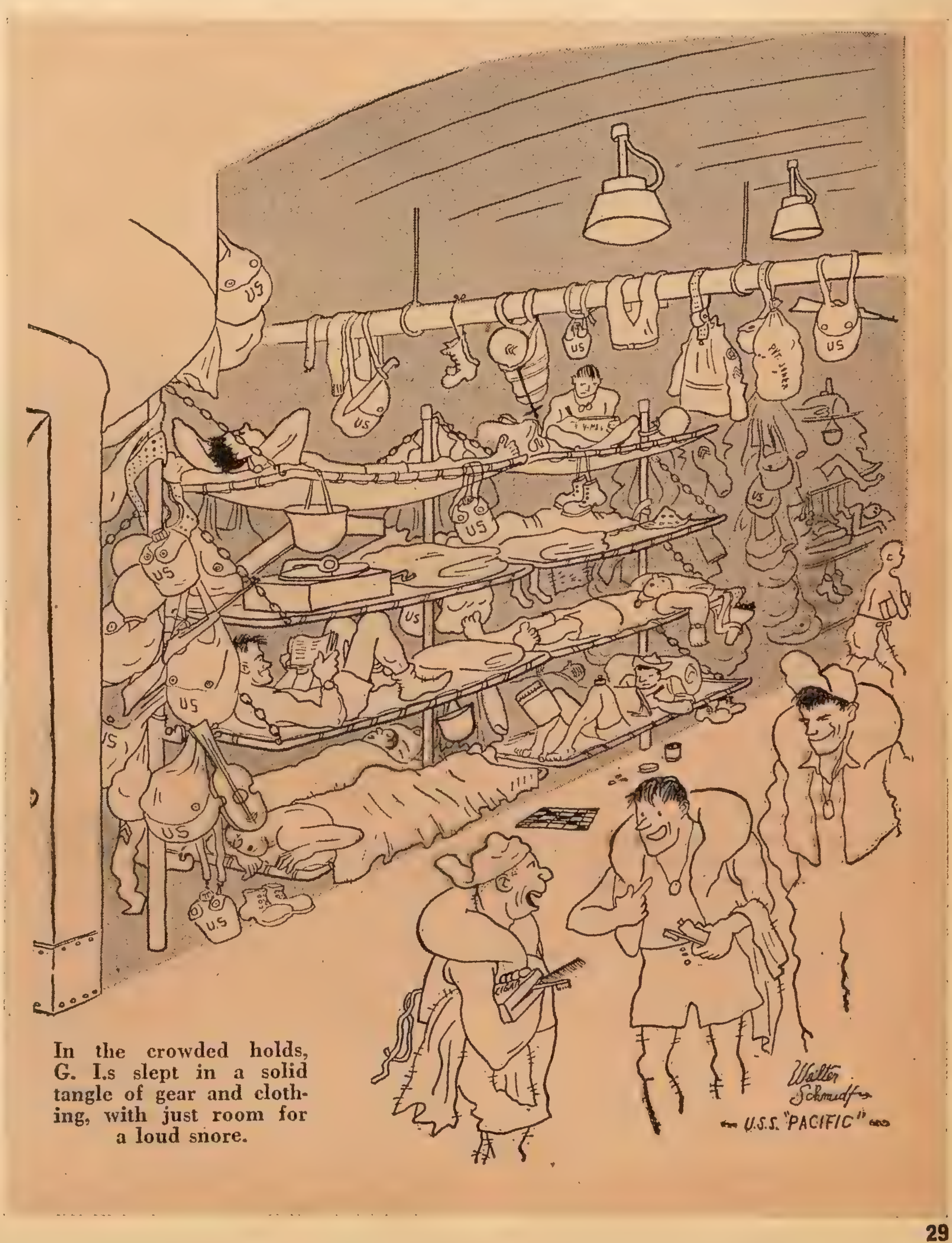
In turn, G. I.s rarely relaxed their suspicions of the Navy. One day the writer happened by pure chance to ask a ship's officer to take him on a tour of the troop mess hall during the next meal serving. (Only two general meals a day could be served aboard the Pacific because of the number of troops.) It was a hot day and sweat stood out on the men's faces as they inched along the chow line wearing their bulky life jackets. They were served cafeteria style, then they pushed through to some rows of high tables, set their trays on the first vacant places, and ate standing —and sweating.

That evening a soldier sidled up mysteriously and said, "Beg your pardon, sir, but me and my buddies were in that chow line when you were down there with the Navy officer, and we're pretty sore about it. We thought you ought to know that they picked the day when we had our best meal to give you that conducted tour."

Thus the altogether healthy G. I. inclination to gripe at something, be it heaven itself, persisted aboard the Pacific. When an occasional man stopped grumbling and smiled pleasantly at his mates, he was promptly labeled "hatch-happy" and practically ostracized.

PROBABLY the low point of the day aboard the Pacific came at sunset, when the ship was blacked out and passengers had to leave the cool upper decks and go below to their stuffy quarters, lighted only by the dull glow of red battle lights. A number

(*Continued on page 85*)



In the crowded holds, G. I.s slept in a solid tangle of gear and clothing, with just room for a loud snore.

No Mommie, No Poppie

BY CHARLES M. SIEVERT

A weakness for kids—anybody's kids—characterizes Uncle Sam's soldiers wherever they go. Here's the heart-warming story of one Assamese waif who is becoming American by adoption

G. I.s hardly step ashore in any Indian port before the plea of "Baksheesh, sah'b, no mommie, no poppie" rings in their ears. The American soldier arriving overseas has a heart as soft as G. I. butter and pockets bulging with annas and rupees. So it takes him a little time to learn that this is the Indian version of "Buddy, can you spare a dime?" Sooner or later, but the sooner the better, he turns a deaf ear to the plea of the coffee-colored woman with a naked tot in her arms and her face writhing with phony suffering. It's a typical Indian street scene.

But one outstanding exception is a story that began in Assam and has traveled to the heart of Burma. It's the story of "Hobbie," a little brown waif—mostly infectious grin—who makes a specialty of tugging at G. I. heartstrings.

Every G. I. yells a greeting to this nipper as he roams the camp of the Burma Peacocks, a crack Air Service Command unit which keeps 'em flying against the Japs.

Other American troops may lavish their devotion on tiger cubs, elephants, dogs, parrots, monkeys, or goats, but the Burma Peacocks have their Hobbie. He sidled into their lives when a detachment was camping in an Assam jungle fastness toward the tail end of the monsoon season. Rain and heat make for damp and dreary evenings, and the fire for chow had drawn the men together around it. He wandered into the firelight from nowhere and instantly this gang of G. I.s 15,000 miles from home fell captives to his pathetic wordless appeal. He knew neither English, his full name, nor the history of his five miserable years. Simple as they made their questions, the Assamese lad offered no answers. But his deep brown eyes were eloquent as they steadied on the chow. He was hungry, homeless, and cold. Hobbie was the real thing—the McCoy of "no mommie, no poppie," they learned the next day from natives. They gave him the surname "Tezpur," for the area where he was found.

The best guesses set Hobbie's age then at about four and a half years. Like so many of India's half-starved children, he was bloated. The cold stare in his eyes told better than words what a kicking-around he'd taken in his few tender years on earth.

G. I.s, you learn from association, love children and babies even though their pin-ups are all over eighteen, and everyone's interest soon focused on Hobbie. There wasn't a guy on the base who didn't feel he could do something for the kid.

When time came to head back to the base, the men had grown attached to him. Just giving him a little comfort and making him smile had taken away some of the monotony of their barren lives. The decision was never in doubt—Hobbie would go with them. They felt sure the group commander, Colonel William S. Pocock, would understand, and they weren't wrong. Hobbie won the affection of all ranks, from private to C. O.

Declaring themselves in as virtual godfathers, Master Sergeant Carlton T. Williamson of Shreveport, Louisiana, Technical Sergeant Walter T. Paget of Seminary, Mississippi, Corporal Keith Bouton of Englewood, Colorado, and Technical Sergeant Everett C. Roberts of Norco, Louisiana, juggled the cots in their tents and Hobbie moved in. They built him a small charpoy, a wooden frame with a rope network spring, for his sack; they got a small suitcase for his foot locker; they got him his own G. I. mess gear; and then from salvaged shirts they had some khakis "tailored" to his size.

The picture of pride: Young Hobbie flies regularly with Colonel Pocock, C. O. of the Burma Peacocks.

Hobbie was in the Army now. Hungrily he picked up G. I. habits—making up his bunk, sweating out the chow line, shining his shoes. That look of despair that seemed so unnatural in a child was gone now, and Hobbie's shyness with strangers was going fast. Whenever he was around the men watched their speech pretty carefully; they even started him off on an elementary education. He was learning the alphabet and counting numbers.

During the day, when the men worked in different parts of the field to keep the U. S. A. A. F. planes in fighting trim, Hobbie played with the children of the native workers, though it wasn't always that their interests matched his. He was progressing so far in his English and in aping G. I. ways that sometimes he was mature beyond his age.

That was a year ago in Assam. Hobbie had better luck when the Peacocks advanced far into Burma, for there he met the Baylis boys, English-speaking sons of a Burmese refugee family of solid peacetime standing. It was then, despite his constant companionship with G. I.s, that he let himself go in small-boy playfulness. Jealously he guarded the miniature airplanes the men built for him, just as a girl of his years mothers a rag doll. He romped around outdoors with the Baylises and got into small, innocent mischief as all kids do.

Nevertheless the Army was more than just a game to him. One day he took a vastly serious little problem to Colonel Pocock.

"Colonel," he said, rolling a sharp "r" into it as he usually does, "how long am I going to be a private?" Little Hobbie had starched himself and was standing at full attention. His moon-size brown eyes gleamed hopefully as he awaited the colonel's reply.

The colonel always treated Hobbie in crisp military fashion on occasions such as this.

"I'll talk to your commanding officer about the matter," he said, "and if you're deserving in your work as a soldier, your promotion will be considered."

This type of terse conversation always kept Hobbie mindful of his military environment. The colonel never winked an eye and Hobbie left his office completely perplexed.

His promotion, however, came through on regular orders "gagged" by his C. O., Captain Charles Herzog, a pilot for the group, recently recovered from a seventeen-day trek out of the Himalayas after bailing out over the perilous Hump. And then in Burma came a big day in Hobbie's little military life: He was promoted to buck sergeant. From then on the men were constantly urging, "Pull your rank on him, Hobbie."

About this time he began riding as co-pilot in a PT-17 two-cockpit trainer that Colonel Pocock flew on shuttle trips between his detachments scattered over the northern combat area of Burma. At every strip he had friends whom he visited while the colonel went about his official tasks. But when he walked with the colonel, it was always in full military stride. Once in a while he would grab the colonel's hand as they strode over a crater-freckled field. That would draw the crack, "Are you a sergeant or a little girl?"

Then, trying manfully to match the colonel's stride, he would start swinging his arms, only to hear, "Watch that arm-swinging, sergeant. You're not in the Navy."

The colonel's little thrusts of basic training might have seemed a bit rugged, yet Hobbie throve on them. Whenever he was corrected, he seemed impressed with his importance. He'd look up, trying to catch a friendly glint behind the colonel's masked severity, but he never found it.

I remember the time we were crossing the mud flats near an advance base in northern Burma. Hobbie tugged at my arm and indicated a desire to visit the latrine. Of course there was none within sight or even near by, so he was admonished to bear up. He insisted it couldn't be done, but in line with the Pocock training formula he was warned that it wouldn't be soldierly to give in to his immediate wishes.

"You don't want to be busted and be a private again, do you?" I asked.

His brown eyes turned quizzical and he came up with a compromise. "No-ooo," he said, "but why can't they just bust me to a corporal?"

NATURALLY the supply sergeant had no G. I. clothes to fit the tiny soldier, and it was from salvaged shirts and trousers, given to the tailor, that Hobbie got his wardrobe.

When winter began to set in along the Irrawaddy, Colonel Pocock mentioned casually that he could have his field jacket altered to fit Hobbie—but not right away. From that point on, the youngster's covetous eyes guarded the jacket constantly. Then, during a visit of Major Thomas H. Moriarty from A. S. C. headquarters, the colonel loaned it to the major. Said the major, "The little fellow was like my shadow every moment I wore the jacket. I was never in my life so self-conscious about whether anything would be spilled on my clothes."

It's a little early to settle Hobbie's future definitely, but it seems virtually assured that he will be schooled in Uncle Sugar (United States) somewhere, somehow. The men of the Burma Peacocks have mentioned him frequently in their letters home, and one mother already has asked her son to send him along to her safekeeping. Then again, the boys have voluntarily kicked in enough rupees to assure him a college education.

Of course, with G. I.s as ingenious as they are these days, nobody worries much over how he'll get to Uncle Sam's shores. When troops were coming over, it was discovered —far out at sea—that all sorts of mascots and pets were aboard the ship, contrary to regulations. Certainly, when the last echo of Jap rifle fire dies down, Hobbie won't have grown to unmanageable size, and the chances are he'll still be with the Burma Peacocks.

In the meantime he's living comfortably and happily—and making others happy—somewhere in Burma in a tent with his "Cee Tee" and a swell Joe from Jersey City, Sergeant Eugene Deferrari of 4630 Ocean Avenue. As Gene's share in this exciting salvage project, he sees to it that Hobbie remains a shining example of cleanliness for his Burmese playmates.

THE END

Colonel Pocock is Hobbie's personal idol, and rates his smartest salute.

Hobbie may be small, but he takes standard-size tools into the chow line.

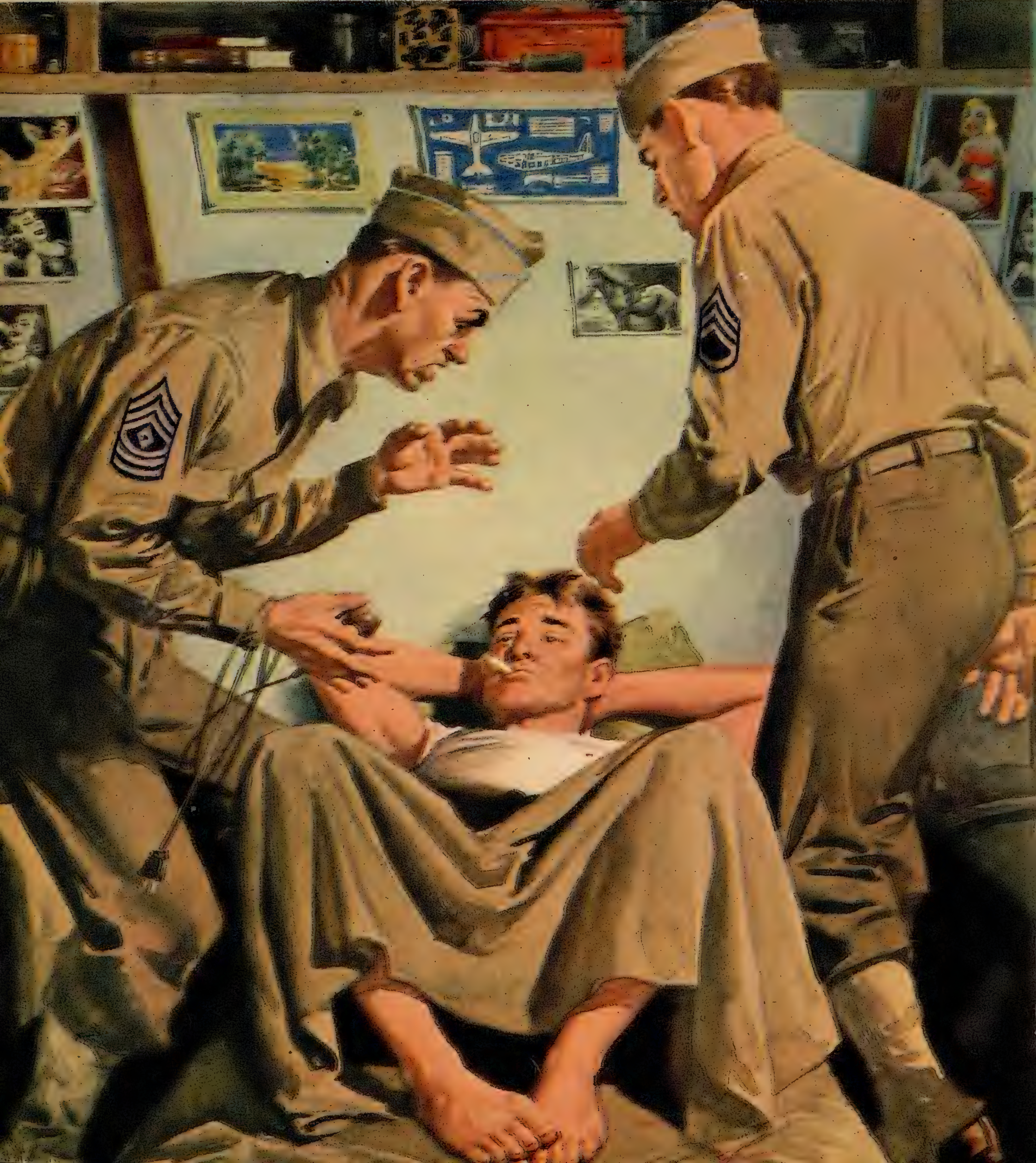
The grin says the kid's among friends—Sgts. Deferrari and Williamson.

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

You Gotta

"You're going to get me into trouble. I can't just let a man stay in bed. I never done nothing to you."



Get Up

What can a C.O. do with a G.I. who simply decides to stay in bed? It developed nothing could be done with Private Wing because nothing could be done without him. A hilarious object lesson on how to get along in the Army

NOBODY paid much attention to Private Jasper Wing before the day he decided to stay in bed.

The C. Q. came through the Nissen huts at 0545 hours, blowing his whistle and switching on the lights, and we got out of bed in the clammy English cold and jerked our bunks straight and gave our faces a lick and our hair a swipe and grabbed our mess kits and broke out the door into formation as the first sergeant's whistle blew at six. Our platoon sergeant called the roll, and Jasper Wing didn't answer, for the first morning in three years.

"Where's Jasp?"

"He's in bed," somebody said. "Must of worked late last night."

"All present or accounted for!" the platoon sergeant reported to the first sergeant.

"All present or accounted for, sir!" the first sergeant reported to the Old Man.

When we were at chow, somebody said, "Jasp wasn't working later than usual last night. You remember he was cutting hair and then he went to bed like he always does."

"Maybe he's sick."

"He'd have to get up for sick call, wouldn't he?"

"He might be too sick."

"Nobody's too sick to get up for sick call. When you get that sick, you're dead."

When we got back from chow Jasper Wing was still in bed. He didn't look sick.

"How was chow?" he asked.

"Grim."

"I didn't miss nothing."

"Are you going to get up?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't feel like it today."

The platoon sergeant came in as we were mopping the floor. He was a terror to the eight-balls and fishheads, but Jasper Wing wasn't an eight-ball or fishhead. Jasper Wing was an old guy, thirty or so. He was a big placid guy who always worked hard and never made any trouble. He was the company handy man. He'd worked at a lot of jobs in civilian life and he was good with tools. He could do electric wiring and carpenter work and cut hair and fix a jeep and make furniture and do anything you wanted.

"What's the matter, Jasp?" the platoon sergeant said.

"I don't feel like getting up," Jasper Wing said. He was lying on his back with his hands under his head.

"Sick?"

"No."

"Then you'd better get up."

"I don't feel like it."

The platoon sergeant knew how to handle a goof-up, but Jasper Wing wasn't a goof-up. That was it. He'd been a model soldier day after day for three years.

"Look, Jasp, you can't do this. You'll get me in a jam."

Jasper Wing did not seem worried.

"Jasp, I never done nothing to you. Why you got to do this to me?"

Jasper Wing yawned.

"Going to get up?"

"No."

The platoon sergeant glared around the Nissen hut. "All right, you guys. Keep your faces shut. The first one opens his trap gets a week K. P.!"

We went out to the depot to work, and pretty soon the first sergeant came around. He had an electric shaver in his hand.

"Where's Jasp?"

"Around," the platoon sergeant said.

The first sergeant looked around, asking for Jasper Wing. He came back to the platoon sergeant. "Where's Jasp?"

"O. K." The platoon sergeant shrugged. "He's in bed."

"In bed? Is he sick?"

"He said he didn't feel like getting up."

"You can't do that in the Army."

"It puts me on the spot, but what can I do? You can't get tough with a guy like Jasp."

THEY went down to the Nissen hut. Jasper Wing was smoking a cigarette in bed and reading a copy of Stars and Stripes somebody had brought him.

"How are you, Jasp?" the first sergeant said.

"Fine. How are you?"

"Why don't you get up?"

"I don't want to."

"You better go to the dispensary."

"I just want to stay in bed."

"See?" the platoon sergeant said.

"Look," the first sergeant said. "Here's Lieutenant Tonsilin's electric shaver. It went haywire. You can fix it in bed as good as anywhere else."

"I'm taking a rest," Jasper Wing said.

"But you just can't do that in the Army."

"I am."

"You got to have a reason."

"I got a reason: I want to stay in bed."

"You're going to get me into trouble. I can't just let a man stay in bed. I never done nothing to you."

"That's what I said," the platoon sergeant said.

"Why didn't you keep your big mouth shut?" the first sergeant said to the platoon sergeant. "Can't you take a little responsibility?"

"You kept asking me where he was at."

"You didn't have to tell me, did you?"

"We got to keep it quiet."

"You're telling me." The first sergeant took the electric shaver back to Lieutenant Tonsilin and said, "Jasp will have to get a new part. He'll fix it tomorrow."

Of course the word got around among the G. I.s. The mess sergeant fixed up a special breakfast of eggs scrambled in butter, flapjacks and syrup, bacon, orange juice, toast and coffee, and sent it over by a couple of K. P.s.

"Always wanted to have breakfast in bed," Jasper Wing said. "Tell the mess sergeant thanks."

"He wants to know if you can get up just long enough to fix the field ranges," a K. P. said. "They're conking out again. It's that red gas."

"I feel like staying in bed," Jasper Wing said.

"They got to be fixed before noon chow."

"Tell him thanks for the breakfast."

As the morning wore on, the debate waxed hot among the men at the depot. Was Jasper Wing sick or wasn't he?

"Maybe he's gone crazy," somebody said.

"He does more work around here than any two men, and what does it get him? Nothing."

"He's too valuable to put on a regular company job that calls for a rating. He knows too much."

"I hope he never gets out of bed. It'd serve 'em right. All he's ever got from this outfit is the run-around."

"I hope he dies, like a sheep or a cow that goes down and won't get up," somebody agreed. "It'd serve 'em right."

Of course the officers didn't know. No G. I. in the outfit was enough of a bootlicker to blab on old Jasper Wing.

About ten o'clock Lieutenant Egbert, who was in charge of the depot, asked the first sergeant about Jasper. "He was going to make those stock shelves today."

"He's busy today, sir."

"What's he doing?"

"I'll get him on those shelves first thing in the morning."

"That's what you told me yesterday. Can't I have a man when I want him? He doesn't even have a regular job in the company. He gets excused from K. P. and guard and room orderly and all extra duty. But you never can get him. What does he do with his time, anyhow?"

"He's so handy, everybody wants him, sir."

"Well, I want him. I want him today. I've got to get my stock off the damp floor. If I don't see him first thing after noon, I'll find out why."

"Yes, sir."

THE first sergeant went down to the Nissen hut to see Jasper Wing. "Egbert has got to have his shelves today," he said. "Why don't you do it today and then go to bed tomorrow? I'll fix it."

"I don't feel like it," Jasper Wing said.

"Why don't you tell me about things like this ahead of time? What am I supposed to do when you don't warn a guy?"

Jasper Wing didn't answer. The first sergeant went out. The motor officer hailed him. "Hey, where's Jasp? Something haywire with our six-by-six. The boys say it's maybe the ignition. Where's Jasp?"

"He's working for Lieutenant Egbert, sir, on some stock shelves."

"Well, he can take off a few minutes to fix that truck, or there won't be any stock to put on the shelves."

"Couldn't you send the truck to the maintenance shop, sir?"

"Sure. Work orders. Reports. Channels. And get it back next week. Jasp can fix that six-by-six in ten minutes. He doesn't have a thing to do all day long. He doesn't even have any regular job. But try and find him."

"I'll see what I can do, sir."

"You'll see? He'd better show up pronto, or I'll find out why not."

The first sergeant strode back into the Nissen hut, determination on his face. Jasper Wing was sleeping peacefully. The first sergeant regarded the sleeping man

(*Continued on page 66*)

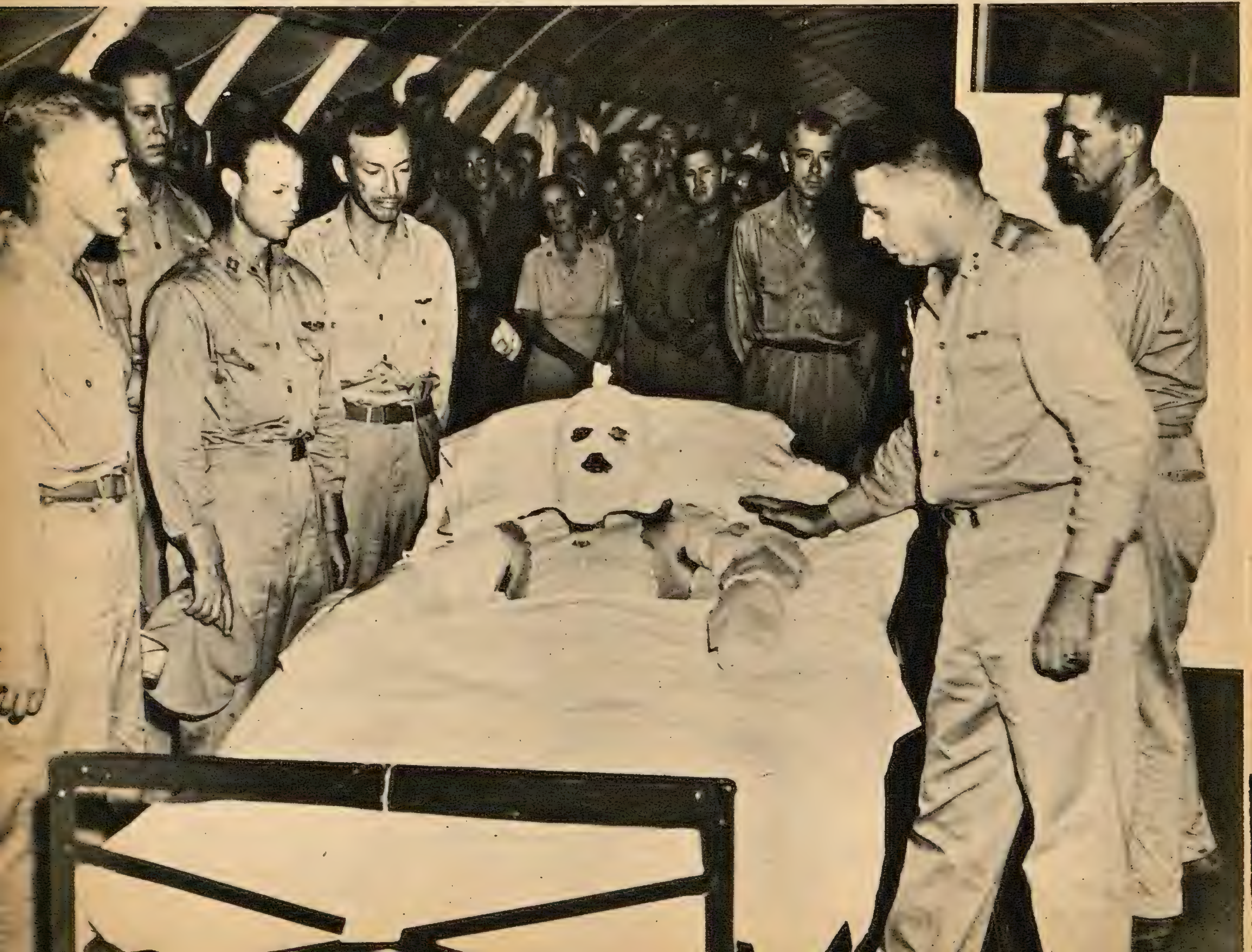
The Camera Eye

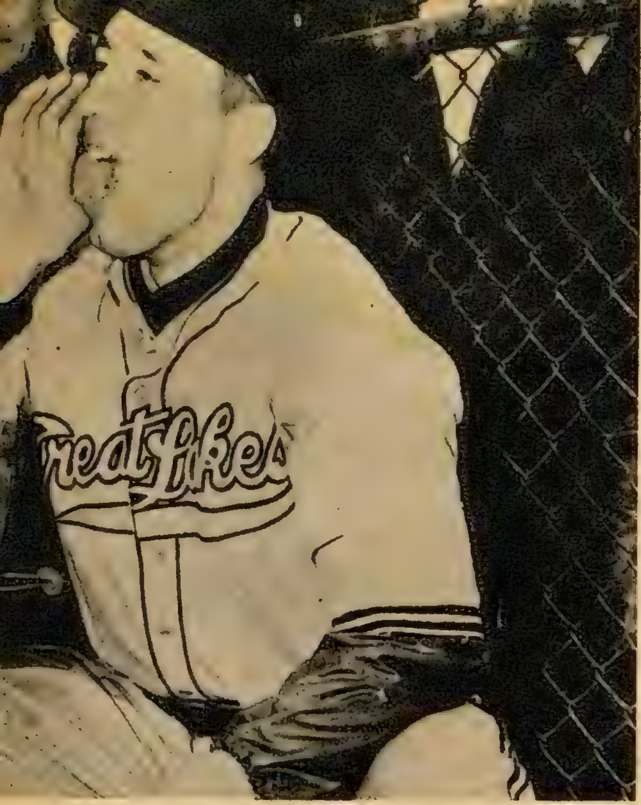
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

A NAVY FELLER—Fireball ace of Cleveland pitchers, chief specialist Bob Feller looks convincing in his new role—manager of the Great Lakes team.

MOMENT MUSICAL—Off duty, crewmen aboard a U. S. battleship woo the musical muse. For the benefit of those who have retired, the trumpeter uses a mute—and the spellbound readers of Song Hits try their best to recognize the tune.

BEYOND DUTY—His grateful crewmates stand soberly by Sgt. H. E. Irwin's bedside as he receives the Congressional Medal of Honor from Major General Willis H. Hale (right) for tossing a burning phosphorus bomb out of a B-29 over Tokyo.





MICKEY—Good G. I. laughter disinfects the sullen German air as Pfc. Mickey Rooney, on a jeep tour to entertain troops, regales Seventh Army foot soldiers.

DIAPER SERVICE INDUSTRY
POST WAR DIAPERS

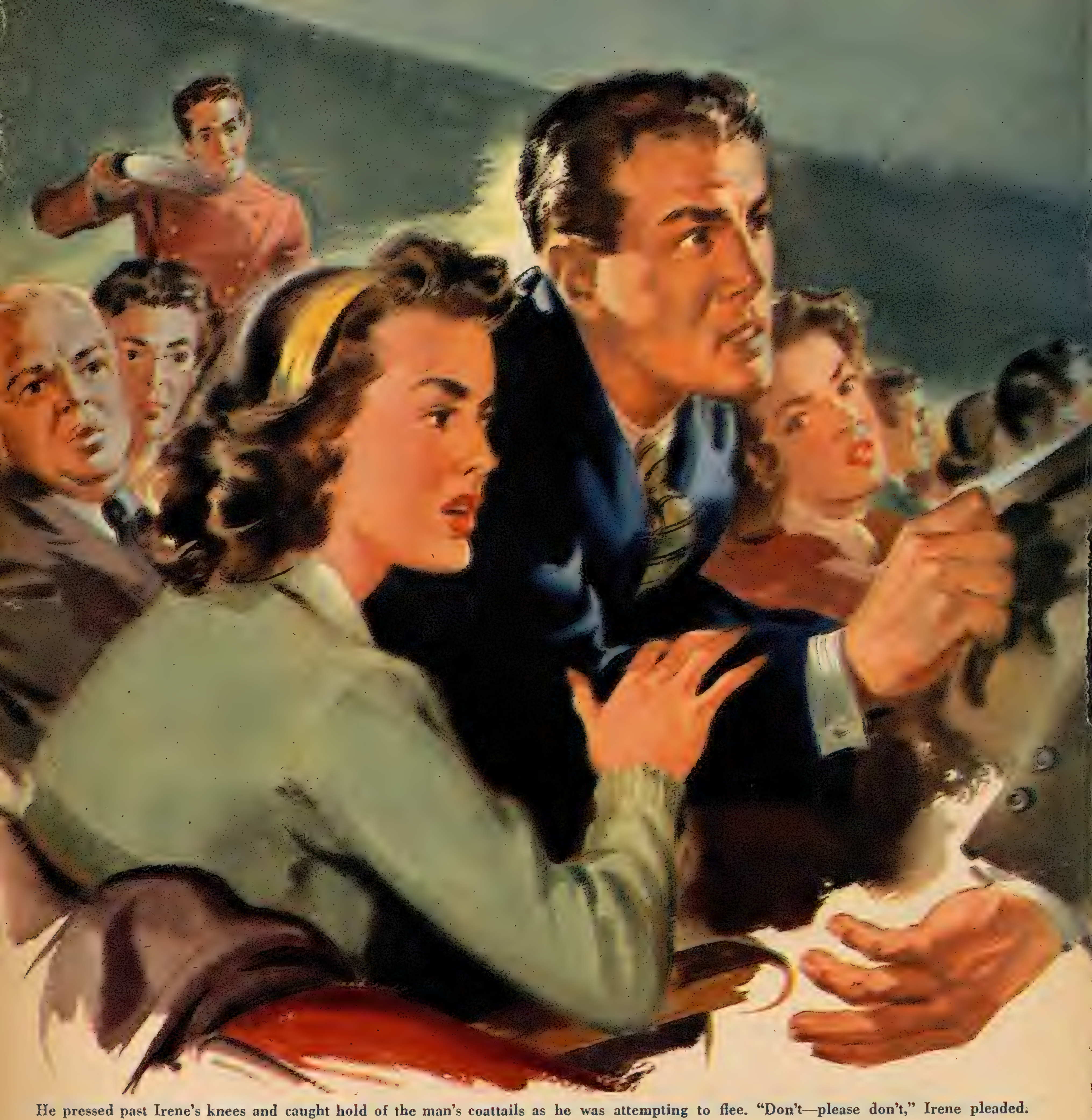
TRIANGULAR TRIVIA—Planning changes, the diaper industry put on a style show in New York recently, displayed diapers covered with polka dots and plaids; and Kathie Scholl, covered with nothing at all.

WHAM!—In unusual office attire, Mitzi Uehlein records a historic moment—the 1,000,000th slap to be delivered by Abbott to Costello, on their ninth anniversary as a comedy team.

FULL POWER TAKE-OFF—At a heavy-bomber base in the Palaus, Maj. James C. Logan of San Antonio, Texas, takes it pretty hard as he loses a bet that he'd make the best score on a Jap target.

THE MISSOURI MULE

LEATHERNECK ARCHITECT—Lt. Tyrone Power, now a Marine transport pilot, shows Maj. Marvin Schacher the Roosevelt Memorial outdoor theater he designed in the Marianas.



He pressed past Irene's knees and caught hold of the man's coattails as he was attempting to flee. "Don't—please don't," Irene pleaded.

They were perfect strangers. So she shouldn't have fallen asleep against his shoulder. But even that was no excuse for him to put his arm around her. A gay story of love on a bus

Your Face

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE

Looks Familiar

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

TUCKER ADAMS put his hand out. "Here," he said, with great concern, "let me carry that for you."

It was a small bag, shiny black, of a kind called simulated leather, and a child could have carried it with ease.

"No, thank you," the girl said.

"Oh?"

Mixed with the half-smiling disappointment in Tucker's eyes was a shadow of perplexity. All afternoon, since he had got on the bus and sat down beside her, there had been this feeling, elusive and tantalizing, that her face was familiar.

"Please," she said, still waiting for him to move out of the way.

He pressed backward into the aisle. In the confined space, she brushed against him as she squeezed past. He held his breath, feeling his pulse quicken. She was small, exquisitely rounded, with a grave oval face and shy brown eyes.

A loud voice was droning, "Change for Indianapolis, Terre Haute, St. Louis. . . ."

Tucker picked up his overcoat and jabbed long arms into it on the way up the aisle. He looked harassed. But he was smiling, too, in a determined, preoccupied way. The lights of the city sparkled with a particular brilliance in the frosty air. The glass swing doors of the waiting room were laced with hoarfrost and the light inside came through dimly. A couple of kerosene lanterns hung beside the entry. A man in a leather windbreaker was holding a big electric torch and in its glare the driver hauled bags from the compartment in the rear flank of the bus.

The girl pointed. "That one—" She caught hold of a large suitcase, lifting it, and moved toward the waiting room, her body leaning stiffly sidewise with the weight. The wind rippled her skirt against her pretty legs.

Tucker held one of the swing doors wide open for her. He wished he had the nonchalant nerve to take the suitcase; it was so heavy for her.

"Thank you," she said politely.

He went back and found his own and lugged it into the waiting room. A kerosene lantern stood on a radiator and at the newsstand several candles burned. A man stood warming his hands over a small portable oilstove, stamping his feet softly on the floor. On the electric clock above the ticket desk was a sign saying "Out of Order." The wind, pulling and pushing at the swing doors, made them thump and rumble. The ticket agent was wearing his hat and overcoat.

"What's the matter?" Tucker asked.

"Short circuit in the wiring somewhere. We had a little fire. They're working on it. No electricity, no oil burner."

"The St. Louis bus is ten thirty, isn't it?"

"That's right."

He turned, almost bumping into the girl. She walked back to the bench where she had left her bags and sat down. Tucker sat down beside her, looking at his wrist watch.

"Excuse me," he said. "What time have you got?"

She crooked her arm. "Twenty after six."

"Thank you."

He opened his newspaper. "Would you like to look at part of the paper?"

She shook her head. "Thank you just the same."

"Look," he said. "I'm really sorry about that thing on the bus."

She was silent for a minute. Then she said, quietly reasonable, "As I said before, I'm sorry I fell asleep against you, but it was no cause for you to put your arm around me while I was sleeping."

"But I didn't mean to," he said.

She gave a sigh. "You apologized once, and I accepted your apology. I wish you'd drop it. Please don't bother me."

Tucker said, "I meant to ask you: Do you happen to know anybody in St. Louis named Charles Y. Offenbach? Some people call him Chuck, but his wife doesn't like it. He's a C. P. A. Hum?"

She shook her head, picked up a timetable and began reading it.

"He's my best friend," Tucker said. "When I was over there in Africa and Italy, Charley wrote me regularly. We used to take trips, camping. All the way to the Ozarks. You ever been there—in the mountains there?"

She folded the timetable and gazed straight ahead. On the bus he had mentioned the names of other people he knew in St. Louis, but none of them was known to her. He wished he could identify himself, link himself to somebody she knew. There was something about her that was disturbingly familiar, strangely exciting.

HE was sorry he had put his arm around her on the bus. He had put it on the back of the seat, had dozed, and been roused by her abrupt awakening. In his dozing he might have—dreaming, maybe—given her a little hug.

"Do you mind," he said, getting up, "keeping an eye on my suitcase?"

"Not at all."

He tipped his hat. "Thank you very much."

He went outside, buttoning his overcoat, and walked up the alley to the street. He was tall and angular, with a thin face lit by an alert young eagerness, his mouth cheerful, his eyes interested in things about him. He was hungry, and he peered in the windows of restaurants and lunchrooms with buoyant anticipation.

Through the half-curtained window of a place called the Old-Time Chophouse he saw round tables with white cloths; along either side wall, booths of dark gleaming wood. The bill of fare was pasted in the window and the prices were reasonable. He stepped toward the door, then hesitated, glancing over his shoulder.

His head bent forward, his shoulders hunched in his coat against the cold, he headed back toward the bus station. On the way, he swerved into a drugstore and drank a hot chocolate. Suddenly his face lighted. He ordered a hot chocolate to take out, and hurried excitedly with it back to the bus station.

"I thought this would taste good," he said to the girl.

"Oh," she said, confused, her teeth chattering, "Oh, thank—thank you."

Her glance came up shyly and for an instant there was a faint smile on her lips. Then all at once she colored, as if embarrassed or a little ashamed.

IT occurred to Tucker it would be decent to let her drink the hot chocolate alone. He crossed the waiting room and stood by the newsstand looking at the magazine covers. The recollection of her sitting there huddled against the cold made him feel illogically angry. He strode over to the ticket agent and said:

"When do you expect the heat on?"

"Look, buddy," the agent said, shivering. "I am not doing anything to *stop* the heat from coming on." He looked discouraged and miserable. "I have a cold. I have a fever. I am a sick man. I—" He sighed, gave up, and wagged his head.

Tucker's indignant glare softened. "I'm sorry, mister," he said.

The agent said, "Why don't you go spend some time in a lunchroom, or in a movie—some place warm?"

Tucker smiled at him. It was as if the agent's idea had collided gently with a somewhat similar idea of his own. He looked around. The girl had finished drinking the hot chocolate and was sitting with her hands thrust in opposite coat sleeves. He crossed to her, wearing his most optimistic smile.

"How do you feel now?" he said. "Do you feel a little better?"

"Mmmm, it was good and hot. Thank you again. I appreciate it very much."

He felt somehow that her very politeness was a wall between them. She was on guard and he had the feeling that if he touched her she would jump.

"Do you know what the agent said?" he asked, sitting down. "He said why don't I go out to a lunchroom or a movie or something, where it's warm."

"Oh?" she said, with polite interest.

"Yes." He nodded. "I was thinking, if you'd like to do that, I'll sit here and watch your bags. Why don't you do that? It's like an icebox here."

Or we could go out together, he thought recklessly. We could put the bags in one of those green lockers.

"Well, that's very kind of you," she said. "Thank you just the same. But the hot chocolate helped. I'll be all right." She added, "If you want to go, I'll watch your bags."

He was almost glad that she had not decided to go. And moving through him again was the feeling that somewhere, sometime, he had known her. He was sure that actually she was not cool, standoffish, as remote as she seemed to be.

"Jim Smith," he said, for he had thought of someone else he knew in St. Louis. "Excuse me. Do you by any chance know Jim Smith?"

She wrinkled her forehead. "Jim Smith?"

Tucker sat up straight and hope leaped in his eyes.

"Why," she said, "I know a James Smith. But I don't suppose it would be the same one."

"Wait a minute. Now wait a minute." He thrust his hand into his pocket and

(*Continued on page 68*)

YOU'LL GO HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME...

There's a Ford in your future!

It will happen in peacetime—when the tasks that now face America have been accomplished. Then a smart, new Ford will be waiting for you to drive it.

. . . Trip after trip you'll go in ease and style. It will be so smooth and gentle riding—such a joy to handle.

. . . Here will be a car that's big and sturdy—plenty of room in front and back. It will be smartly styled. And for all its fleet and eager power, you will find this new car thrifty in the time-honored Ford tradition.

. . . That's how it will be. And when the "go ahead" is flashed, we'll be ready to start production plans. Meanwhile, the full Ford resources will continue to be engaged in helping speed the final Victory.

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"THE FORD SHOW". Brilliant singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, NBC network. 2:00 P.M., E.W.T., 1:00 P.M., C.W.T., 12:00 M., M.W.T., 11:00 A.M., P.W.T.

Mr. Korson's stories of the men and women of the American Red Cross at their posts overseas are a stirring panorama of American ideals in action. They are as refreshing as a long, newsy letter from your own G. I., aglow with his courage, resourcefulness, and humor.

AT HIS SIDE

BY GEORGE KORSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

PEARL HARBOR

WITHIN two minutes from the time the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, the American Red Cross was in action.

There was confidence, even with disaster all around, as the chairman of the Hawaii chapter met with workers to put prearranged plans into effect. The canteen corps set up a canteen in the basement of the Iolani Palace, royal residence of Hawaii's kings before the revolt of 1893 and now the territorial capitol. The Red Cross girls who worked behind the serving table in twelve-hour shifts came from every walk of life. Passing before them in an almost continuous file, hour after hour around the clock, were the hundreds of defenders—sentries off duty, men on vital work in and around the palace grounds, the disaster council and staff who came over from the armory, dispatch riders, ambulance drivers, and emergency-truck drivers.

Two of the canteen committee volunteered on the night of the seventh to stay on duty for as long as they were needed. It seemed doubtful if they could function after dark, but function they did, without stopping—by flashlight—rising above such minor shocks as a gun going off in their midst. Some poor exhausted rookie had trustfully propped his rifle against the wall, probably with the safety off, and a jar had sent a bullet through the roof.

They went for more food and hot coffee in a truck without lights, crawling through black streets—never knowing when some nervous youngster on guard duty might shoot without asking any questions or when enemy raiders might arrive overhead.

Red Cross field director at Tripler General Hospital, Mrs. Margaret H. Lutz, said of December 8, "My husband and I arose at 4.30 A. M. and cooked eggs under small

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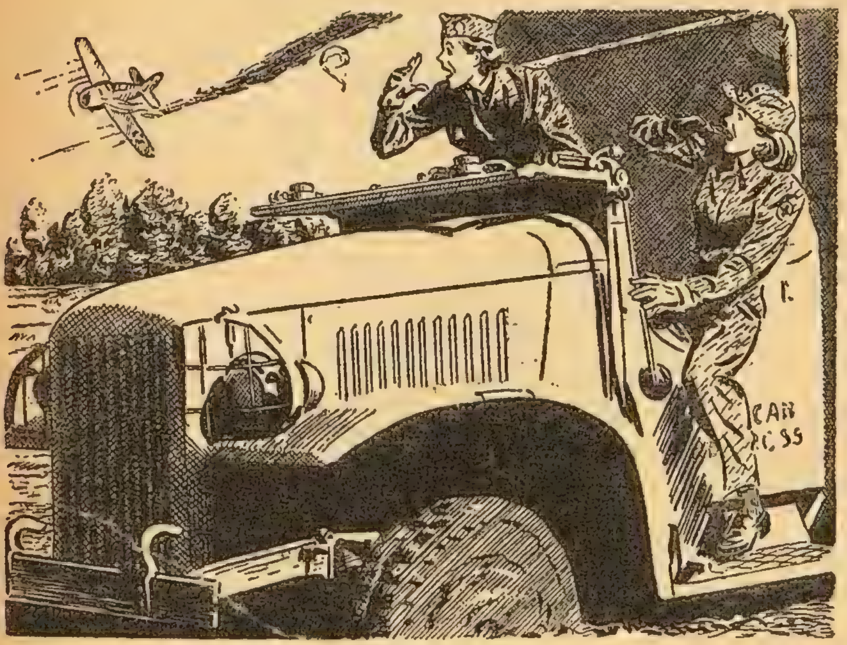
blue lights, the only ones allowed in the blackout. As no cars were allowed to have lights, we drove in total darkness at about ten miles an hour. When we reached School Street, Japs started strafing and my husband pulled the car under a banyan tree. 'Lie on the floor,' he yelled. I did as I was told. We stayed in this position for half an hour. The strafing suddenly stopped, and we went on, he to his work and I to mine.

"We had between 400 and 500 casualties from Hickam, all of whom had lost their personal belongings in the battle. At one bed I asked a patient if he would care for a toothbrush. His face lit up as if I had offered him a million dollars. On succeeding days I continued distributing Red Cross articles, cigarettes, pipe tobacco, and reading material to patients and duty personnel, enlisted and commissioned.

"Many patients and almost all hospital personnel wished to get word to their families on the mainland that they had survived the raid. As they were all ordered to stay on post and the cable companies were forbidden by the military governor to take messages over the telephone, it was announced over the loud-speaker that the Red Cross was making this service available to anyone who wished it. The line formed, and that first day we had nearly 200 messages.



"About Wednesday cable messages began to pour in from frantic relatives on the mainland who had been notified by the War Department. These messages I attended to myself, first interviewing the doctor in charge of each patient concerned and then the patient. Wires of necessity had to be brief, but I tried my very best to give some word of cheer to those anxious relatives and to let them know that the Red Cross was at the side of their wounded sons, husbands, and sweethearts.

"One message I well remember sounded more anxious than all the others. It was impossible to contact the doctor at the moment, so I sought out the patient. He was assisting in the care of other patients in the ward. When I told him that his mother was anxious about him, he became very angry. 'Do you mean to tell me that they notified my mother and worried her, when all I've got is a broken finger on my left hand?'

"I explained that the War Department was most particular to notify their nearest of kin in all battle casualties.

" 'Well, you can tell my mother there ain't nothing wrong with me, and I'm going out to get me a Jap.' "

AUSTRALIA AND THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

For the Red Cross staff workers, life in the bush was a tough game of ingenuity and perseverance against great odds, as indicated by Field Director C. W. Ashley of Baltimore, Maryland:

"Dust—clouds of it—in red, white, and gray, eating your face; mosquitoes, flies that bite like ants, centipedes, spiders, and many strange bugs; temperatures of 130 degrees and rains of three or four inches—these are some of the things that a field director in Northern Territory has to contend with in his daily routine.

"After a drive of 300 miles over washboard roads in an Army jeep, you arrive at your headquarters to find a batch of mail to be answered. After clearing your desk, it is midnight, and as a cool breeze blows through your tent you relax at the very thought of obtaining a good night's sleep on your Army cot. Then about 3 A. M. the alert sounds. That was every night; you could set your watch by Jap raids. You jump from under your mosquito netting, stub your toe in the dark as you search for your helmet, and then dive for the nearest slit trench. When the 'All clear' sounds, you cannot sleep again, even after counting thousands of sheep."

The Red Cross furnished large quantities of recreational articles for able-bodied troops as distinguished from comfort articles such as razor blades, cigarettes, soap, comb furnished to hospitalized men.

Besides providing motion pictures, band concerts, and an active sports program, Red Cross field men arranged and conducted visits to aboriginal villages where soldiers could witness the corroboree, a festival held on moonlight nights, in which native men danced to music played by their women. They also promoted fishing and hunting trips in the bush. If lucky, a soldier might shoot wild geese, a 1,500-pound water buffalo, flying fox, wild pig, kangaroo, wallaby, or even a crocodile.

The men were encouraged to cultivate hobbies. One of the most popular was the catching and training of pets. Many a cockatoo was trained to beg for food, to shell and eat peanuts, shadow-box, take a shower bath, and even drink beer. Kangaroos and wallabies were equally good as pets. It was no uncommon sight to see a doughboy leading a kangaroo on a leash as he walked down to the mess tent. Mealtime at camp was heralded by a parade of birds and animals that seemed to have adjusted their feeding hours to those of U. S. soldiers. At breakfast, wild cockatoos flew up from the surrounding gullies; at lunch, flocks of wild turkeys appeared; and at dinner a herd of wild goats made their call.

ARRIVING in June, 1942, Mary K. Browne was one of the first two American Red Cross women club workers in Australia. A routine introduction to General MacArthur inspired her "to make a home for the boys away from home" in Brisbane. Recognizing her instantly, the General said, "Young woman, the last time I saw you was at Forest Hills. You were fighting for your life with Helen Wills Moody, and I remember how you kept hitting the ball."

Undeterred by lack of professional training as a club worker, Mary Browne, whose black hair is now streaked with gray, simply kept "hitting the ball" until she succeeded in building a Red Cross service club that was the pride of Australia.

She established an eighteen-hour restaurant serving up to 2,000 full meals and 2,500 short orders a day, a watch-repairing station, and a night club featuring a milk-shake bar. She instructed Australian carpenters how to build a lunch counter Los Angeles style, and Australian sausage makers how to make authentic hot dogs. A laundry and pressing service, a private lounge serving as downtown headquarters for U. S. Army nurses, and a first-aid station with a trained nurse always in attendance were some of the club's amenities. Through the information and hospitality bureau she arranged for week-end entertaining of American servicemen by Australian families.

On a certain Sunday evening a new recreation room was to open with a carefully rehearsed soldier show. Several hours prior to curtain time, she suddenly discovered that through faulty wiring the recreation room could not be lighted without throwing the rest of the club into darkness. A modest quiet-spoken Australian soldier offered his services. Miss Browne watched him work diligently all afternoon, and then, his task apparently completed, she went to her hotel for a rest. Presently the telephone rang. It was the Aussie reporting that the lights had fused, and where was the fuse box located?

"I knew where it was," she said afterward, "but I was afraid to tell him for fear all the lights in the kitchen would also be shot. I rushed back to the club and found everyone worried. My assistant got me aside and said, 'I'm afraid this Australian doesn't know too much about electricity.'

"Anyway, I took him to the main switch box and as he started to look the fuses over, I timidly asked, 'Do you know enough about electricity to do this?'

"The youngster calmly located the faulty fuses and replaced them. Then he turned to me and grinned, 'Well, Miss Browne, I wired the tunnels at Tobruk.' "

To meet the need of American service men and women on leave, the American Red Cross operated a chain of clubs, prepared to furnish beds and meals free. Australian men and women protested that this policy would embarrass them. Lacking large financial resources, they maintained their clubs at cost and requested the American Red Cross to do likewise.

The same problem had arisen in Great Britain, and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson finally laid down the War Department's world-wide policy on this matter: "It is believed advisable that American soldiers be required to pay at least the actual cost of meals and lodging furnished for their convenience and benefit while on furlough."

The charges were nominal and did not exceed the cost of the raw food. For example, in one Australian city, doughboys on leave paid twelve cents for a bed for one night, and an additional twelve cents for a breakfast of ham and eggs, toast and coffee. The porterhouse steak dinner they had dreamed about in their foxholes cost them only twenty-five cents each. Charges varied in the different theaters according to the currency value of the country in which the facility was operating. No charge was made for refreshments when served on special occasions, nor were charges made at any time for doughnuts, coffee, and other accessories served by clubmobiles.

IN the South Sea Islands, Red Cross clubs generally were housed in native-type huts with thatched roofs. The largest, 60 by 130 feet, was on New Caledonia. It was built of bamboo, its supporting posts being festooned with tree ferns and growing orchids.

Clubs contended with varying conditions of climate and environment. One club director wrote: "Our problems are still the same—too little of this, too little of that, but customers, God bless them, plenty of customers." One of the serious shortages in some areas was of water for drinking, bathing, and dishwashing. Too much water, on the other hand, afflicted an officers' rest home that had weathered a typhoon. When the club was finally bailed out, ducks were found floating in a bedroom, and a baby squab was rocking in the mosquito netting over a Red Cross girl's bed.

In New Guinea, Negro G. I.s, in anticipation of the arrival of eight Negro Red Cross girls for their "Club Papuan," built them the best living quarters on the island. They selected a site on a hilltop overlooking the sea and constructed a twelve-room house, including a large reception hall, parlor, and a private bedroom for each girl, and—something hitherto unheard of in New Guinea—a bathroom with flush toilets. And to bring water to the house the men piped it for a quarter of a mile.

On New Caledonia in 1944 served Mrs. Alice Bowring, a 200-pound, rollicking, deeply understanding Australian woman, known to thousands of American servicemen as "Mom." Before the war she lived in feudal luxury at Wau, New Guinea, where she operated her own gold mine. The Japanese were stopped only three miles from her place, and then only long enough for her to pack up and flee. In Sydney the American Red Cross employed her to supervise a club kitchen because she had "experience in handling natives." Proving herself capable of more responsible duties, she was assigned as Red Cross club director on New Caledonia.

One of the most wonderful things about her was her unrestrained laughter. Her hearty expressions might raise the hair on your head, yet she could recite Shakespeare at any given cue. Walking through the club she would slap a marine on the shoulder, pause to put her arm around a teen-age sailor, or address a couple of Seabees in dungarees. Next to Admiral Halsey, "Mom" Bowring was probably the best known personality in the South Pacific from the equator to the tip of New Zealand.

Distinct from service clubs were rest homes, or rest areas, operated by the Red Cross. The largest rest area, consisting of fourteen buildings within two city blocks, was located at Mackay on Australia's northeastern coast. It was built at the request of Lieutenant General George C. Kenny for his Fifth Air Force personnel.

Local farmers, potential producers of the rest area's milk, vegetables, meat, and poultry, were found to be far behind the times in sanitation and health standards. Pasteurization, refrigeration, and tuberculin tests of dairy herds were unheard of, and for a time the Red Cross and the Army faced a serious problem with farmers protesting innovations entailing expense. But diplomacy, patience, free Army veterinarian service, and premium prices combined to bring about a victory for progress. More than 2,000 head of cattle were vaccinated. The Red Cross rented and operated the local ice plant and advanced funds to the local creamery to install a modern pasteurization plant. To ensure a steady supply of fresh eggs and poultry, the Red Cross took over and modernized a poultry farm near Mackay, and within two weeks stocked it with 1,500 poultry—chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese.

Groups of men were flown in from New Guinea on a ten-day leave. Each day three large Army transport planes taxied down the field and stopped close to an Army bus. Out piled the Yanks, some dressed in regulation khaki, some in fatigue coveralls. Without exception they had that jungle look—faces pallid, drawn, and thin, and eyes somewhat apathetic. In a minute or two they were headed for town.

The bus stopped at a hotel with a large red sign across the front bearing the legend, "American Red Cross." Picking up their flight bags, they piled out of the bus and were greeted with a friendly, "Hello, gang, how about some good fresh ice-cold milk and cake?" and directed to a table upon which stood a milk can and plates piled high with frosted cake. For the next ten minutes, amid an exchange of banter, milk, gallons of it, was poured into the large paper cups held tightly by men tasting fresh milk for the first time in more than a year.

The milk and cake, combined with the friendly smile of the assistant club director, broke down their reserve as they gathered around her. They wanted to get a good look at her. She didn't mind the special attention. In fact, she rather enjoyed it. Anyway, she explained the routine followed by guests at Mackay, and told of the meals, laundry service, barbershop, free mending service, and the recreation program. "And now," she concluded, "pick up your bags and Danny will show you where you're going to sleep. You've just enough time for a hot shower and a change before the first call for dinner."

Danny, the Australian employee, led his charges to their quarters, where they picked up an unmistakable aroma of frying steaks and potatoes coming from the kitchen.

THE BUNA CAMPAIGN

In the dusk of a tropic evening several hundred American fighting men dressed in green coveralls and jungle caps were seated on logs nailed to stumps in a jungle clearing. Their eyes were riveted on a portable screen, made out of bamboo poles, showing The Vanishing Virginian. The blue New Guinea sky was their ceiling, the dense jungle growth about them the acoustic walls. No more notice was taken of the cacophony of weird jungle noises than of the sound of gunfire which came intermittently from the front lines not far away. . . . Thunder and lightning and a shower poured down on them. The parakeets overhead that had been dashing from tree to tree took flight, and so did the mosquitoes. But the soldiers remained in their seats to the end of the picture. "Jungle Jim" Stewart, Red Cross field director, operating the 16-mm. projector, asked whether they were in a mood to see another picture, and the response was overwhelming. So, in spite of the rain, Stewart went ahead with the projecting of The Kid Glove Killer. . . . The rain stopped, the parakeets returned, and the mosquitoes came back to raise more welts on the soldiers' arms and legs. . . . Suddenly the alert sounded and accomplished what the rain had failed to do. The boys dived into their slit trenches, but as soon as the Japanese bombers left, they hopped out and went on with the show.

Incidents such as this, illustrating the hunger of front-line troops for entertainment, were common during the Buna campaign of 1942.

In mid-December, shortly after the Australians had entered Gona to the north, American troops under General MacArthur captured Buna. Thus was finished the job begun in the Battle of the Coral Sea. The Japanese threat to Australia from the north was now at an end.

With the approach of Christmas, the men's thoughts turned homeward. For many it was their first overseas Christmas, and they could not help feeling homesick and low in spirit.

Imagine their reaction, then, to the appearance of the American Red Cross in the role of Santa Claus!

The Port Moresby phase of that memorable Christmas observance was arranged by Helen Hall, director of American Red Cross service clubs and rest areas in the South and Southwest Pacific.

"There were less than three days left after we landed," she said, "to get up our Christmas party. To help us we were assigned a soldier and also two natives with wonderful headdresses and very little else. A bright red sarong around the one named 'Somewally' and the bright blue shorts sported by 'Decanter' were in brilliant contrast to their shiny dark skins. They were presented to us by the corporal who brought them with: 'You do what the ladies say.' Speaking loudly to make up for the difference in language, he added, 'And wash much.' They looked pleased but speculative.

"Outfits for miles around soon turned out to help open up with an impromptu show. Christmas night our audience spread themselves out on the hillside facing the platform we had placed in front of the club. Lights were strung so that a civilian orchestra brought over from the mainland could see their scores. Unfortunately the lights also lit up the orchestra perfectly for the mosquitoes, and its members played between angry slaps and scratches. To climax things an alert sounded, that switch was turned off again, and we were in a sudden darkness. The music stopped short—but almost as swiftly resumed. I climbed on the platform with a flashlight to find that our civilian talent had made for a slit trench and in their place was a wholly new band. Eager musicians from among the soldiers had scuttled down from the hillside and sprung to the instruments. Seemingly without losing a beat, there they were in the dark, carrying on as lively as you please.

"Next came a downpour of rain and it took the fear of spoiling the strings to stop our volunteers long enough for the piano to be heaved inside to the one dry spot in the exact center of the hut. Then we started up once more indoors and in the dark, until the 'All clear' sounded and lights went on to the tune of Christmas carols."

GUADALCANAL

On January 3, 1943, the Sixth Marine Division arrived at Guadalcanal to take part in the final drive against the Japanese. Their landing, protected by destroyers and an air cover, was accomplished without incident. Working to unload the ship speedily, hundreds of men jostled one another on the small dock.

Standing out in this crowd of sweating, grimy, and swearing marines was a six-foot khaki-clad giant nicknamed "Tiny"—Red Cross Director Thomas S. Montgomery of Berkeley, California—assembling his eighty Red Cross crates scattered among the great piles of military stores. On the advice of Marine veterans from the Solomons whom he met in New Zealand, Montgomery had packed quantities of fishing tackle, musical instruments, radios, and sets of carpenter's, cobbler's, and barber's tools along with the usual Red Cross comfort articles.

Tiny pitched his camp about half a mile from the beach, in a coconut grove midway between Henderson Field and a smaller fighter field. Allowed only one tent, he scrounged two more. One served as a storehouse and workshop, another as office and library, and the third as a recreation center. Outside his office tent hung this sign: "The American Red Cross is in this area to assist men of the United States forces in any way possible. Please do not hesitate to call."

The workshop, with its wood-carving tools, two emery wheels, a brace and bit, tin shears, files, and hammers, proved a busy place. Here men off duty made souvenirs.

Montgomery's short-wave set always drew a crowd, especially when programs from home were on the air. Propaganda broadcasts from Radio Tokyo added to the amusement. Once, however, a lanky corporal from North Carolina tried to kick the radio to pieces when a Japanese vocalist sang Old Black Joe.

Now and then men showing the effects of excessive strain would be sent to Montgomery's workshop by their officers. "One boy was practically wild when he came to me," said Montgomery. "The night before, a shell had killed his best friend. He helped me with my chores, distributed supplies, checked out books, fooled around with tools, and played the radio, and within two weeks he was back to normal."

WITH help of Marine Corps and Army Special Service officers, a coconut grove was cleared for a softball diamond. A building previously used as a Japanese officers' quarters was turned into a basketball court, and a tournament went on between bombing raids. Swimming was a favorite sport, particularly with contingents returning from the front. It was the easiest and most pleasant way of removing grime accumulated during days and nights spent in foxholes. Sharks offshore interfered with ocean bathing, but the Tenaru and Lunga rivers proved good swimmin' holes.

Montgomery made a rule to reach every American fighting man on Guadalcanal, no matter how remote his outpost. Three times a week he loaded his jeep to capacity with Red Cross supplies, and drove as far as it would go. Then, with a bulging knapsack across his broad shoulders, he would proceed to the front-line foxholes on foot, chanting, "Chewing gum, candy, popcorn, soda pop. What'll you have, boys?" "Porgy bait," or candy, and chewing tobacco were most in demand, the chewing tobacco because smoking in the dark might give away a position. If a man worried about his family, Montgomery took back a message and had the Australian headquarters of the American Red Cross cable to the soldier's hometown Red Cross chapter for an investigation.

Front lines were difficult to determine in jungle warfare—a treetop sniper here, a lone foxhole gunner there, perhaps four or five men sharing a shell hole on the side of a ridge. On one occasion Montgomery was following what he thought was a continuous line of American positions when he met a group of marines walking through a coconut grove. He asked how close he was to the front line.

They looked at him oddly and grinned. "Hell," drawled one of them, "the front line's half a mile behind us. This is a patrol."

The woods were full of Japanese snipers, which prevented his turning back. So he went along with the patrol, dodging bullets on the way.

Once, in the dusk, this bearded young giant, while bouncing along in his overloaded jeep, found himself in the midst of a battle. Bursting bombs shook the ground under him and the air was filled with the rumble and flashes of gunfire on the ground, in the air, and offshore. Signs of machine guns and rifles hidden behind foliage and coconut trees were not necessary to convince him that he was a target for enemy bullets. Nor was he comforted by the gruesome sight of crumpled lifeless bodies—many yellow, some white—strewn on the steaming sand. He kept bouncing along in his jeep nevertheless until halted by a tall slender graying man who, like everyone else in the jungle, wore undistinguished khaki-green fatigues. From a distance he had seen the man receiving reports and giving orders. Now he was face to face with him. Two silver stars on the man's shoulders confirmed Montgomery in recognizing Major General Alexander M. Patch, the commanding officer of the Solomons campaign.

General Patch reconnoitered first the jeep piled high with bulging packages and knapsacks, and then the bearded young giant who was its driver. "And what are you doing here, my friend?"

"Oh, just taking some Red Cross stuff up to the boys," grinned Montgomery, as if this were the most appropriate thing for him to do at the moment.

"H'mmm. That's good—very good. But you want to be careful; you'd be a hard target to miss."

Montgomery, though, led a charmed life. During one night air raid he was crouching in his foxhole—large enough to accommodate a jeep—when "Washing Machine Charlie" droned away overhead dodging ack-ack fire. Suddenly Tiny's voice was heard above the noise of the plane. "Hey, fellows," boomed Tiny to the marines in their foxholes, "I've been waiting four months to get a letter and finally I got one from the States today. It was from the home office, and you know what it said? 'In order to help us win the war, those of us in the United States who are not actually fighting will have five per cent of our salaries deducted for the Victory Tax.' Now ain't that one hell of a note?"

EL ALAMEIN TO TRIPOLI

In —— Company's mess tent in the Libyan Desert a crude sign read: "Two good places to eat—here and home."

The soldiers believed that sign. To them their mess sergeant was the best in the whole Ninth Air Force. An Alabama boy, his name was—well, let's call him Bill.

A mess sergeant grew in stature in the desert, where fighting men ate only when the supply truck caught up with their unit, and where water had to be hauled long distances from wells and water holes. A mess sergeant not only planned meals, but often, like Bill, cooked them himself. For him it was a daily battle with short rations, sand, and water shortages. When supplies were low he had to barter and scrounge.

Bill was adept at both games. In addition he used a profitable device of his own—crap-shooting. One of the best crap shooters in the Ninth Air Force, he was never more cheerful than when the bones rattled on the ground. When he needed an extra mess of flour to make pancakes for the boys, he generally won it from other mess sergeants in a crap game. And the British Tommies paid dearly in Egyptian pounds, piasters, and whisky for the privilege of learning the game from this Yank master.

With a resourceful mess sergeant like Bill, the boys of —— Company had little to grumble about. The chow was always there, and sometimes the cooking even tasted like Mom's.

There came a day, however, when Bill apparently lost interest in his job. The bones no longer rattled. He shunned fellowship and brooded hour after hour in his tent. The boys, shaking their heads sadly, said that Bill had gone "sand-happy" from seeing too many mirages. And when he disappeared from camp, they guessed he had wandered off in the desert after one of his illusions. A day or two later a searching party found him, a solitary figure among the barren dunes, dusty, thirsty, and hungry. There was no use sentencing him to the guardhouse for going A. W. O. L., as the desert itself was an endless guardhouse. So Bill was "busted" to a buck private and ordered to dig slit trenches.

Bill's punishment may have satisfied the ends of Army discipline, but it did not help company spirit. The boys set up a howl that reached the colonel's ear. They missed Bill's cooking.

At length the colonel approached American Red Cross Field Director Orville E. "Bob" Roberts of Greenbelt, Maryland.

"Bob," he said, "I wish you would talk to —— Company's mess sergeant and see if there isn't something we can do to bring him back to himself."

"Colonel," replied Roberts, "Bill is that stubborn that if I went to him and tried to talk to him, I wouldn't get anywhere."

"I know. What would you suggest?"

"If he could be steered into my tent casually, maybe I could find out what's eating him."

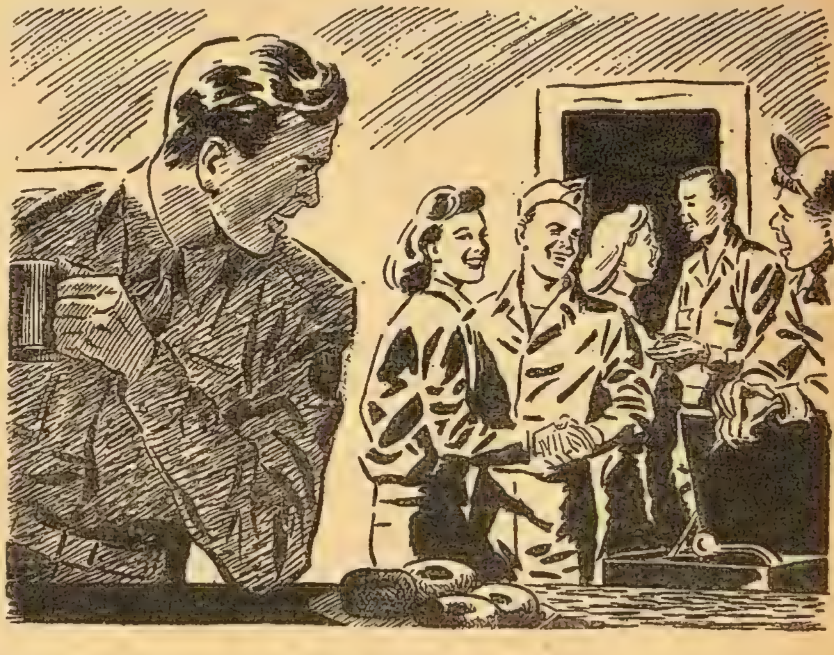
Through a ruse, then, Bill found himself in the Red Cross tent talking with Field Director Roberts, a ruddy-cheeked heavy-set man with graying temples who was old enough to be his father. A shrewd judge of human nature, Roberts had sensed that the Alabama boy had an early background not unlike his own. So he began by relating the high lights of his own career: He was born and raised on a Kentucky farm; while still a boy he ran away from home to work for a year as a cabin boy on an Ohio river steamboat; at eighteen he was a cook in a loggers' camp in the Canadian woods; he played football first at Hiram College, Ohio, and later at West Virginia Wesleyan College; and during the first World War he saw active service in France.

Slowly, haltingly, Bill revealed the few milestones of his career. "When I was so big," he said, "my mother died, and from then on my dad was both father and mother to me."

His father had taught him hunting and fishing. . . .

"And cooking?"

"Damn right. My dad could cook food that a man could eat. I didn't learn cooking in this man's army. I learned from my dad."



The boy suddenly grew bitter. He snarled, "My dad—I loved him until he let me down. When your own father lets you down the way mine did—well, how can a guy have faith in anybody or anything in this world?"

"What makes you say a thing like that, Bill?"

"He hasn't written me, has he? Five months and not a damn line from him. . . . "

As soon as the boy left the tent, Roberts sat down and wrote to Bill's home-town Red Cross chapter in Alabama. After giving the case history, he advised that a Home Service worker see the boy's father and urge him to write at once.

Weeks went by. Bill continued digging slit trenches, and his company kept asking how soon he would return.

Then one evening a beaming excited Bill broke into Field Director Roberts' tent shouting, "Look here, Bob! I've got it at last—a letter from dad."

In paraphrase, the letter opened as follows:

"Dear Son: If you live through this war and come home, I'm going to lick hell out of you. Don't ever set one of them Red Cross gals on me again. I'm on a sheep ranch in Montana, a hundred miles from nowhere. This Red Cross gal came 175 miles to find me. She rode fifty. Her car broke down, and so she hitchhiked to within seven miles of this ranch, and walked the last seven. She sat me down on this rock, gave me a pencil and paper, and said, 'Now, write, darn you, write!' And by the devil, I'm writing."

The father went on to explain that having moved from Alabama, Bill's letters hadn't caught up with him. On the other hand, he couldn't write his son because he had lost his APO number. The letter concluded with a promise to write regularly in the future.

The next morning, Roberts, letter in hand, approached the commanding officer. "Colonel," he smiled, "how'd you like to have the old mess sergeant back?"

"What do *you* think?"

Roberts showed him the letter. Within twenty-four hours Bill was wearing sergeant's chevrons again, and —— Company was happy. In fact, everybody was happy.

"Thanks, Bob, for a fine morale job," said the colonel.

"Don't thank me, colonel," replied Field Director Roberts. "Thank that little Red Cross girl in Montana. Thank the Home Service Corps of every Red Cross chapter in the United States who are working for the armed forces and their families every day in the year."

IT was a red-letter day on the Western Desert when the first two American Red Cross girls arrived to open a club. Seeing them for the first time, a sergeant, emerging from his plane, said, "I think I'll go on the wagon; first it's spots, now it's girls in front of my eyes." A tingle of excitement passed through the collective spine of the Ninth Air Force when the news spread. And the two girls themselves were thrilled at the prospect of dispensing American Red Cross hospitality in this remote corner of the world.

It was no picnic, however, transforming a bomb-shattered villa in an oasis into a club fit for an American desert warrior, as one of the girls soon learned.

"We had little more than a roof to start with in the building which was to be our club. A one-time magnificent villa, it looked sadly shattered and torn at our first glance. Remains of the wall which surrounded the garden lay in pieces along the roadside. The building is typical Italian colonial style, a low rambling affair, tinted in a pale pink color.

"The flooring throughout is of tile. The staircase is of white marble supported by a wrought-iron banister. The building was a desolate sight when we arrived. Inches of dirt covered the floor and the ceilings were completely hidden by cobwebs. The doors and windows had been bombed off. There was no electricity, no water, not a stick of furniture.

"Our club director suggested we stay at the hospital until our place was in shape to house ladies, but we wouldn't hear of it. We wanted to 'get in on the ground floor,' so we waded through the filth, chose a room, set up our Army cots and made ourselves at home.

"We had our first experience that night with sand fleas, flies, mosquitoes, etc., and woke up completely covered with bites.

"For a week we did nothing but scrub, dust, paint, whitewash, and generally get the place into some semblance of order. Then we furnished it in our best 'beg, borrow, or steal' method. And finally, when we had hung a sign which read, 'American Red Cross Club—Open Soon,' on that one piece of wall left standing at our entrance, we were tired, proud, and happy.

"I think we must have put that sign up too soon, however. The very next day, while I was on my hands and knees, still scrubbing, I heard a car approaching. We had company! And there was I in my G. I. pants, an old shirt, and my hair piled up on top of my head!

"My co-worker had fortunately changed into her uniform, so she did the receiving. I figured it was probably a couple of soldiers or maybe a lieutenant or two. Then suddenly I heard voices and footsteps approaching. As I looked up, expecting to see Johnny Doughboy, who should be standing there but Lieutenant General Lewis H. Brereton, the commanding officer of the whole Ninth Air Force! And with him were Brigadier General U. G. Ent, Colonel Louis Hobbs, General Brereton's aide, and countless majors and lieutenants!

"No one batted an eyelash as I rose from my hands and knees, literally dripping soap and water, and went to greet them."

IN addition to desert clubs, the American Red Cross operated leave-area clubs throughout the Middle East for servicemen on leave. The largest and most popular, formerly the Grand Hotel, was the Red Cross-Army Club in Cairo. The club's bed capacity was about 300, but cots in the halls and lounges took care of late arrivals from the desert. Clean white sheets, hot showers, wholesome appetizing food cooked American style, movies, dances, sight-seeing tours—everything dreamed of in the desert was within reach at the Cairo club. There were even lectures on Egyptian culture, as reported in the Red Cross Courier:

"At first it was an experiment. With some misgivings Program Director George Grenholm of Marquette, Michigan, set about to supply the academic touch, mindful perhaps of the soporific effect of classroom lectures in college days.

"When the scholarly professor with the iron-gray hair, a goatee, and a dignified manner began his opening remarks, the Red Cross staff held its collective breath.

" 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we will consider the history of the first Dynasty and its influences upon the development of Egypt to the time of Rameses II.'

"The Red Cross staff breathed easier. There was no concerted rush for the door. No one looked bored. On the contrary, this audience of young Americans, matured now beyond their years, listened attentively and shifted about to make room for late comers who wanted to hear, too.

"Fortified with this intellectual brush-up, the neat construction jobs of the Pyramids and the Sphinx took on added meaning."

Yes, the G. I.s were curious about Egypt and Palestine. They were eager to see the sacred shrines they had first heard about in Sunday School. For them the American Red Cross conducted a comprehensive tour program all over the Middle East. Most tours were free to soldiers, and when a charge was made to cover transportation, guides, and admittance fees to ancient sites, it was below cost. Red Cross staff assistants acted as hostesses on all tours.

From the Cairo club there were tours to the old city with its mosques, the citadel, and bazaars, and to ancient Memphis and Sakkara. Every Monday, soldiers were taken by motor launch up the Nile to the Delta Barrage. On Tuesday nights there was a moonlight cruise on the Nile; Red Cross staff assistants and local girls invited by the club accompanied the soldiers. The most popular of all the tours from the Cairo club was the one to the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

The boys liked to have their pictures taken riding a camel with the Pyramids and Sphinx in the background. Invariably they exclaimed with surprise that the Pyramids weren't a bit like what they had imagined. One iconoclast said, "They should have gotten Kaiser over here. He'd have done a much better job."

IN hospitals throughout the Middle East, Red Cross workers saw to it that the wounded and sick received the little additional attention they would get at home—those extra little things that help a fighting man to quick recovery.

A boy who had been shot up with ack-ack on a mission was sent down to a general hospital outside Cairo. He was so badly injured that for a long time he wasn't told that he would be blind permanently. When he was told, he took it hard. He was only twenty-one and had been strong and active—an athlete—all his life.

In this hospital, doctors and nurses did not have much time to give a patient extra attention—there was so much for them to do. One of the Red Cross girls filled the gap. Daily she visited the boy, sat and talked to him, explaining the sounds and smells, and describing the ward and the people whose voices he heard.

She brought him a radio set. She wrote his letters to his wife and read her letters to him. He didn't want his wife to know he would not see again.

The Red Cross girl did everything she could do to help him adjust himself to his blindness. And it was difficult because he was bitter—and afraid. She explained how the Red Cross would help him when he got home, how Red Cross people could teach him Braille and how to use his hands.

The boy grew to depend very much on that Red Cross girl. The first time he was able to shave himself alone, he waited impatiently for her to come so that he could tell her about it. And one day, weeks later, on one of her regular visits to his room, she asked him what he needed, what she could bring him.

"Matches," he said.

"But I brought you matches only yesterday," she smiled. "What do you do with them—eat them?"

"Hell, no," replied the boy. "People come in to see me and go off with my matches."

He laughed. "Things have come to a new low when people will steal from a blind man!"

He was able to laugh. The girl knew that at length he had adjusted himself to his blindness.

THE NORTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

One afternoon two clubmobile girls were driving by a lonely antiaircraft-gun post in North Africa when they observed three Yanks—a sergeant, a corporal, and a private—napping.

"Hi, there! How'd you like some doughnuts and coffee?" called one of the girls.

The poor G. I. dogfaces woke up, startled. They had heard many tales about the African sun and the weird images it created in the desert. Was this, then, a mirage? The sergeant pinched the corporal, the corporal pinched the private, and the private pinched the sergeant. No, they agreed, the two pretty images before them were really Red Cross girls.

"Gee," commented the private, "I didn't know foxholes were so close to heaven."

American soldiers in North Africa were so surprised at seeing Red Cross girls, and so hungry for the sound of the home twang, that they would stop them on the street just to hear them talk. "Say, lady, are you really an American girl?" they would ask.

In Red Cross clubs the commonest expression was, "Gee, she talks American." A close second: "Say something, lady; anything at all, just so long as you go on talking American." And a third: "What part of the States do you come from?"

The girls performed a great variety of tasks, only a few of which were in the book. They planned recreation programs in clubs and hospitals, and danced and sang. They would change tires on a clubmobile or get up at dawn to fry doughnuts. At any moment they might be called upon to do a neat piece of mending on a soldier's blouse, or do a fancy stitching job on chevrons. They bowled, played ping-pong and darts. They could discuss baseball, football, and basketball, and pitch horseshoes.

In countless little ways soldiers tried to show their appreciation. One thoughtful mess sergeant who had been a fancy pastry cook in civilian life would bring a lemon meringue pie or chocolate cake every time he visited the Red Cross club in Constantine. Soldiers driving into town from the airfields could not resist the Arabs selling "eggas" along the road. They would arrive at a club with eggs carried precariously in their pockets. Country boys would buy fresh green vegetables from roadside Arab vendors and bring them to the club. Often a girl found herself carrying home a snow-white cauliflower, an armful of fresh artichokes, or even a bunch of leeks to cook over her gas plate at her billet. And flowers in North Africa were so profuse and so irresistible to a soldier with his pockets full of money that many a Red Cross club looked like a star's dressing room.

THE American Red Cross was in the North African campaign from the start, when eighteen field directors arrived from England in the wake of the first landings. On the beachheads they assisted Army chaplains and the Medical Corps. Later they accompanied their units on the long and tedious motor convoys from French Morocco and Algeria into positions along the Tunisian front. En route there was little they could do for the soldiers except during stops, when they hooked up their radio sets and invited them to listen in, or promoted informal soccer and touch football games. In the early hectic days at the front they concentrated on visits to evacuation tent hospitals, where they distributed Red Cross comfort articles. Their reward was an appreciative grin now and then from a patient who would exclaim, "Say, boy, this is on the beam!"

One of the Red Cross field directors' teams at the front, working out of Tébessa, drove their clubmobiles all over the American positions. They ate where they could, leaped into the nearest slit trench upon the approach of enemy planes, and at night spread their bed rolls on the ground and got their hard-earned sleep under the stars. Sometimes they were lucky to sleep under a pup tent.

Once Red Munson, former catcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, and Jim Snyder had spent the night sleeping out in the open. Upon awakening they were startled to find two German gliders resting virtually at the foot of their bed rolls. They never did find out what had become of the Germans.

"Hiya, soldiers! Red Cross coming up! Need any cigarettes, soap, razor blades?"

The big bass voice of Field Director Jim Snyder booming out among the foxholes became a familiar and welcome sound along the Tunisian front. The fear of enemy shells was not in him, though he took the usual precautions against injury. He would park his clubmobile, and then, his arms full of Red Cross gifts, he would make the rounds of the foxholes, calling like a country auctioneer in his native Pennsylvania Dutch region. He served hot coffee and doughnuts, and routed personal messages to Red Cross Home Service workers all over the United States. When his supplies were exhausted, he would drive back to Tébessa for perhaps 150 miles over muddy winding roads. All this he did with a good-natured grin, a joke, and a song.

DR. FERDINAND M. ISSERMAN, rabbi of Temple Israel, St. Louis, Missouri, who had come to North Africa as a volunteer special American Red Cross representative, spent four weeks of the final phase of the Tunisian campaign at the front. He noticed how eagerly the American soldiers awaited the daily seven-o'clock broadcast of the British Broadcasting Company. This confirmed his belief that many fighting men, however much their talk and wishes were concerned with physical comforts, also were keenly interested in the world about them.

Upon his return from the front Dr. Isserman persuaded Red Cross club leaders to sponsor a Town Hall program as part of their recreational program in the North African theater. After Army clearance, the club leaders were willing to experiment. It was a success and the exchange of speakers with the British Army Education Corps and the *Comité de la Libération* led to a notable improvement in mutual understanding among the three chief allies in North Africa—Americans, British, and French.

"ICE cream?" bellowed the general.

"Look, miss, we've been living in foxholes and eating canned rations for four months. We've been fighting Germans at Thala. We shelled hell out of them at Bizerte. We've almost forgotten what an American girl looks like. And now, four of you suddenly pop up in this God-forsaken field and tell us there's ice cream."

"Ice cream! Holy smoke—where is it?"

"Those words gave four American girls their biggest thrill in North Africa," writes a Red Cross clubmobile worker who helped serve the ice cream. "It all began when Joe Mason, American Red Cross field director and former Miami physical-education executive, arrived at the American Red Cross club in Algiers with news that one of the famous artillery divisions that took Bizerte was on its way back from the front. 'Little Joe,' as the gang in his division call him, was one of our Red Cross field men at the front.

“He came in with his helmet, his dirty G. I. clothes, and a big grin. His boys had been right in the thick of the fighting for three months. Why couldn't we meet them at their bivouac with ice cream?

“Our club directors said, 'Sure.'

“So at one thirty that afternoon we started off, two cars and a truck.

“We met the convoy after we had driven for three hours. Mile after mile of dusty khaki-toned jeeps, trucks, command cars strung out along the narrow winding road. Perched beside gun mounts, bouncing along in jeeps, peering out of trucks, there they were, the victorious American soldiers. Suddenly, as we went by, the khaki clan would wake up to the fact that an American girl had just shouted 'hello' and they'd go simply crazy. The whole column would wave and yell and honk. What would they have done if they had known then that the truck following us was loaded with ice cream?

“They were a grand sight, healthy and brown. Some of them had poppies strung through the green camouflage netting on their helmets. Bouquets of flowers hung from their jeeps.

“The bivouac area was located in miles of flat field which stretched out on either side of the road. The convoy had already begun to turn off into it. We plowed across the rutted grassy hummocks as far as we could go in our car. Then, afraid of challenging our tired sedan any further, we struck out for the general's headquarters. It proved to be nothing more than the field on which he was standing, one khaki-colored sedan marked by his yellow star, and a small pup tent half-heartedly swaying in the breeze. The convoy was moving busily in around him.

“At the ice-cream truck a crowd of soldiers collected. The word went out and soon jeeps were tearing madly across the rutted fields, nearly running down the Arabs who were already on the spot bargaining with their eggs.

“WHEN the jeeps converged upon us, we discovered they were driven by agents from the several units bivouacked on the field. With 3,000 men to serve, it looked like we'd have to do the serving mess by mess.

“ 'The agent from the Thirty-fourth has arrived,' Captain Ellis announced. A tall brunette from Boston piled into the jeep between two grinning soldiers and bounced off across the meadow with an ice-cream container jiggling precariously in the back seat.

“ 'Agents from the Twenty-seventh reporting, sir,' said another soldier as he rushed up. 'Jeepers, are we really going to have ice cream?'

“ 'Honey, you sure are,' drawled a redhead of Washington, D. C., and off she went in another jeep between two completely bewitched soldiers.

“I drew a roving assignment with Sergeant Arthur Daniel of Hollywood, a recent arrival from a photographic assignment with the British fleet at Malta. He had his camera ready for action.

“By now the whole field had heard the news. The effect as we drove from one mess line to another was like wind blowing through a field of wheat. Everyone would wave like mad. There were still a few doubting souls. One captain insisted he was being kidded as we drove by to announce the ice cream's arrival. He never did show up at his mess. At another field, five soldiers, stripped to the waist, were batting a ball around. One of the girls called out 'Foul ball' just as one was about to catch a fly. Last we saw of him he was still staring at the feminine apparition, mouth wide open, the ball scudding off into the bushes.

“The minute a jeep would arrive with girl and ice cream, it would be overwhelmed with shouting soldiers brandishing mess kits.

“ 'Hey, are you from Brooklyn?' someone was sure to yell; or 'Ice cream? It's a mirage!' ”

CHINA—BURMA—INDIA

In the fall of 1942 the Red Cross assigned four young women to clubs in Karachi, New Delhi, Assam, and China. They did their work so successfully that commanding officers of many other posts and stations clamored for Red Cross girls. National Headquarters assigned a steady stream of them to this theater.

Walking about in G. I. shoes, mud-caked boots, and coveralls, a Red Cross girl lost her individuality, though not necessarily her femininity. Wherever she served she was part of the military establishment, sharing the discomforts and privations of the soldiers. She washed out of an inverted helmet, and bathed under an open-air makeshift shower. Cosmetics taken for granted by American women—cold cream, lipstick, and rouge—were out of reach. Such civilian clothing as she was able to bring in her foot locker, hoarded for special occasions, showed the scars of war. Dresses could not hold up under the rock pounding and heavy charcoal ironing of the local dhobi, or laundryman. Her only girdle was chewed to tatters by crickets. She had to go stockingless—how could she wear something that long ago had succumbed to climate, ants, and various other vicious insects? She made her way about (when she could thumb a ride) in a jeep, weapons carrier, or Army truck. Powder room? Call it that if you will—that small lantern-lit mud hut at the end of the pebbly lane. Except for the Saturday-night dance at the Red Cross club, there was no night life; and from the neighboring jungle came weird noises made by animals and tree life with names found only in the encyclopedias; and the rhythmic beat of head-hunters' drums.

A favorite G. I. quip was, “Who boosts Red Cross morale when it is low?”

Red Cross workers smilingly met this question by pointing to the metal shield on their uniform which read: “Military Welfare.”

Leave-area clubs, so prominent a feature in other theaters, were a small part of the Red Cross program in the China-Burma-India theater. Few leaves were granted by the Army, and passes were discouraged, because in all India there were only two or three cities which had facilities to satisfy soldiers on leave. The emphasis was on “on-post clubs” to meet the Army's policy of keeping its personnel on their stations. Near-by villages offered no recreational outlets whatever, and generally were out of bounds anyway.

A corporal attached to a bomb squadron in eastern India wrote to his parents:

“Dear Folks:

“I wouldn't be at all surprised if most of the boys have had something to write home about the past week or so. A week ago Sunday evening was the grand opening of our Red Cross recreation center here on the post, and take it from me, it really is something. For anyone who has been in India it is hard to visualize such a place existing in the jungle. When I walked into the building it nearly took my breath away. We knew we were going to have a new club, but no one expected anything as grand as what we have.

“It is complete in every detail—all for the comfort and pleasure of the enlisted men at this particular base. The main auditorium or lounge is decked out with nice Indian-made furniture, electric fans, radio, record player, and table lamps—similar to a country club back home. There is also a reading and writing room with individual desk lamps; a fair-sized game room fully equipped; and last, but not least, a canteen and snack bar which is proving most popular.

“Saturday night we had our first dance at the new club and it was a gala affair. Of course there weren't enough gals to go around, but those who were present really got a good workout. I was fortunate in having a couple of nice dances with two of the Red Cross charmers stationed here. There are five of them and a more regular bunch of gals it would be hard to find anywhere. The feminine touch is just what the club needed to give it that homey atmosphere.

“In other words, it was just like a Saturday-night dance at any club back home, or just a wee bit of America right here in the heart of India.”

THE ARC Light, a little paper of the American Red Cross in the China-Burma-India theater, reported: "Big-game hunting in India may once have been the sport of maharajahs. But the American G. I.s are rapidly taking over. Six potential 'Frank Bucks,' all members of a bomb squadron, spent ten days hunting recently.

"The group penetrated the Himalaya Mountains to a height of 10,000 feet in search for game, living in native huts all the way, doing their own cooking. They shot a 500-pound Himalayan bear, a 400-pound wild boar, a man-killing hyena, and a 600-pound deer. The hyena is thought to be one which had been terrorizing the neighborhood for some weeks, having killed several natives.

"The safari, in addition to the G. I.s, included sixty-one beaters and bearers. These were supplied through the local maharajah. All details of the hunt were arranged at the request of two American Red Cross field directors.

"The head hunter was a native called Nabi Akthar. When the group reached his native village, they were guests at a special feast, consisting of roast duck, rice pudding, and sugar cane. The banquet took place on a platform surrounding the sacred peepul tree in the center of town. A tribal drum dance was given as entertainment."

BY the summer of 1944 there were four field directors evenly distributed along the Ledo Road. The station at rear-echelon headquarters, Ledo, set up a free mending service for officers' and enlisted men's uniforms. Such minor repairs as patching and sewing on buttons were made by several native tailors who brought their own Singer sewing machines (1915 model) with them.

The promise of the Road as a supply route came to fruition early in 1944, when Merrill's Marauders suddenly descended upon it on their way to capture Myitkyina, principal Japanese base in northern Burma. While the main force of Marauders was in the jungle, a number of them drifted back into the Red Cross roadside canteen at Ledo for coffee and doughnuts.

"Boy, what wouldn't I have given for one of these sinkers back there!" exclaimed one of them.

The director promptly offered to supply enough doughnuts for the entire outfit if proper clearance could be obtained. Some days later it was arranged, and that evening 6,000 doughnuts were in the hands of the supply officer of Merrill 5307 Comp. Prov. Unit. The next morning Red Cross doughnuts were dropped to Merrill's men on the front lines in Burma.

In May the field director was requested by base headquarters to set up a club for the Marauders. It was ready to operate ten days later. As was originally intended, the club was for the Marauders only. However, an occasional Negro dropped by, and a few white men from other outfits. When an M. P.—one of the Marauders—was asked his opinion on the matter of putting the intruders out or allowing them to stay, he looked up earnestly into the eyes of the inquirer and expressed the sentiments of "the toughest infantry unit" of the CBI. He replied, "Ma'am, I couldn't put those fellows out of here. This is just like my home. All along the Road [Ledo] other fellows welcomed us into their clubs. And as for the colored fellows, why, their band met us on the Road when we were weary and discouraged, and gave us heart to go on."

ALONG ALLIED SUPPLY LINES

There was one group of men—the small detachments stationed along the Trans-Iranian Railway—whose need for Red Cross services for a time furrowed many brows. Ordinarily their remote outposts might have been reached by clubmobiles, but the latter were ruled out because no highway paralleled the railroad.

The problem was finally solved by the operation of a "trainmobile." It was one of the most exciting events in Iran when a Red Cross trainmobile made its maiden trip from Tehran down to Khorramshahr on the Persian Gulf, stopping at all the posts along the railroad.

"This unique freight car," wrote a Red Cross correspondent, "is more than just a trainmobile to the hundreds of soldiers stationed along the railroad. To them it's a touch of home.

"Picture all the grime, soot, and dirt that is a counterpart of any railroad—lonely railroad stops where American soldiers are sweating it out, operating and maintaining the most important railway supply line in the world. Imagine miles and miles of desert where hot winds blow, and the dust whirls with a temper all its own . . . long stretches of steel track that wind through precarious mountain passes, tunnels and bridges (in one stretch of 131 miles there are 132 tunnels).

"But step inside this boxcar for a moment. A Red Cross worker is busy turning the handle of an ice-cream freezer and at the same time keeping one eye on the coffeepot that's sending off an aroma reminiscent of back home in Mother's kitchen. Over there at the window another plays cribbage with a corporal from Minnesota. A gramophone is grinding out Blues in the Night. The walls of the car are painted a light cream. Red-and-white-checkered curtains flutter at the sooty windows. There's linoleum on the floor that matches the covering on the snack-bar counter across the width of the car. On this counter is set a huge basket of fresh doughnuts. A soldier scans through a month-old edition of the New York Times to see what the Brooklyn Dodgers are doing. There's a large crude bookcase lined with detective and Western stories."

SEVERAL thousand Yanks were stationed on Ascension Island, a volcanic rock in the South Atlantic, midway between the bulge of Brazil and the African Gold Coast.

Except for some scrub on Green Mountain and a lone scrawny tree bending to the trade winds along the beach, Ascension was barren. Its smallness—five by seven miles—gave the G. I.s a sense of confinement, and their isolation depressed them. Preying on their minds also was the deadly routine—the daily ration of one gallon of water for drinking and washing; the sameness of the horizon and the vast expanse of sea surrounding them; the unrelieved rhythm of the surf and the constant trade winds.

To satisfy their hunger for green things, Gerald Bannigan, Red Cross field director, distributed flower and vegetable seeds that the men planted in volcanic ash irrigated with their rationed water. Victory gardens included Chinese morning glories and six-foot tomato plants.

At the approach of the Ascension garrison's first Christmas, Bannigan took orders from the men who had no way of purchasing Christmas gifts for their loved ones back home. The Red Cross office at Natal filled the orders in the Brazilian coastal towns—hundreds of pairs of sheer silk stockings, Carmen Miranda dolls, toys for babies, guitars and mouth organs. ATC crews, glad to be of assistance, flew the Christmas cargo to "the Rock" on their way to Africa. The greatest pleasure, that of wrapping and sending the gifts home, was saved for the men themselves.

Bannigan, a former athletic instructor, encouraged the construction of a baseball diamond. Enlisted men started the work with a convoy of nineteen trucks and a steam roller, bringing volcanic surfacing ash from a hilltop three miles distant. Their officers completed the diamond on a Sunday while the men had the afternoon off. A constant round of baseball, basketball, volley ball, tennis, and horseshoe-pitching tournaments was scheduled. Enthusiasm was so great that electric lights were installed for night playing. A basketball court in the nose hangar provided diversion for transient pilots waiting for plane repairs.

Twelve fishing poles were available in the Red Cross office. On off-duty, men fished from the cliffs for rock bass or sailed offshore for deep-sea fishing.

In one of his reports, Bannigan related the story of Henry, a young Chinese-American soldier—the only one of his race on Ascension—who had become depressed over the lack of Chinese newspapers and music and because he had no one to talk with in his native tongue. This nostalgia Bannigan promised to satisfy.

A few days later a transatlantic transport plane alighted on the island, and out of it stepped several passengers—prominent Chinese government officials. Jerry speedily whisked the young Chinese soldier to the airfield, where he had the morale-raising satisfaction of conversing in his native tongue.

Meanwhile Bannigan had written to Rio de Janeiro explaining his problem, and in time a parcel containing twenty copies of a Chinese newspaper and three phonograph records arrived. Two of the records were commercial and bore Cantonese singsong melodies. The third was a transcription made in Rio by a young Chinese pianist whose greeting in Chinese preceded a piano selection.

"They say that the Chinese are not demonstrative," wrote Bannigan, "but I wish that I could have taken pictures of Henry when he opened the package. And when he sat listening to his records he was in his own Shangri-La once more."

SNOW-, ice-, and weather-bound, the few American Red Cross stations in Greenland had little contact with the outside world. Hours on skis, snowshoes, or icebreakers were required for field directors to reach the small groups of men at outlying posts.

At one station a short distance from Julianehaab, Red Cross Field Director Robert T. Barrett received an appeal for a life-size poster of a woman from a group of isolated soldiers who had not seen a living female in almost two years. Barrett wrote National Headquarters that they wanted "a paper doll they could call their own," so that they might not forget what an American girl looked like.

For a long time no Red Cross girls were assigned to Greenland, due to the extreme conditions there. In response to the field director's frequent requests, however, National Headquarters finally sent four in the company of Army nurses, the group arriving on January 20, 1944.

Barrett reported: "The post executive officer called me that morning, saying, 'Bob, your girls will be here in five minutes.' I was so excited, not having seen or talked to a lady in nearly five months, that I jumped into the car and went tearing up to the post headquarters to let them know about the new arrivals. In my confused state, I had not taken time to consider that the message from the executive officer had originated at the post."

The Red Cross club on this station faced the runway where planes landed and took off against a backdrop of snow-capped mountains and an iceberg-dotted fjord. Soldiers, airmen, truck drivers, and Coast Guardsmen, blue with cold, relaxed before the fire and had doughnuts and coffee.

Local Eskimos requiring hospitalization were admitted to the station hospital. One of them, Semoiya by name, had lost an arm in an accident. The hospital staff made a papier-mâché form for a wooden arm with an iron hook built by soldiers of the ordnance unit. For the straps, the Red Cross furnished the only suitable piece of soft leather, saved from billiard-cue tips. Semoiya, who knew not a word of English, was taught to sing Pistol-Packin' Mama, and the ward was convulsed with laughter each time he sang it.

FOR a long while the Army considered the Aleutians too wild and rugged for Red Cross girls. But when an assistant field director assigned to Adak bore up well under the hardships, the Army requested more like her. By the fall of 1944 there were nine Red Cross girls on the islands, with ten additional ones requested.

"We stepped out of the Army transport plane that flew us down from the mainland at 4 P. M. on an early January day," wrote one of them. "Wrapped up like sausages in sweaters, ski pants, and clumsy parkas, we still clung to our uniform caps with Red Cross emblems. After a month of travel, we were at our final destination. Home—for a year.

"We took our first look around. Could this be that dismal Aleutian area we'd been warned about so gloomily? Why, it was beautiful!

"We were driven over jolting roads in a muddy command car to the station hospital, where we were to live with the nurses. 'Sorry the roof blew off this car, but we had a storm the other night,' said our driver. We huddled deeper into our hoods and shook a bit. You couldn't get around it—it was cold.

"The hospital was a sprawling array of Quonset huts well dug into the ground and connected by long, enclosed ramps or wooden walkways. Snow had drifted ankle-deep into our ramp, and we had to tug to get our hut door open. Inside, it was bare and cold, but sunny with yellow paint. Beds, a couple of rough chests and tables, tin shelves with hanging space beneath, two stoves and—a venerable push-pedal organ!

"I sat down on an empty crate and played Chopsticks. It sounded wheezy and mournful. Marian stopped unpacking and laughed.

"A day or two later the Special Service officer came to drive us to the main Army post and show us the service club in which we were to work as hostesses. It proved to be a sizable log building with a big rough stone fireplace at one end, a hallway and tiny music room at the other. And it was crowded with men.

"Someone turned on the juke box and the braver boys asked us to dance. They stammered and even blushed.

" 'It's been two years since I've danced,' they apologized over and over. 'And in these heavy leather boots . . . and on a concrete floor . . .' We girls weren't finding it easy, either. They couldn't tell if we stepped on their toes, but we were not that fortunate."

NEW GUINEA TO THE PHILIPPINES

The first unit of Red Cross hospital workers arriving in northern New Guinea created quite a stir in G. I. ranks. Attached to an evacuation hospital, the girls were flown over the Hump—the formidable Owen Stanley Range—together with a group of Army nurses. All were dressed in culottes and long-sleeved khaki shirts with dark jeep hats covering blonde, brown, and black hair.

Out of the jungle blossomed clubs, canteens, and hospital recreation rooms. Canteens serving food generally were located on air strips. These huts appeared as if by magic, served their purpose while the strip functioned, then closed their doors for good. Their customers were restricted to the transient personnel passing through the base or "sweating out" transportation—passengers and the crews of fighting planes and transports.

Even off-duty hours were strenuous, as one staff assistant informs us:

"As soon as night settles, the New Guinea army comes a-calling. The droves of jeeps up and down the battered hill smack of downtown traffic. White starched shirts are pressed, the leggings fastened trimly, perfume is sprinkled across clean if not latest-styled coiffures. They dance at noncommissioned officers' clubs. They dance at the Allied officers' clubs, on ships, and of course in Red Cross clubs. They sit soaking and dripping on rainy nights out in the open, feet cemented in the mud, watching a Red Cross movie with the fellows."

THROUGH the months a pattern of Red Cross service was developed in the New Guinea campaign. Four or five field directors were assigned to each division. Some landed with assault troops on D Day; others, depending on the wishes of individual commanding officers, went in after the initial landing. Upon wading ashore, the field directors set up beach canteens.

The American Red Cross was able to meet emergencies because it moved its own supplies in fairly small quantities stowed away in PT boats, LSTs, LCMs, and other craft in spaces not otherwise occupied by the Army. Field directors accompanying a unit into a forward area carried along a large variety of items, the little necessities that fighting men need when the day's fighting is over, such as tooth paste, razors, shaving cream, toothbrushes, combs, and, most essential, canteen supplies for quick lunches.

Once the assault troops landed and knocked out enemy shore positions, the enormous task of unloading supplies and equipment from the landing craft and storing them in safe places began. Red Cross field directors mingled with the crowd on the beach, retrieved their supplies, and followed the main body of troops pushing into the interior. Each day found troops scattered in the jungle, and each day the Red Cross men found an opportunity to bring cookies or fruit cake, cold lemonade or fruit juices to sweating G. I.s during a lull in the fighting. Primitive communication made it very difficult for them to reach the widely dispersed units, but they never gave up.

For troops waiting to go into action and for troops who had been pulled out of the lines for a rest, field directors provided simple recreation. Large ward tents with sawdust on the earthen floor served as recreation centers.

Field Director John Taylor of New York City, a World War I veteran, accompanied the Australian and American troops who captured Salamaua, Japanese air and naval base, on September 12, 1943. He described his experience in the following letter:

"Greetings from Salamaua! As you know, it was captured Saturday night by isolated units. Early Sunday morning, on the first barges in, and in advance of the main body of troops, Leon Lewis [Norwich, Connecticut] and I had achieved priorities to take along a battalion cook, a one-burner gasoline stove, twenty-five gallons of water, coffee, sugar, canned milk, and a large tin of biscuits, plus a case of cigarettes.

"We landed on the Salamaua isthmus and established ourselves along the beach road so that all the troops would pass us. We made coffee all day long, seventy gallons of it, gave out cigarettes and the sweet biscuits, put out our fire when it got dark, curled up on the beach on a tarpaulin with a wet Jap blanket over us and their marine uniforms for a pillow.

"Friday I was told to be ready with coffee and doughnuts to get to the units moving down from the ridges and in toward our objective. I got ninety dozen doughnuts fried and forty gallons of coffee. The coffee I lost in the difficult landings we had to make; we saved the doughnuts, lost everything else and almost our lives. Got ahead of the troops, stood on a jungle path surrounded with booby traps, litter, and dead Japs, and gave out our doughnuts to every infantryman passing. I lost our excellent 'Kooie' can and two thermal units which had been given me, when the rowboat with a putt-putt, in which we were making the landing over reefs in treacherous surf, upset our boat just after we had taken off the doughnuts.

"Later in the day, in the dark, we almost lost our skipper when he was caught underneath the rowboat as we capsized on our home beach, caught by two great waves. I had a wonderful ride for about thirty feet on top of the wave which picked me out of the boat and carried me in until it broke. Then I got swept out to sea again, landing up against the boat in time to grab the skipper.

"Previously in the week our tent had been badly riddled with shrapnel. Our installation is very near batteries that pounded the Japs all day long and all night through. Every afternoon between two and four-thirty he retaliated. Tuesday the Jap got mad and threw in everything, wide of his battery objective, and we got the works. Ten duds around our tents, one shellburst over it, one treeburst to one side, and one sandburst on the other.

"However, the duds increased and then everything was silent. Men came rushing down the road to dig us out or to throw the already dug earth over us for the final time. But we were in excellent shape, though covered with gook. I had just started taking my pail bath and got into the trench very naked, so that everything in the way of dirt flying around us stuck to me.

". . . You should have seen the expression on Colonel Archie Roosevelt's face when, having directed the first landing barge in, he saw two Red Cross men jump out with a stove between them and a cook carrying his precious tire pump and gasoline at their side."

SICILY—ITALY

To meet the demands of wind, mud, and cold along the Italian front, Red Cross girls indulged their individual tastes in clothing. When they dropped into some muddy infantry bivouac calling, "Hey, doughnuts! Come and get 'em," soldiers saw them wearing khaki woolen G. I. pants and shirts, covered by a tan poplin field jacket. What the G. I.s did not see was their gray woolen underwear, cut off at the knee, that they had bought in the men's section of the Army Post Exchange.

Feminine individualism among clubmobile workers was as much a part of the Army as the competitive spirit among divisions. The Red Cross clubmobile girls serving the 36th Division wore skirts whenever they could because the men liked to see them that way. But the Third Division thought their Red Cross girls cute in strictly G. I. outfits. Girls of the 34th Division varied their G. I. uniforms with skirts, strapping puttees over their shoes and stockings, while an armored formation group stuck to regulation issue gray slacks despite mud splatters. Fleece-lined leather jackets marked a clubmobile team as strictly Air Force. Each girl wore the insignia of her own Army unit on her field jacket.

One girl, leaving for a forward area high in the mountains to serve doughnuts and coffee to combat troops, prepared for all contingencies. It took two buxom Italian women to push, snap, and button her into an outfit that consisted of a suit of heavy long G. I. underwear, snuggies, and a vest bought in Oklahoma City; a feminine-looking slip "for appearance"; a pair of Mack Sennett-like heavy khaki-colored stockings; a pair of rayon stockings brought from Oklahoma; a pair of wool socks; fleece-lined, fur-topped "clubmobile boots" over a pair of regulation shoes; men's G. I. garters; a knit sweater; a regulation nurse's blouse; a regulation Red Cross winter uniform of jacket and skirt; a wool scarf bought in Italy; a uniform topcoat, an officer's raincoat, and woolen G. I. mittens. Topping all was a "hat" fashioned from the woolen knit cap worn by soldiers inside their steel helmets, trimmed with little white flowers; and finally, over it, a G. I. steel helmet.

On Christmas Day, 1943, a doughboy in a foxhole was about to open a can of C rations for his Christmas dinner. Suddenly he looked up to find a Red Cross clubmobile girl crouching on the edge of his foxhole, a box of doughnuts in one hand and a pot of steaming coffee in the other. "Good Lord, sweetheart!" he exclaimed. "What in hell are you doing *here?*"

FIELD DIRECTOR GORDON JACKSON of Fort Thomas, Kentucky, joined the American Rangers on the Italian front in October, 1943. He was included when the President later cited the Fourth Ranger Battalion.

Perhaps his most appreciated service was setting up in and around the Venafro sector of the Anzio beachhead five "rest rooms" or "drying rooms" for men just off the line. Up to that time, men with two or three days' continuous contact with the enemy would come out of the line wet, muddy, bitterly cold, exhausted. Bolting down food and coffee at the mess tent, they would strip off their soggy, dirty clothing, lie down on the cold ground in their pup tents, and try to sleep.

"Jack" spotted five rooms—one was a little church—in Venafro. He cleaned them up, installed a few little comforts, arranged for a charcoal fire in each, and turned them over to the Rangers.

Although attached to the First Ranger Battalion, the Red Cross man also served the Third and Fourth Battalions. As all were on the line, it called for daily shuttling back and forth among the scattered units in his jeep-and-trailer.

With Christmas approaching, the Rangers decided they wanted to send Christmas cards, war or no war. The job was Jackson's. This meant many a round trip to Naples and to Fifth Army headquarters at Caserta, wheedling and cutting through red tape. But the Christmas greetings, four to a man, were in the mails in time to reach the States on schedule.

After long, bitter weeks on The Hill, a spot of hell and death just above the town of Venafro, the Rangers finally were pulled out of the line just before Christmas, and Jack decided their good fortune should be celebrated appropriately. They were then resting at the seaside town of Lucrino, north of Naples.

The field man obtained a twenty-foot Christmas tree from a Red Cross club in Naples. He bought some tree trimmings, and also used ribbons and bright-colored bits saved from Christmas packages. Everybody helped trim the tree.

The boys also built a big table, fifteen feet by seven feet. Jack located ten additional sidewalk tables on which he placed cigars, cigarettes, all the candy he could find, and hundreds of pounds of oranges, tangerines, apples, and nuts.

Also there were several cakes from unopened packages of men who had not come down The Hill alive. "We knew they'd want it that way," Jack explains.

A temporary altar was erected in the place that had been taken over as a Red Cross dayroom. The Christmas program opened with a midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. Following the Mass, open house was held around the tree all through the night. A Protestant Christmas service took place in the morning.

The service over, a six-piece Italian orchestra played the remainder of the day and through the evening. In the course of the afternoon two Red Cross girls appeared with 3,000 cookies.

AFTER a month's rest, the three Ranger battalions received their new orders: they were to spearhead another amphibious landing, this time on the Anzio-Nettuno beaches about thirty miles south of Rome.

"You stay around here in Naples two or three weeks, till we ease things up a bit there," they told Jackson.

But forty-eight hours after D Day (January 22, 1944) the Red Cross man and his jeep-and-trailer were on an ammunition-laden LST sailing for the Anzio beachhead. To say the Rangers were surprised to see him is an understatement. For three days they had been on the beachhead fighting under remorseless enemy fire, on scanty rations and without sleep or rest. And here came Jackson bringing cigarettes, chewing gum, smoking tobacco, candy, and such toilet articles as towels, razors and blades, toothbrushes, tooth paste, and shaving cream. But even more important than these were twenty-five sacks of Ranger mail that he had contrived to bring from Naples.

The mail from home—the first in weeks—gave the Rangers that extra lift that enabled them to go on fighting day after day and night after night. On their sixth sleepless night they were ordered to take Cisterna, a key mountain village held by a garrison of German paratroopers. The First and Third Battalions marched off into the blackness of that bitterly cold night of January 28, 1944, singing Pistol-Packin' Mama.

There were far more Germans in Cisterna than supposed. The First and Third Battalions found themselves encircled by paratroopers using automatic weapons and Panzer grenadiers with tanks and 88s. Rushing to their assistance, the Fourth Battalion ran into unexpectedly heavy enemy fire and lost many men and officers. And the infantry could not break through either on the left or the right of Cisterna to relieve the First and Third. Trapped within the Germans' ring of steel, they faced hopeless odds. Their last cryptic radio-telephone message was their epitaph: "They're closing in, but they won't get us cheap."

The Anzio beachhead was a nightmare of sound—the sound of artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire, the sound of bombings, strafings, earth-jarring explosions, and of terrific outbursts of Allied antiaircraft fire. There were virtually no rear areas here. Everybody was at the front. Every human being, even the unarmed Army nurses and Red Cross girls, was on the firing line in this tight little sector. It was a steel trap from which there was no escaping.

On the beachhead there was a whole hospital zone where a number of Army hospitals were grouped together. This gigantic city of tents with thousands of beds was laid out in the middle of the whole sector, just below the town of Nettuno near the water front. In accordance with international agreements, they were out in the open and in plain view, the tents marked with large red crosses, and in one field a huge red cross laid out in gravel and brick. Whether plastered with mud in winter, or hazy with dust in spring and summer, these red crosses were visible for miles from the air.

Hospitals, like the infantry, were underground, with only the upper parts of the ward tents showing above the surface. The tents were reached from the road by steps. Sandbag parapets were placed against the side walls. And how it rained! Hospital staffs laid walks with boards or rocks, but they still had to slog through knee-deep mud.

Each hospital had its own Red Cross recreation center consisting of one or two ward tents pitched partly underground like the rest. The tents were brightened with flowers and gaily colored Italian pottery bowls filled with Red Cross cigarettes, matches, candy, V mail, and Red Cross stationery. Two or three times a week there were movies, the Red Cross providing screens and projectors, Army Special Services the films. The Special Service officer at each hospital handled live entertainment, but relied on the Red Cross recreation worker to find talented patients. There was no lack of artistic, theatrical, and musical talent at Anzio. There were other things in the Red Cross "rec" tent—phonograph music, games, books, and magazines. A popular feature was the registration board where men put down their names, units, and home towns, resulting in happy reunions.

EXISTENCE was pretty grim for the Red Cross hospital workers. One of them recalled a night when German planes were over the hospital area:

"I had one tent as my responsibility, and was very busy going from cot to cot talking with the boys and, incidentally, trying to ignore the fireworks myself. Finally, I found several boys who wanted to sing, so we tuned up.

"A chaplain, Captain Delmar Dyerson, who was a patient in a near-by tent, heard us and came over to join us. With Captain Dyerson playing the accordion, more and more joined us, until the singing was loud enough to drown out the noise outside.

"Actually, we sang for several hours. During this time I became very much interested in one boy who suffered from a severe case of battle shock. He had been with us several days, saying nothing and staring into space with glazed eyes.

"When the raid started he squatted on his heels in a corner of the tent, trembling. For some time, even after the singing had started, he took no notice of anyone in the tent.

"The singing had been on for some time when the soldier stood up and slowly edged over toward our group, the glazed expression gradually leaving his eyes. The whole thing was like something out of a book. It sounds hardly true, but when the captain started playing the national anthem on his accordion, the battle-shocked boy started to sing. As the last words rang out, he was singing just as strong and loud as any of the rest of us."

IN GREAT BRITAIN, PREPARING FOR D DAY

Side by side with traditional Red Cross services in Great Britain—field, hospital, and club—preparations for invasion were carried on. A heaping stock pile of supplies needed on D Day and for some time after—millions of pounds of doughnut flour, vast quantities of towels, toothbrushes, tooth paste, shaving cream, candy and gum, playing cards, matches, many millions of cigarettes, and other items to be distributed free to the G. I.s—was being accumulated.

Of the service clubs established in England, the best known was Rainbow Corner, off Piccadilly Circus in London.

It was also the place where servicemen arriving on leave were assigned rooms in the other Red Cross clubs in London, and where all difficulties were ironed out, usually by a house committee of servicemen. When Rainbow Corner was opened, the key was thrown away. Its doors were never closed.

One of the many volunteer workers at Rainbow Corner was sitting behind her desk one day when a G. I. grinned: "Where do you come from in the States?"

"I'm just one of those Omaha, Nebraska, girls," she replied with a chuckle.

The volunteer was Lady Cavendish, Adele Astaire, who, with her brother Fred as a dancing partner, once danced herself into the hearts of two continents. If the juke box happened to be playing a lively tune, she might step out on the floor with one of the G. I.s. For the most part, however, she stuck to her job penning letters to addresses all over the United States. Her letters gave a friendly report to mothers, wives, and sweethearts of their loved ones with whom Adele had talked at Rainbow Corner.

"What I like most about my job," said Adele, "is the return in dividends I am getting in the form of letters from America. Most of the mothers and wives call me 'Dear Adele' and their letters are so warm and friendly that they almost make me feel one of the family."

One Englishman who volunteered to serve in a club outside London explained politely that he would have to confine his activities to the evening as he was busy in a war plant all day.

"After a long day like that," asked the Red Cross supervisor, "why do you want to work at a Red Cross club?"

"I've got to!" the man said grimly. "It's the only way I can see anything of my wife."

There were so many offers from British families to entertain Yanks in their homes that a hospitality exchange with a supervisor was set up in each Red Cross club to clear invitations. More than 100,000 men a month were guests of British homes. "Such hospitality makes it a pleasure to be a stranger," wrote one grateful G. I. Mrs. Harris, chief potato peeler in one of the clubs, laughed every time she recalled her first experience as a hostess to two G. I.s. Invited for supper, the two soldiers stayed three days. They helped her in the kitchen, learned to brew English tea, washed the dishes, and performed other chores. In every respect except one they were perfect gentlemen: they left Mrs. Harris' cupboard completely bare. Yet she did not seem to mind. In fact, she invited them out a second time, and a third.

ON TO BERLIN!

The day Cherbourg fell into American hands, two grimy paratroopers picked their way warily through its rubble-littered streets. They finally stopped in front of a well-preserved building to stare curiously at a German sign reading: *"Kameradschafthaus."*

"This must be the place that old Frenchman said was a Jerry officers' club," observed one of the troopers. Then his tired bearded face relaxed into a wide grin. "Look at this, Joe," he said, pointing his pistol at a hastily scrawled note nailed to a boarded-up window.

The note:

"This building reserved for an American Red Cross Club by Floyd Gates, Field Director."

Defying snipers' bullets, and within hearing of artillery fire and house-to-house combat, Gates had made the rounds of the city with an officer of the French underground in search of a suitable building for a club.

Clubmobiles, cinemobiles, trailer kitchens, and trucks carrying hundreds of tons of supplies and equipment rolled off LSTs onto the Normandy beaches and, despite many difficulties, were quickly woven into the pattern of military operations. Attached to each regiment and combat team, Red Cross field directors kept up with the swiftly moving units—adjusting, improvising, and overcoming the difficult problems of supply, transportation, and communications to discharge their basic Red Cross responsibilities. In their improvised offices on the landing beaches and along the main highway across the Cherbourg Peninsula, they issued comfort articles to soldiers in transit and took personal messages, which they relayed to the soldiers' home-town Red Cross chapters.

On August 15, 1944—D Day for the U. S. Seventh Army invading southern France—other Red Cross field directors, drawn from the Mediterranean theater of operations, landed with their troops. One of them, a veteran of the Alcan Highway and the Aleutians, parachuted with his airborne task force, landing on a steep hillside not far behind the Seventh Army lines. The next day more than a dozen parachutes bearing his supplies, including 5,000 doughnuts intended for his unit, were dropped after him. Luck and the winds of misfortune were against him that day, as every parachute drifted well inside the German lines. "That was undoubtedly the first time the American Red Cross has actually served doughnuts directly to the enemy," he said.

"One officer," wrote the director of the Red Cross hospital service, "told me that after four days under continuous fire, the men who had dug into the Normandy beachhead had become downhearted. Suddenly on D Day plus four, one man shouted, 'Wow! I hear a woman's voice!' The others listened and, unbelieving, heard a light feminine laugh. As the first American nurses and the Red Cross workers jumped from their landing barge and waded to shore, men jumped up all along the beach; they squared their shoulders, held their heads high, and said, 'If they can take it with a smile, so can we!'"

Early in the invasion a hospital train loaded with wounded American soldiers waited four hours in the Cherbourg railroad yards for an overdue trans-channel hospital ship to carry the men back to England. The patients had not been fed since early morning, which worried the medical officers. A nurse and two G. I. corpsmen walked across town to see what could be done about tiding over the men until they could be fed aboard ship. At the Red Cross Club Victoire the trio enlisted aid. Within an hour the wounded soldiers on the hospital train had coffee and doughnuts and were kidding the Red Cross girls serving them. This marked the beginning of a regular service in France. Not only coffee and doughnuts, but also cigarettes and candy were distributed on hospital trains terminating at the docks. Frequently, to expedite the transfer of the wounded from train to hospital, it was necessary to serve patients as they were being moved aboard LCTs or amphibious ducks. Red Cross workers traveling with the wounded to hospital ships anchored in mid-harbor called these amphibious landing craft "duckmobiles." One girl said she felt repaid a hundredfold when a man almost completely encased in a cast muttered, "We knew the Red Cross wouldn't let us down."

GROUP A, made up of twenty-nine clubmobiles, rolled on to the Normandy beachhead at 5 A. M. July 19, and were serving doughnuts and coffee twenty-four hours later only three miles behind the front lines. One of them wrote:

"It was D Day for the doughgirls.

"In the early light of dawn, the doughgirls stepped on starters and the clubmobiles rolled over the beach, their calm and sedate appearance utterly belying the excited feelings of their drivers.

"The first M. P. peered into the cab. 'My gosh! Women!' he said. 'How many?'

" 'Twenty-nine,' said one of them.

" 'Twenty-nine women! Twenty-nine women!'

"That's the way it was everywhere along the road to the chateau where the girls were to be based—soldiers shouting, whistling, and hollering for doughnuts until the girls began to wonder how the invasion had progressed that far without them.

"The leader of the group gave the girls a few hours to unpack and then called a meeting. 'The Army wants to know when you can start serving,' he said. 'They know you're tired and you need to get settled, but will a couple of days be enough?'

" 'We could start the doughnut machines now and work in shifts all night,' said someone. 'Let's go out tomorrow.'

"Soon the meadow in which the cars were parked was bustling with girls hunting for things in the dark and tinkering with machinery. Nothing was where it should be in the tightly packed mass of equipment. Fuses blew. Doughnut machines were temperamental. The girls cracked their shins on the scattered crates in the dark.

"But the familiar warm fragrance of doughnuts soon began to fill the night air, and big boxes were crammed full and stacked away in readiness for the next day. Just after midnight four clubmobiles and four supply trucks started moving.

"After driving for over two hours by 'cat's eyes' (a pinprick headlight—more to warn approaching vehicles than to aid the driver's vision), they arrived at a rest area about three miles from the front lines where fighting men return for showers, clean clothes, letter writing, movies, and whatever relaxation they can find so close to combat. Here the doughgirls served their wares for the first time in France and listened to the men talk—heard stories of forty days of fighting without even the break of the rest area."

An Army division paper headlined the story of six clubmobile girls who rolled into the division area in two clubmobiles—Sitting Bull and Daniel Boone—calling to some G. I.s: "Where are the front-line doughboys?" It took some time to convince them that a clubmobile just wasn't battle equipment like mortars, bullets, and bayonets, and that the alternate plan of smuggling one up with a quartermaster load of K rations just wasn't covered by Army regulations on record.

The girls, however, did not admit defeat. After a huddle they announced that they would produce doughnuts for jeep delivery to front-line troops. Into the heaping boxes of doughnuts they tucked notes which inquisitive G. I.s in the rear area were politely told were top secret, for front-line men only. "So if you find a doughnut batting around with your rations," the message advised its readers, "remember it was sent with loads of sweet thoughts from an American Red Cross girl who earnestly wishes she could come right up to your foxhole and sing out that familiar 'How about some coffee and doughnuts?' "

A clubmobiler of another group said:

"The infantry retreated back to the high ground where we were serving. We were then right in the front lines. Shells started whistling, and when Ruth Gray [Old Town, Maine] heard someone shout, we all ducked. I was cutting candy, but when I heard a rat-tat-tat like a machine gun, I didn't stop till I was under the truck, way down under my helmet—real small.

"At this point we looked up to see a plane spinning down, on fire. The rat-tat-tat I heard was its machine gun, set off by the fire. After the plane crashed in the field across the way, we looked up to see an American pilot busily cutting his parachute cords as he dangled from a tree. We helped him down, and his first remark on searching himself was, 'My gosh, I've lost my pencil!'

"But his next remark was made to order: 'Got any coffee?' "

A MEMBER of the "Yosemite" clubmobile gives a closeup of how clubmobilers lived:

"Tents were rigged, with six or eight to a tent; foxholes dug; camouflage strung up and over the top. Like those of the Army, each tent is getting a name, those of the plush London hotels preferred.

"Ours is the Grosvenor House. Instead of ringing for room service, we walk down a lane, very quiet at 6 A. M., to another field edged on one end with mess tents and scalloped with the chow line. This is really a Cook's tour, from kettle to kettle, with a stop-over in the wheat, eating picnic fashion.

"Few of us crawl inside our sleeping bags, because you can't get out of them in a hurry. The first night we slept in our clothes. Then we decided to try pajamas again, but with coveralls on top for both warmth and protection. Most of us have light-colored p'j's that have a phosphorous glow in a foxhole.

"Before crawling in, you carefully place helmet and coat on the ground, with slippers in the middle; so when the time comes, your feet feel for your shoes while each arm grabs helmet or coat. This is one time you pray your right hand knows what the left is doing. Then swish, you're through the flaps and sliding feet-first into the hole, like Babe Ruth making home base. Then you hope that all you'll hear the rest of the night will be the tinkle of your tent-mates' dog tags as they roll over.

"The barbershop department has now been taken over by Anne Stuart. Setting up shop beneath the trees, she cut swathes through the hair of a first sergeant. In return he painted a brilliant red-and-white barber pole on the front of her tin hat. The job not only satisfied the top kick, but also the commanding officer, who decided to be the next customer."

Probably no clubmobilers lived a more rigid, disciplined camp life than the thirty-one girls of Group L, quartered at the great tented base "somewhere in France" where Lieutenant General George S. Patton had his headquarters in the summer of 1944. One of the girls was Jean Gordon, the general's niece.

Patton took a personal interest in the welfare of his charges. His courtesy and kindness notwithstanding, General Patton laid down rules and regulations that had the girls singing "We're in the Army now" (though not within the general's hearing).

The girls had to be back at their camp before blackout time. After that they could not enter or leave their tented living area without calling the guard on duty and giving the password, which changed every night. They wondered who made up the ludicrous-sounding passwords that ranged from "black," "white," to "applesauce" and "dipsydoodle."

THE first American Red Cross clubmobile to serve coffee and doughnuts to U. S. troops in Germany was the Bearcat. Its five members, representing a reconnaissance squad, started a curb service in the village square at Roetgen just seventy-two hours after U. S. armored units had captured the town.

A report of the Bearcat's historic stand says:

"The road to Roetgen had just been declared open the night before. According to an officer of a Military Police unit, the town itself formed part of a small pocket, the entering wedge into the 'Fatherland.' The front line curved around the town on all three sides, but the freed village was already two miles behind the lines.

"Armored vehicles streamed back and forth along the intersection. They slowed down at the sight of the Bearcat. Amazed G. I.s, dusty, tired, nerves high-geared from battle strain, clambered down to listen to the latest swing records and gulp down a hasty cup of coffee. An incongruous scene, laughter, song, and merriment dimming the sharp crack of ack-ack and mellowing the grim boom of the 155-mm. guns thundering in the distance!

"A carefully driven Army ambulance, headed for the nearest evacuation hospital, pulled up for a few moments. Inside were six enlisted men with hastily bandaged wounds. They were minor casualties, but their faces gleamed pale from the dusty interior of their van. Eagerly they downed several cups of coffee apiece. As they munched their doughnuts, their faces lost that white strained look. Soon they were chattering as merrily as if they were sipping at some soda fountain back home. When the driver gave the signal for them to move on, they waved a reluctant good-by with the words, 'Come see us soon!'

"On the homeward trek, the huge clubmobile was stopped short by ack-ack from our guns firing at a German plane circling overhead.

"'This is it! Take cover!' yelled American soldiers bivouacked at the road's edge. The girls grabbed their helmets and made a dash for the ditches only a few feet away. They watched as a lone German plane beat a fast retreat over the green-foliaged horizon, back to the safer side of the Siegfried Line.

"Thirty miles into Belgium, back at their headquarters, they made plans to cook doughnuts at dawn for their second visit to U. S. troops in Germany."

THE world-wide activities of the American Red Cross in World War II proved a boon to American merchant seamen. They may or may not have had a girl in every port, according to the traditional saying, but certainly they found American Red Cross workers wherever they docked. At a North African port, Seaman Trani walked into the office of Red Cross Field Director Joseph B. Lippincott of Somerset, Pennsylvania, to ask for information about his wife, who was expecting a baby.

Lippincott dispatched an inquiry to Brooklyn, and the wait was on. This prospective father was a more pathetic case than other long-distance floor walkers whom Lippincott had aided. Again, and again, and again Mike returned to the Red Cross office, each time more nervously anxious than before. "Any news today, eh?"

Then came Mike's last call: his ship was pulling out and what should he do?

Lippincott reassured him. "Listen in to —— radio station at —— period during the day, or have one of your shipmates listen in for you. As soon as the news comes from Brooklyn, we'll broadcast it to you on your ship."

The "stork report" came the very next day: "Son Michael Louis born. Both fine."

Lippincott immediately called the radio station and explained the situation to Captain André Baruch, former radio announcer and now of Army Special Services.

"Did you say Trani?" asked Captain Baruch. "Not Mike Trani? Why, he lives next door to me in Brooklyn!"

So Seaman Michael Trani received the news of his son's birth over his ship's radio at sea.

RELIEF TO PRISONERS OF WAR

Even before the United States entered the war, the American Red Cross was shipping relief supplies to prisoners. Since Pearl Harbor, the American Red Cross, in co-operation with the International Red Cross Committee, has provided the set-up required for the shipment, distribution, and control of supplies for more than a million prisoners, including Americans in German-held European territory.

The weekly eleven-pound Red Cross food packages for each American held by Germany, plus clothing and comfort articles, were paid for by the U. S. Army for its own men, by the Navy for naval prisoners, and by the President's Relief Fund for civilian internees. The American Red Cross provided out of its own funds the "capture" parcels and medical, dental, and orthopedic supplies, and garden seeds for American prisoners. On the anniversary of Pearl Harbor, 1944, the centers produced their twenty-millionth package.

Cablegrams from a prisoner's family announcing a death or birth were routed by the American Red Cross through the International Red Cross Committee.

One cablegram to the United States from a camp in Germany, signed by twenty-one young Air Force lieutenants, carried the same message to their respective wives: "Now a prisoner of war. Has the baby come yet?"

From the beginning of the war to the late summer, 1944, the American Red Cross sent 194 cables to its own representative or to the International Red Cross Committee in Geneva in an effort to get supplies moving regularly to American prisoners of war and civilian internees in the Far East, and it has in its possession receipts from several of the camps for portions of the supplies delivered.

GIFT OF LIFE: BLOOD PLASMA

Out of the battle zones in every part of the world have come stories of how plasma from blood collected by the American Red Cross Blood Donor Service saved or helped save the lives of wounded soldiers and sailors. Plasma was the great savior of World War II. Time and again overseas Red Cross workers heard servicemen say, "When they're brought in, you'd swear they won't last to the clearing station. After the plasma, they're demanding a cigarette."

Writing of the bloody battle for Cape Gloucester, New Britain, future historians undoubtedly will make note of a hill named "Plasma Ridge" by the U. S. Marines who fought there. Ordered to take the hill to clear out a Japanese pocket, the marines fought bravely until ambushed by snipers and machine-gun nests. Wounded men and the few who had escaped injury were pinned down in hastily dug foxholes. Marine corpsmen, carefully shielding precious bottles of plasma, crawled forward on their stomachs. Their prompt use of plasma in the foxholes was credited with saving many lives that day.

A SECRETARIAL voice called the New York Center to cancel the appointment of a business man who had been about to leave his office for the Center when a telegram from the War Department notified him that his son had been killed in action.

"No, don't cancel it," the father broke in. "My boy would want me to keep that appointment. That pint of blood can save someone else's son."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THE difference between the English and American temperaments has been the subject of many books that displayed earnest research, deep thinking, and a praiseworthy effort at international understanding—in fact, just about everything except common sense. It's a pleasure, therefore, to be able to report that a fiction writer has succeeded where scholars have failed. **Daisy Neumann** has hit the mark gracefully and accurately in her entertaining novel, **Now that April's There.**

Daisy Neumann

Miss Neumann tells the story of the homecoming of two British children who had been evacuated to America to escape the aerial blitz of 1940. Their father, an Oxford don, is soon in a dither about a curious American named Joseph Palooka who has been putting strange ideas into the head of young Angus. And Angus' sister Wincy suddenly finds herself outside the pale of decency when she blandly tells Angus, "You're a bum." (In England that word signifies that part of a child's anatomy reserved for spanking.)

But the story goes deeper than language misunderstandings. Angus and Wincy, having been members of a free-and-easy American household, find it hard to readjust themselves to British reserve and to the English barrier between the world of a child and a grown-up.

The author has wisely resisted the temptation to make satirical stooges of the English parents. At times their mental gears grind hard—particularly when Wincy introduces them to the precepts of American popular psychology. But the honest effort at understanding with which they meet the problems of their changeling children gives a warm undercurrent of feeling to this pleasant comedy.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price $2.50.

ARE mystery stories worth taking seriously as literature? Possibly the answer is that the people best entitled to take a snobbish attitude on this question—writers as distinguished as Somerset Maugham, Sinclair Lewis, and Christopher Morley—have written glowing tributes to the art of whodunit.

Hulbert Footner

The late **Hulbert Footner,** whose detective story **Orchids to Murder** is published posthumously, was a great favorite with his fellow writers. Christopher Morley, in his introduction to this yarn, remarks that Max Beerbohm, the idol of the British sophisticates, once described Footner as "the most civilized American he had ever met."

But don't look for sophistication or subtlety in Orchids to Murder. It's just a well-rounded, workmanlike mystery. Its peculiar charm derives largely from the fact that you get acquainted with its characters through their actions rather than long-winded exposition. The style of this story is as direct and unassuming as Footner was in private life—and, like its author, it grows on you. Before you have finished the yarn, you'll find each of the people in it as real as the folks at the drugstore on the corner. There are plenty of dark doings, but they sneak up on the reader so quietly and logically that he begins to wonder how he grew so excited.

Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y. Price $2.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 World's champion lady ship launcher
6 There'll soon be a hanging of the painter who used to hang this
14 It gets thoroughly soused by one Martini
15 Buttery way Mrs. Lion addressed her hubby
16 What reprimanded dogs do in corners
17 Pin, holds up Pantiegone Building
18 The Old Suthn Cunnel's ade (two words)
20 End of an electrifying tung
21 A buck on a hunch
22 When bitter bushes are made, this's what they'll be
23 A long time for Shelley
24 What Romeo had for Juliet
25 Species of Cod
27 Fastest growing thing in America
29 Respectable men in diapers
33 Long things made by freight trains
35 What Gypsy Rose Lee needs (dumb, isn't it?)
36 Indigent Nudist Encasements (abbr.)
37 Pronoun
38 This is made of flower and water
39 Kind of gon
40 Stutter plugs
41 There ain't no such words as these
42 They're humming right now with the latest gossip
43 Whee Day (and night)
45 Young pilot's flight of fancy
46 English want
47 It takes one or two horses to operate one
48 Kind of son
50 Mark him well, he's a funny guy
53 Small %
54 Fellow, usually nice
55 A big can of floating power (two words)
58 A necktie for a war criminal
59 Tees for an Italian fambly (anag.)
60 We leaned backward not to destroy it
61 Capitalist calico (rare)
62 He manufactures flaws on diamonds
63 Beatified

VERTICAL

1 It is best to remove the horses from these before pitching them
2 Guards who thought of themselves as gods
3 No matter how you slice it, it's still baloney
4 Steady Stephen
5 Female rat trap
6 Men woo them, wolves woowoo them
7 The poet didn't land in his plane, he did this
8 Leonard, as a lad
9 Mr. Salt
10 Knight's rabbit-foot
11 Mounted croquet
12 Boy, is this cut-up sharp!
13 It's curtains for these! (abbr.)
19 Land of the Writhing Son
21 The old snoreposter
24 The word the old maid longs to say
25 Wrinkle manufacturers
26 The call of the sea
28 Air transports
29 Ike, with a British accent
30 Careful, anything you say will be picked up and repeated by this
31 Put it up!
32 Marine D. T. (two words)
34 Abe's birthplace lies between two A's
35 Microcosm
38 Johnny's most tanned part
39 "To do away with narrow squeaks," advises Dumb Dora, "—— them!"
41 The Old Roman Bullpark
42 A peach of an exclamation, or what to say when spotting a lovely tomato
44 He puts pieces together to put peace together
45 Stood for a portrait
47 Slam session
49 Slacks up for relaxation
50 Baby's first playthings
51 The bone it's lucky to break
52 Basement soprano
53 Mehican moola
54 Serpentine stance
56 Blind Nips
57 G. I. portable wardrobe
58 Nobody Loves Burpers! (abbr.)

■	P	R	O	S	P	E	R	■	M	O	T	E
S	E	A	■	H	E	R	O	■	A	M	E	S
O	R	P	H	A	N	E	T	■	L	E	N	T
T	I	T	I	P	U	■	S	K	O	L	■	R
■	■	■	D	E	M	S	■	O	N	E	G	A
F	A	M	E	■	B	I	L	L	E	T	E	D
I	R	A	■	O	R	G	A	N	■	T	E	E
E	G	G	P	L	A	N	T	■	W	E	D	S
L	O	I	R	E	■	S	I	R	E	■	■	■
D	■	C	O	O	T	■	T	E	E	P	E	E
E	R	I	E	■	R	O	U	N	D	E	R	S
R	E	A	M	■	A	I	D	A	■	A	S	S
S	E	N	S	■	P	L	E	N	I	S	T	■

Last week's answer

1	2	3	4	5	■	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14					■	15				■	16			
17					■	18				19				
20				■	21			■	■	22				
23			■	24			■	25	26			■	■	■
	■	27	28			■	29					30	31	32
33	34				■	35					■	36		
37				■	38					■	39			
40			■	41					■	42				
43			44					■	45				■	
■	■	■	46				■	47			■	48	49	
50	51	52			■	■	53			■	54			
55					56	57			■	58				
59				■	60				■	61				
62									■	63				

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"It's so smart...so easy...so delightful to serve ROMA Sauterne"

says ELSA MAXWELL

"I have entertained people throughout the world, and in my experience," says Miss Maxwell, "there is nothing quite so charming—quite so correct—as a good table wine served with dinner.

"And a really fine wine I suggest to you is—Roma California Sauterne—pale gold in color... delightful in bouquet... with superbly delicate flavor. Serve well-chilled in any glasses you have. It's so simple—yet adds so much to the enjoyment of the food and companionship."

This excellent Roma Sauterne—like all Roma Wines—brings you the clarity, fragrance, and delicious flavor of finest sun-ripe grapes... safeguarded by the ancient skill of Roma's noted wineries located in California's choicest vineyard districts. This is why Roma Wines are always *unvarying* in superb quality and excellent flavor... and *always keenly enjoyable.* Yet you pay only *pennies a glass.*

Roma California Wines include Sauterne... Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel ... Sherry, Muscatel, Port ... Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.
ROMA WINE COMPANY, Lodi, Healdsburg, Fresno, California.

R
ROMA
ROMA
Estate
California
SAUTERNE

ROMA CALIFORNIA WINES

Heighten the enjoyment of your favorite fish. It's simple—yet an exciting and different dish—when you serve fish fillets with a well-chilled bottle of delicate pale gold Roma California Sauterne. The complementing magic of these flavormates does wonders in savory eating. The fish fillets are most delectable served with your sauce to which has been added a glassful of that same good Roma Sauterne.

ROMA
ESTATE Wines

MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE

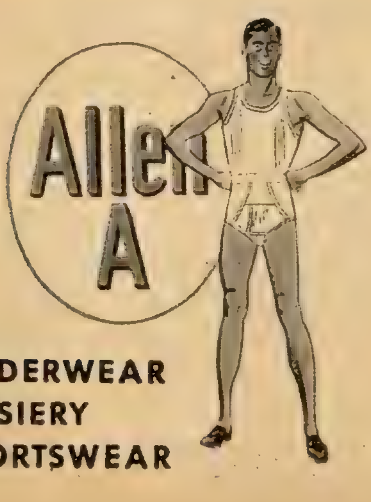
What do you know about-

A Jesse J...?

Got so mad at old-fashioned underwear that he always shot holes in it. Even if the underwear had people inside it. This gave him a bad reputation. (Too bad he didn't know Allen-A).

An Allen-A...?

Underwear, hosiery and sportswear that *no one* shoots at. Underwear that's knit the way you're built . . . for comfort. Remember Allen-A for quality underwear, hosiery and sportswear.



UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN

Continued from Page 21

the lieutenant and then at the girl. Crayne was aware that the unprofitable evening had suddenly and unexpectedly taken a turn that might lead to what the Colonel wanted.

"Tell you what," Hummert said. "How about everybody coming over to my place for a couple? I've got plenty of liquor in the house. What do you say?"

Crayne crushed out his cigarette.

"That's awfully nice of you," he said. "But it's very late and we wouldn't want to disturb your family."

"You won't be disturbing them," Hummert said. "The wife and kids are in the country. Sent them down two weeks ago, when these bloody things started coming over. Come on. I've got some interesting things to show you."

"Well, if it's all right with these two youngsters," Crayne said. During his few months in the Colonel's strange business that was now his business, too, Crayne had learned that while you could only rarely shape the events with which you had to work, it was always possible to take correct advantage of them when they shaped themselves for you. "I certainly could use a drink."

THERE were only five or six people in the queue waiting at the bus stop on the Edgware Road when Crayne came down the street. It was midafternoon, too early for the shoppers and office workers to be going home to Willesden and Maida Vale.

He walked past the queue, crossed the road, and stopped to buy a paper. Then he walked around the block, and came out once more into the Edgware Road. The length and character of the queue had changed. Now the line included several women with shopping bags, half a dozen schoolboys, and among others an American officer with a white mustache.

Crayne took his place at the end of the queue. A few minutes later a bus stopped in front of the queue. Crayne got on behind the women with shopping bags and the American officer. A few passengers found seats downstairs. The American officer and Crayne climbed to the top deck. The last seat in the rear, a double one next to the stairs, was empty. Crayne took it. The bus lurched sharply. The American officer staggered and dropped into the vacant space next to Crayne. He smiled apologetically.

"Sorry."

"Quite all right, sir," Crayne said. Sitting like that, side by side in the rear seat next to the stairs, there was nobody behind or on either side of them. The clippie came upstairs. Crayne took a shilling from his pocket. "Two fivepenny tickets, please."

"Where to, sir?"

"The Gaumont cinema," Crayne said. "Kilburn High Road."

She took the coin, punched a couple of tickets, dug two coppers out of the leather wallet at her side, and gave the tickets and the change to Crayne.

The clippie moved on down the aisle toward the other passengers. In a low conversational tone Crayne said, "We're after the wrong man, sir."

"We can always be mistaken," the Colonel said. "We frequently are. But we can't close our files on him until we're certain."

"I think you can close them, sir," Crayne said. "I'm certain."

"Why?"

Crayne looked with quick interest at the handsome white-haired man beside him. He had first met the Colonel six months before, when the Intelligence officer had sent for Crayne and asked the surprised newspaperman to work for him secretly. Then, as now, the Colonel seemed to know everything about him. During those six months Crayne had grown to like the older man. It was a liking based solely on his respect for the Colonel's ability. Crayne had nothing else to go on. Their meetings were infrequent. They were arranged by telephone and held in odd places, to discuss a new assignment for Crayne or to hear Crayne's report on a current job. Nobody, not even the members of the Colonel's own organization, was aware that Crayne was in any way connected with their work.

The Colonel never talked about personal matters. Consequently Crayne knew almost nothing about his chief. There were times when this made their business relationship a difficult one for Crayne. He was certain that the Cedric Hummert case was closed. He was not certain that his reasons would be accepted by the Colonel.

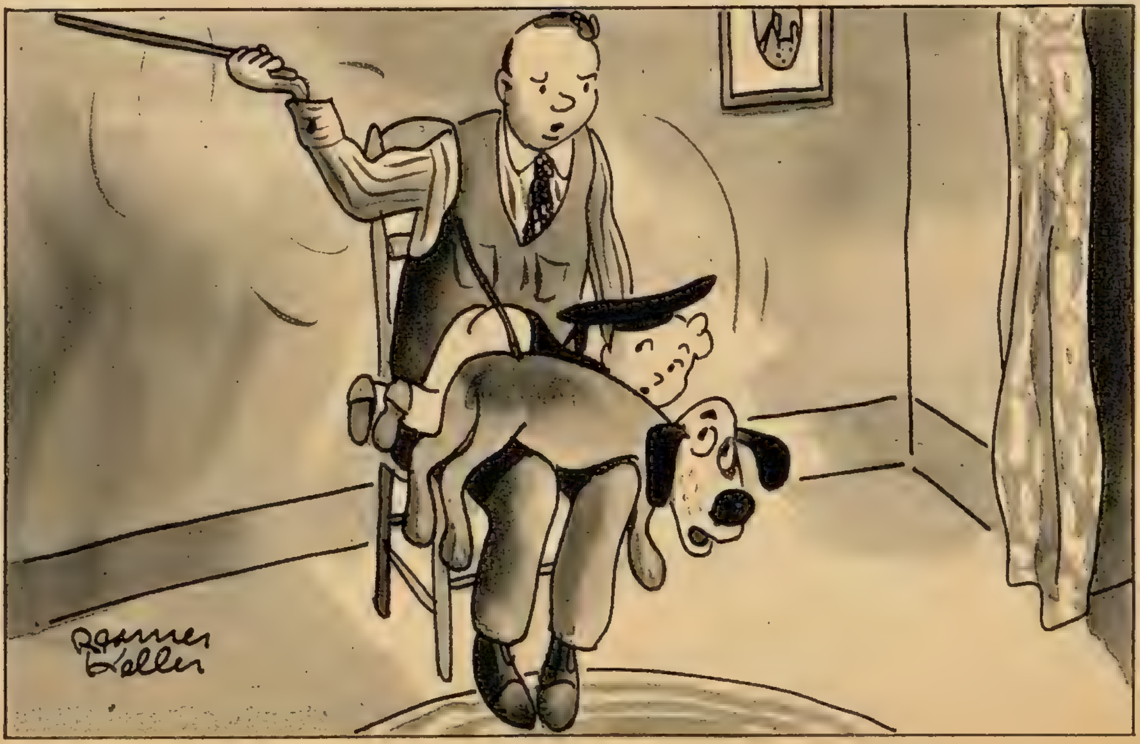
"I finally got to his house," Crayne said. "Last night, sir."

"Alone?"

"No. With a second lieutenant just back

(*Continued on page 60*)

HARDTACK



PONY
CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
AND PACIFIC

A Bouquet for a Formula

"As my daughter is the wife of an army man who was moved suddenly from Ft. Lewis for further maneuvers, we did not know until the week before I was to return that she and the baby would go with me. It was too late to get an additional berth, but as we are both short, we put the baby's basket at our feet and were very comfortable.

"The steward gave my daughter the privilege of making up the baby's formula each afternoon, in the galley, and as there was always plenty of very hot water in the ladies' room, she heated it there—also bathed him each day. Our porter let the berth stay made-up during the day—making it possible for the baby's nap. We could not have been any more comfortable had we been in our own home.

"My daughter joins me in expressing our appreciation for everything done for our comfort."

* * *

So wrote Mrs. H. L. Buchanan of Haddonfield, N. J., shortly after completing a trip from Tacoma, Wash., to Chicago on The Olympian with her daughter and grandson. The Milwaukee Road is glad to get such bouquets (letters) at any time. But with a war on, they're doubly welcome.

The Milwaukee Road

SERVING THE SERVICES AND YOU

THE JOKER IN AIR POWER

EVERY PILOT who wings his Liberator or Fortress over Germany or Japan knows what the joker in Air Power is.

Every ground crewman whose job is to keep a Mustang, Thunderbolt, or Corsair in hair-trigger fighting trim knows what it is.

Every aircraft engineer who ever saw the inside of a wind tunnel knows what it is.

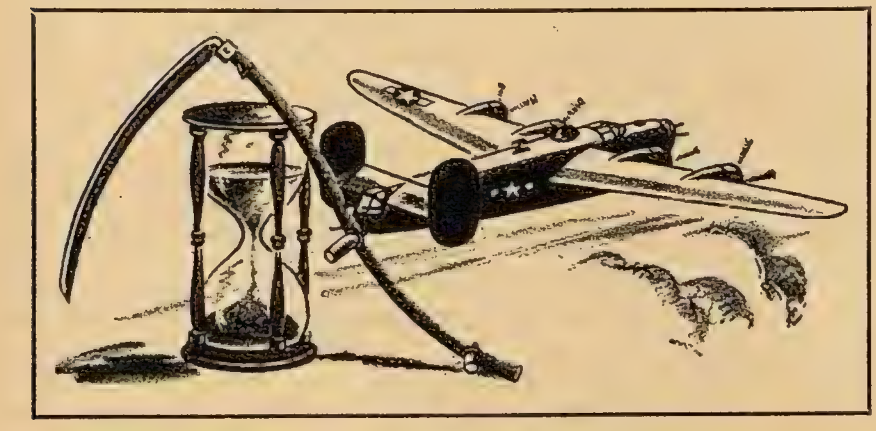
Do you know the joker in Air Power?

It's very important that you should. **For, partly because America forgot it during the prewar years, we came terribly close to losing this war right at the start.**

But now we are winning the war, largely because a few far-sighted men knew what the joker in Air Power was.

So simple—so easy to forget

The joker in Air Power is TIME—the heart-breaking months and years it takes to design, to build, and to perfect a plane to the point where it becomes an efficient, service-tested battle plane, ready for action.



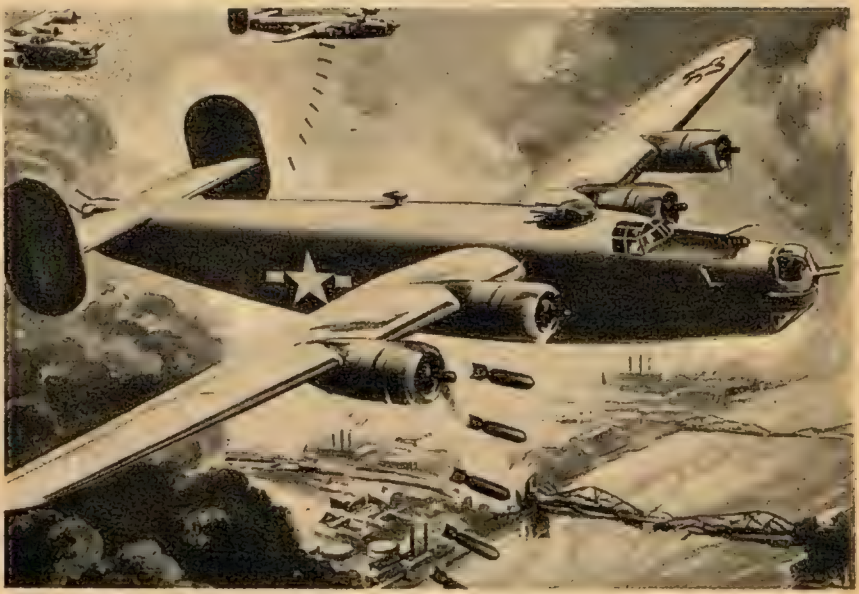
For example, America's first four-engine, long-range bomber was born back in 1934.

But when war was declared, some 7 years later, this bomber was not *even then* ready to go into action as the potent fighting weapon it is today.

True, the first model was flown in the summer of 1935. The aircraft engineers knew then that the basic design was good.

But between the first "prototype" and the current model, **there have been more than 4000 changes, involving over 4 million engineering hours.**

Even by working with desperate speed, it has taken years to smooth out the "bugs"—to give our Air Forces this heavy long-range bomber, so urgently needed, in its most efficient form.



There aren't many short cuts

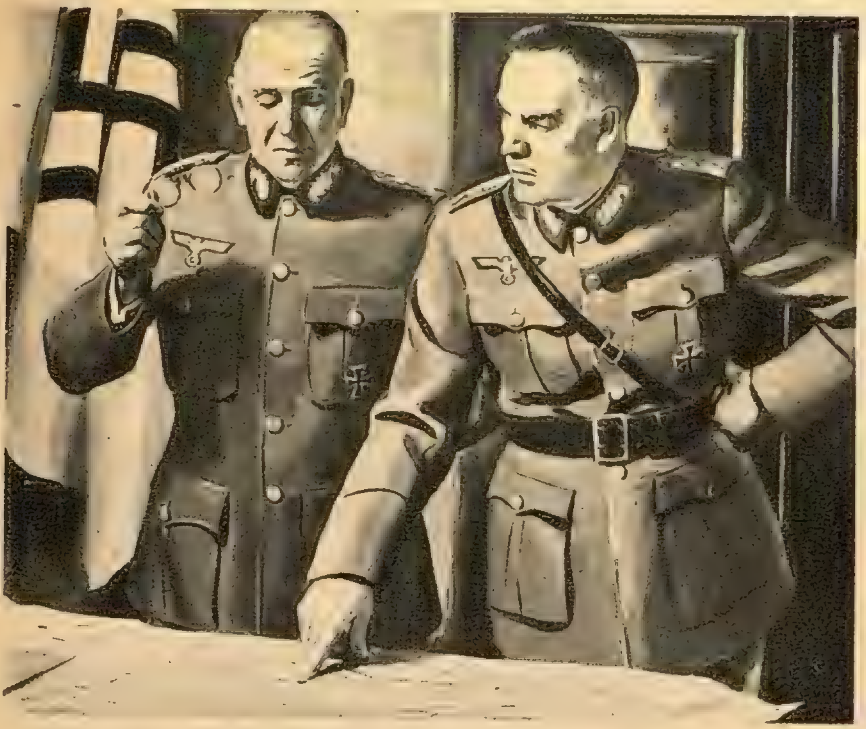
When the war clouds grew blacker over Europe, the U. S. Army Air Forces came to Consolidated Vultee with the request for still another four-engine heavy bomber.

Shortly afterward—in 1939—the B-24 Liberator was born.

But, even with Consolidated Vultee's long experience in building mammoth sea planes, **it took over 3 years, over 1 million engineering hours, and more than 5 million hours to tool up the plants,** before the Liberator was ready to go into action as one of America's most devastating, heavy bombardment weapons.

Similarly, it took 5 years to develop one of this war's foremost fighter planes from drawing board to final test flight and mass production.

And one of the country's greatest aircraft engines has taken 11 years to develop—and ever since the war started, it's been undergoing change after change to increase its horsepower still more.



America 1941—a second-rate power

Many other examples could be cited. But there is no need to labor the point.

The truth of the matter is that America was caught napping. The nation which invented the airplane was woefully unprepared to defend itself against Axis air power. **We had become a second-rate power in the air.**

And the Axis knew it. They knew that under normal conditions, it takes from 3 to 7 years for a plane to progress from drawing board to combat duty.

What they overlooked was the undreamed-of capacity of the American people, and the American aircraft industry, to do the impossible.

Starting almost from scratch, we have been able to design, build, and deliver war planes by the tens of thousands—an air armada overwhelming in its might and superiority, *as of today*. But remember, the elapsed time has been *five years!*

"Hot" today—obsolete tomorrow

But in aerial warfare, the nation that depends on mere quantity and present-day superiority of its planes cannot win. That is one reason why Germany lost the Battle of Britain in 1940.

Progress in aeronautics is now so rapid that today's "hottest" combat plane is virtually obsolete tomorrow. Its quality must constantly be improved—to keep it superior to the enemy's ever-improving planes.

And it must be replaced, with all possible speed, by new planes now on our drafting boards, in our wind tunnels, or undergoing their test flights.

These are facts which an alert America should not, must not, forget.

Another fact to keep in mind

If we are attacked again, there will probably be no warning whatever—**no time to prepare.**

There will be no other nation to hold off the enemy, as Britain did this time, while we frantically build up our power in the air.

And the attack will most certainly be made with new and even more terrible airborne weapons.

We must be ready, and able, to protect ourselves from such attack.

Air Supremacy alone cannot win a war, and may not in itself prevent *another* war. **But as long as we maintain our strength in the air, no aggressor nation in its right mind will dare think of attacking us.**

Air Power is Peace Power

The backbone of Air Supremacy is a strong, independent competitive aircraft industry, constantly working in research, in the improvement of production technique, and in the development of still finer planes.

But we must understand that Air Power is a combination of *all these things:* a postwar Air Force, commercial air transport, a strong supporting aircraft industry with permanent facilities to meet any emergency, widespread personal flying, and a national air-minded way of thinking.

When we understand this, we begin to realize that Air Power can be one of America's soundest investments in the interests of a lasting peace.

LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG IN THE AIR!

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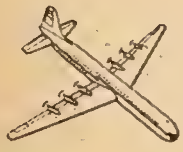

CONVAIR MODEL 37
Pan American Clipper

LIBERATOR
4-engine bomber

LIBERATOR EXPRESS
transport

CORONADO
patrol bomber

PRIVATEER
search plane

CATALINA
patrol bomber

VALIANT
basic trainer

SENTINEL
"Flying Jeep"

(Continued from page 56)

from Normandy, and his girl. Hummert picked them up in the Small Downstairs. I happened to be with them. He asked me to go along."

It was Hummert's practice of taking young American officers to his flat late at night, after the Crescent's Small Downstairs Ballroom closed, and feeding them more liquor than was good for them that had aroused the suspicions of the Colonel's organization. For a couple of months before D Day, and during the weeks that followed, there had been a number of small security leaks in London. Several had been traced back to the Small Downstairs Ballroom of the Crescent.

The Colonel had no real evidence to go on. Merely a hunch. He felt there was something peculiar about an American band leader who had left his own country, settled in London, and remained there for twenty years without going back even once for a visit. It looked, the Colonel said, as though Hummert had renounced his native land. Such men made good enemy agents. So the Colonel had assigned Crayne to the Hummert case.

"HOW did it go?" he asked, after a pause.

"Very well," Crayne said. "There was a hell of a raid on."

Crayne told the Colonel about his three hours in Hummert's house with the young lieutenant and the girl. Hummert had spent most of the time showing them his possessions: the piano that had once belonged to the King of Rumania, the set of Swinburne with the poet's autograph on each flyleaf, the liquor cabinet that was a present from someone related by marriage to the royal family, the portrait of his wife by a member of the Royal Academy.

While Hummert showed and described his treasures, Crayne had gradually remembered all that he had known and forgotten about him in those early days on Broadway. Hummert had never been a really big name on the big street. He had been just another young man with a band that worked fairly regularly and was paid fairly well. One day he had disappeared. A few questions were asked about him, but not many. Charles Hummert was not missed. Soon he was forgotten.

At four in the morning the lieutenant and his girl and Crayne had said good night and left Hummert's house. Crayne put the youngsters into a taxi, walked through the blackout to his own flat, and lay awake until dawn thinking the thing out. By the time he pulled the sleep mask over his eyes and rolled his face away from the morning sun to get some rest, Crayne was sure he had the problem solved.

"I see," the Colonel said.

"I may have it figured wrong," Crayne said. "I don't think so, sir."

The Colonel did not answer. He stared out the window at the queues in front of the fish and vegetable hucksters' carts on the Kilburn High Road. He seemed absorbed in the teeming scene.

Crayne was irritable. It was his job to get information. He had performed that job well on previous assignments. On this one he had come up not with information but with a theory. It had been an embarrassing theory to explain, in an undertone on top of a bus. It was annoying to see that his theory was not even interesting enough to distract the Colonel's attention.

"Of course, all this is based on only one visit to his home," Crayne said. "Hummert could hardly be expected to try to get information out of an Army officer while I was present. He wouldn't have invited me to come along if he'd wanted to do that. Just the same, I don't think he's the man we're looking for."

"I think I'll get off at the next stop," the Colonel said casually. "I must get back to my office." He smiled suddenly, a broad, friendly grin. "I'll buy your theory," he said. The bus began to slow down. The Colonel stepped over to the stairs, and turned back for a moment. "I'm going to close my files on Hummert."

THE phone rang on the desk at the other side of the office. Crayne was trying to finish a dispatch. There had been two heavy raids that morning and his secretary, an English girl who had been blitzed out of three different dwellings in four years, had rushed off to Putney to see if she would have a place to sleep that night.

The phone continued to ring. Crayne remained at the typewriter. His paper in New York did not know about his work for the Colonel. He could offer no explanation if he fell behind in his coverage of the London news. The phone rang shrilly on his secretary's desk. He stood up, finally, and went across the room.

"Hello." It was a woman's voice. "Mr. Crayne, please."

"Speaking."

"Oh." She sounded upset. "This is Mrs. Hummert. Mrs. Cedric Hummert."

"Yes," Crayne said. "How do you do?"

"Could you come around to our flat right away? It's frightfully important."

"I'm sorry. I can't right now."

"Please, Mr. Crayne."

The flat, impersonal, superior cadence of the voice had not changed, but there was a small, almost desperate increase in pitch. It was enough to cut through Crayne's divided attention.

"What's wrong?"

"Our flat's been hit. This morning's raid. My husband is asking for you, Mr. Crayne."

"For me? Why me?"

"Yes. I don't know. He keeps calling your name."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, rather. They rang me in the country at noon. I came up by the first train. He wants you, Mr. Crayne. Do say you'll come."

"I'll be right over."

"Thank you so much. We're at Westminster Gardens. If you'll just ask any taxi driver."

"I know Westminster Gardens."

In the taxi Crayne could not decide whether he was more annoyed by the tone of Mrs. Hummert's voice or by her husband's upsetting summons. The files on Hummert were closed. The Colonel had ended the case the day before. Why should Hummert send for Crayne now? He could not possibly know that he had been under suspicion.

Crayne sat up straight on the taxi seat. There *was* a way by which Hummert could have known he was under suspicion. It was the only way: if Hummert was guilty. The taxi stopped. The street in which Westminster Gardens stood was roped off. Crayne paid the driver, walked up to the policeman on guard, and showed his press card.

"Right, sir. You'll have to use the side entrance. I'm afraid the front has been knocked out, sir."

Westminster Gardens was a gaudy modernistic block of flats, with vast sheets of seamless glass instead of windowpanes.

The robot had landed in the street, fifty yards or so beyond the entrance. The blast had knocked out the front of Westminster Gardens and sliced away sections of flats on either side. A. R. P. men with "Heavy Rescue" patches on their sleeves were working in the rubble. Crayne picked his way through the debris. He showed his

(Continued on page 63)

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

Pepsi-Cola
Eric Ericson

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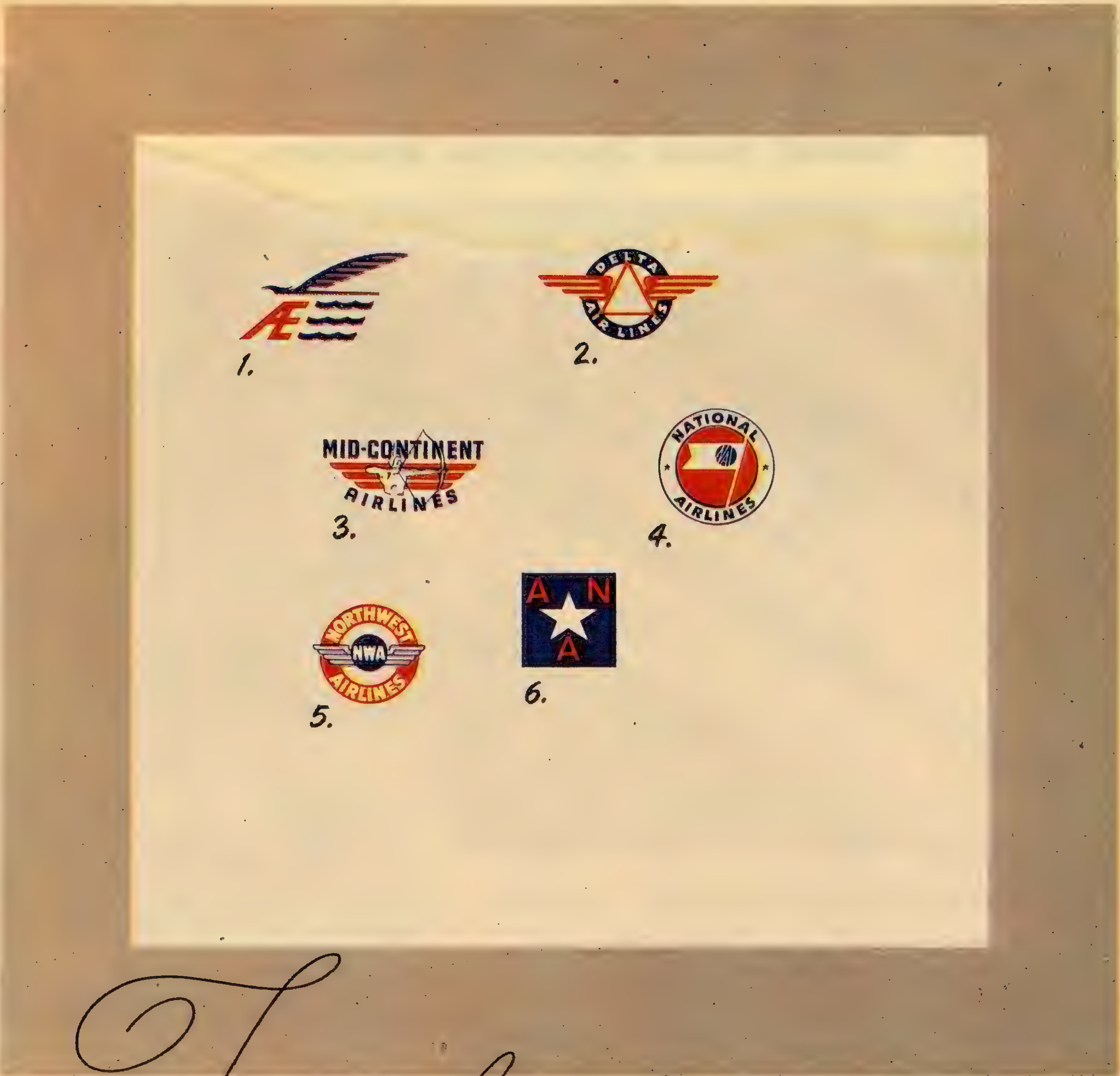
ÆE
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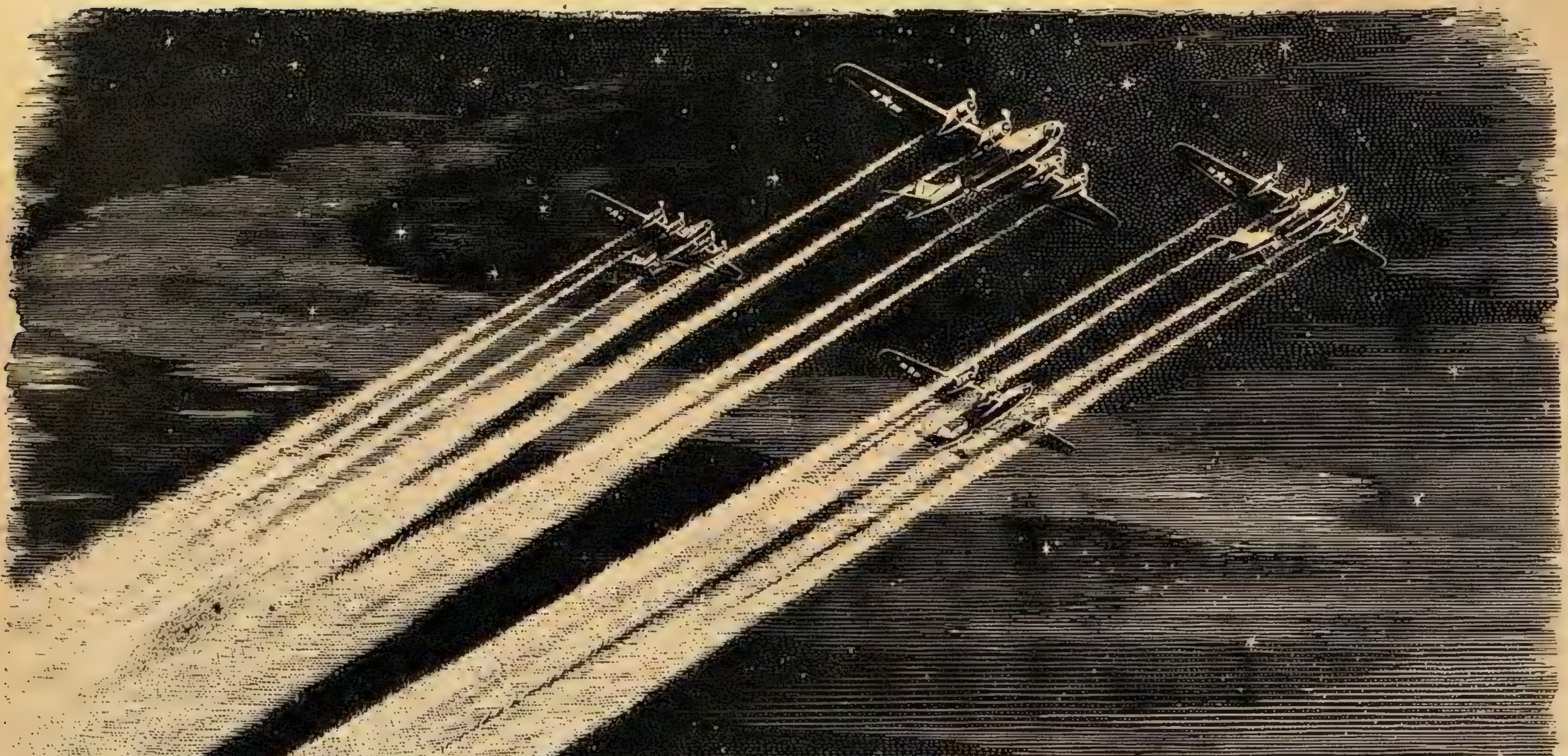

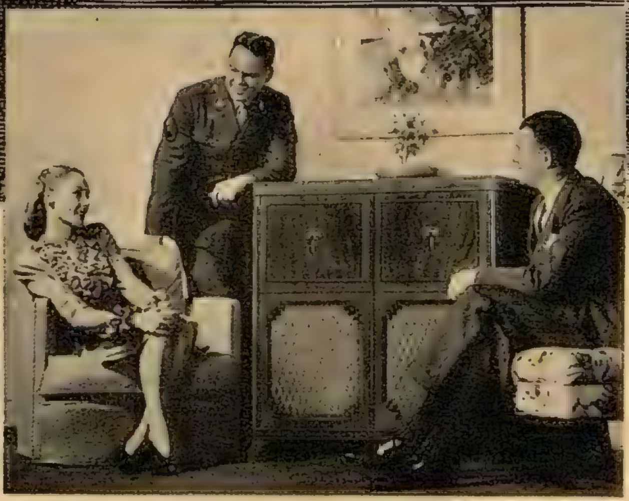

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(Continued from page 60)

card to another policeman near the door.

"You'll have to walk, sir. The lift's gone. Back stairs are over there, sir, to your left."

Crayne walked up three flights. The door of the Hummert flat was ajar. The blast had sprung the hinges. Crayne pushed the pearl button on the jamb. He was not surprised to hear the buzzer sound inside. Blast damage was unpredictable. It could wreck a roomful of bronze statues and leave a delicate vase intact in the middle. The door was opened by a smartly dressed woman of about forty with a hard, lined face and blonde hair.

"You're Mr. Crayne?"

"Yes."

"I'm Mrs. Hummert. It's frightfully kind of you to come. This is Dr. Farquarson."

"Mr. Hummert keeps calling your name," the doctor said. "Mrs. Hummert and I were wondering if you know why?"

"I have no idea. Do you want me to ask him?"

"I'm afraid it's impossible to question him," Dr. Farquarson said. "Mr. Hummert's condition is very grave."

"That's too bad," Crayne said. "Is there anything I can do?"

Mrs. Hummert and the doctor exchanged glances. She nodded slightly.

"If you will come this way," Dr. Farquarson said. "I must ask you not to excite him. He is very weak."

"Of course."

CRAYNE moved toward the bedroom door and stopped. Dr. Farquarson had moved toward the door of the living room.

"The bedrooms are almost completely gone," Mrs. Hummert said. "That's why Cedric was injured. He was asleep when the bomb landed. They found him a couple of hours later and sent for me. We've put him in the drawing room. It's the one room that wasn't hit so badly."

"We must be very quiet," Dr. Farquarson said. "He must not be disturbed."

Crayne nodded. The doctor opened the door. Crayne stared at the room which, when he had seen it three nights before, had been so carefully and laboriously arranged that it had resembled a room in a museum. The piano that had belonged to the King of Rumania was cracked wide open. The priceless autographed set of Swinburne was torn to bits. The portrait of Mrs. Hummert by the Royal Academician lay on the floor, the frame broken, the canvas slashed in several places as though with a knife. Hummert, his head propped up on two pillows, lay motionless in a large bed that had been moved into the middle of the ruined room.

"He's asleep," Dr. Farquarson whispered. "I gave him a sedative an hour ago."

Crayne nodded. He was shocked by Hummert's appearance. His head was bandaged and his left arm, bound in splints, lay stiff and straight at his side. His eyes were closed. His heavy irregular breathing was painful to hear. Each breath was a struggle. The large blustering band leader now looked small and frail under the thin covers. He opened his eyes.

"Crayne." His voice was hoarse. "Get Crayne."

Crayne stepped over to the bed.

"Here I am."

Hummert's eyes were closed again.

"Crayne," he said. "Get Crayne."

"Here I am. It's me. I'm Crayne."

Hummert opened his eyes. A gleam of recognition shot through them. His parched lips cracked apart in a horrible approximation of a smile, and then, as his eyes fell on Dr. Farquarson and Mrs. Hummert, the smile stopped.

"Alone. Want talk Crayne alone."

Crayne turned to the others.

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KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

"I won't upset him," he said quietly. He wanted them to get out. He did not want any witnesses to what Hummert was going to tell him. "Of course, if you'd rather I didn't—"

The doctor hesitated, then nodded and took Mrs. Hummert's arm. They went out and closed the door softly. Crayne turned back to the man on the bed. Hummert's eyes were closed.

"We're alone now," Crayne said. "What did you want to tell me?"

The band leader did not answer. Crayne bent over the bed. Hummert's breathing was weaker. He seemed to be resting, gathering strength for what he wanted to say. Crayne pulled over a broken chair and sat down beside the bed.

"Take it easy," he said. "I've got plenty of time."

CRAYNE found it hard to suppress a mounting feeling of excitement. The Colonel had closed the files on Hummert because of Crayne's analysis. It was true that Crayne would look foolish if Hummert, afraid that he was about to die, had sent for Crayne in order to make a complete confession. But Crayne knew that only one thing was important now: to correct a mistake he had caused the Colonel to make.

"Whenever you're ready," Crayne said.

Crayne watched the man whose life was slipping away before his eyes and wondered where his analysis had gone wrong. He had seen it all so clearly three nights before. Hummert was like most of the men Crayne had known on and around Broadway. He had wanted success. More than anything in the world he had desired fame, money. His ambition had been larger than his talent.

Hummert never really reached Broadway in the full meaning of that phrase. His ability was too small. He reached the fringes of fame and money. He touched the edge of success. He never really held it firmly. Success was the pinnacle of a tall, tall mountain. He had come close, but never close enough. He knew finally that, like most men, he would never reach the top. But Hummert differed in one respect: he faced the reality that if he remained on Broadway he would never have what he wanted. He made a decision. He left Broadway. He came to London.

In the British capital the competition was not so great. The mere fact that he was an American was an asset. Here he achieved fame, earned money, became a success. He reached the top of the mountain. The air was sweet. It was as he had always dreamed it would be. It was difficult to give it up.

Hummert stayed on. And the longer he stayed, the more difficult it was to go back. He set about the task of making it impossible for himself to return. He changed his name from Charles to Cedric. He married an English girl. He sent his children to British schools. He deliberately lost touch with his relatives in America. He cultivated a British accent. And finally he became a naturalized British subject.

Twenty years had gone by. They were good years. He was happy. He was respected. He was successful. He had everything he had ever wanted. Everything except the one thing he had always had but no longer possessed: his own country.

"I want you to take a look at this liquor cabinet." Crayne could hear Hummert's voice again as he showed his possessions. "It was presented to me by a member of the royal family."

There had been a pathetic eagerness in Hummert's voice. For all his hearty British manner, he had looked and sounded like a small boy explaining how, in spite of his black eye and bloody nose, he had really won the fight from which he had just come home in tatters.

Long before Crayne left Hummert's flat at four o'clock that morning, he knew that the band leader did not take young American officers from the Small Downstairs Ballroom of the Crescent to his house and fill them with liquor to pry military secrets for the enemy.

The war, the air raids, the young men in uniform from his own country, all of these things in combination had shaken Hummert's belief in the decision he had made twenty years ago. He was too old to have his belief shaken. He was forty-seven. When the robots started coming over, he sent his wife and children to the country. He had to remain in London. He was an Englishman now. Englishmen did not run away from bombs. He was alone much of the time, in spite of the many people by whom he was surrounded in his work.

He had done a good job on himself in twenty years, but it was not perfect. The British knew he was American, and the Americans thought he was British. He was comfortable with neither. He began to entertain young American officers at his house. To ingratiate himself with them, he told them he was a native New Yorker.

For Hummert this entertaining had become a necessity. The admiration of the young men for his possessions was reassuring. The roomful of treasures was the symbol, the price he had received for giving up his own country. Hummert needed reassurance. That was how Crayne had figured it.

That was the basis on which the Colonel had closed Hummert's file. Where had the analysis gone wrong?

"Want you do me favor."

Crayne leaned over the bed. Hummert's eyes were open. They were the only things alive in that shrunken body.

"Anything at all," Crayne said. He tried not to sound eager. The confession could clean up the case for the Colonel. It would not answer the question that kept drilling in the back of Crayne's mind: Why had Hummert chosen him, an American newspaperman who had never taken any pains to conceal his dislike for Hummert?

HUMMERT closed his eyes. He was gathering together whatever was left in him for the final effort. Crayne waited. His glance slid across the room toward the door. He did not want the doctor or Mrs. Hummert to interrupt.

Crayne's eyes skipped across the fragments of the shattered room. It was all worthless now, of course. But it had been quite a price. Crayne had known men in his time who had sold more of themselves for less. It was not his business to judge. It was his business to pay close attention and hear clearly what Hummert had to say. He would have to repeat it to the Colonel.

Hummert opened his eyes again. His dry lips were moving. Crayne leaned down.

"Family owns plot—in Mapleton, Ohio," Hummert said, forcing the words out one at a time. "Please send cable." His body arched upward in a final, desperate effort. Crayne put his arm under the thin shoulders. "Cremate," Hummert gasped. "Send ashes Mapleton. Family will pay. Bury ashes home. Not here. Home."

The stiffness went out of him. It was as though Crayne had been holding one of those inflated rubber figures with which children play on the beach and suddenly, without warning, all the air had escaped. Crayne lowered the limp body to the bed and straightened up. The Colonel's files would not have to be reopened. Charles Hummert had started his journey back home at last.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

OLD SARGE is Old Tar this time, because this is going to be the Navy's column exclusively. Next week we go right back to answering questions about all the services.

* * *

Mrs. Madie Walker, Rockdale, Texas. When your husband wrote that he was now a "Golden Dragon," it only meant that he had crossed the 180th meridian, also known as the international date line. It is a name comparable to "Shellback," which is applied to men who have crossed the equator.

Dragon?

* * *

S1c Jack Martin, Pacific. There is a new ruling in the Navy that new spectacles or replacement of lenses or frames lost or damaged in the performance of duty will be provided at government expense.

* * *

PS3c N. T. H., Atlantic. Your Commanding Officer was only complying with the regulations when he told you that you are not allowed to send home a cigarette lighter and a fountain pen which you purchased in ship's stores. The Navy has gone to great trouble to secure those scarce items for its personnel, and they are for the exclusive use of that personnel, not for civilian friends and relatives.

* * *

R. C., Vinita, Okla. Check with your nearest Navy recruiting station. You may enlist in the Naval Reserve up to the time you are eighteen if you have your parents' consent and prove acceptable physically and otherwise.

* * *

C. C. Bellos, RM2c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. If the records show you as U. S. N. rather than U. S. N. R., it means you are in the Regular Navy and not in Naval Reserve. That would mean that you are subject to the six-year term rather than the duration plus six months. However, you can make certain by checking with your Commanding Officer.

* * *

Mrs. M. M., Oil City, Pa. Being color blind would not necessarily bar your husband from receiving an overseas assignment in the Navy, although he probably would not be allowed to see actual combat duty. There is no such thing as "special assignment." You are probably referring to a specialist's rating, and there are many of those.

* * *

Mrs. J. B. B., Ponca City, Okla. The Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Dept., Washington 25, D. C., will give information about current addresses of Navy men and women only to members of their immediate families.

* * *

Tom W. McCarthy, ARM2c, Hutchinson, Kans. Yes, flying over Truk, Saipan, Guam, and Iwo Jima would entitle you to stars on your campaign ribbons even though you didn't land. It was only necessary to take part in the engagement. Any major naval or amphibious engagement in which Navy personnel participate makes a member of that personnel eligible to wear a star on his campaign ribbon. The dates are published in the Bureau of Naval Personnel Information Bulletin.

* * *

Jack R. Brosy, PhM2c. Neither the Navy nor the Army has made final plans for demobilization, but you may be kept in service long after the last shot has been fired. The term "duration of the National Emergency" is elastic.

* * *

R. J. Edwards, SK3c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. No, you may not send film back from overseas to be developed here. Send it through your Commanding Officer, who will have it censored and developed. The Navy has not authorized wearing a small hashmark for each six months of overseas duty, as the Army has.

* * *

W. B. Nelson, AM3c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. If you received $200 mustering-out pay in 1943 when you were discharged, you are only eligible to receive $100 when you are separated from the service this time. The limit any person may receive is $300.

* * *

S1c B. N., Pearl Harbor. The fact that you were under sixteen when you joined the Navy, and that they have now discovered your true age, is not important. The ruling says that if a man is under seventeen when discharged, his enlistment is canceled. He gets an "under honorable conditions" discharge, but no mustering-out pay. If he is over seventeen when discharged, he gets the same kind of discharge plus mustering-out pay.

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YOU GOTTA GET UP

Continued from Page 33

while determination changed to helplessness. He tiptoed out.

The warrant officer hailed him. "Where's Jasp? He was going to string those wires in the supply room. We can't work without light."

"I'll see if I can find him, sir."

"Don't you know where your men are? I'd like to know what Jasp does all day long. You get hold of him and shoot him over to the supply room."

"Yes, sir." The first sergeant went into the orderly room. The Old Man said, "Didn't Jasp finish those letter trays he promised me this morning?"

"No, sir. He ran out of nails."

The Old Man shook his head. "I don't know what that man does. I'll have to assign him a job where we can keep track of him."

THE mess officer came in. "If Jasp don't fix those field ranges there won't be any chow cooked," he said. "It'll be cold C rations."

"Lieutenant Fibbs wanted him to fix a six-by-six," the first sergeant said.

At that moment Lieutenant Fibbs came storming in. "Jasp isn't making any stock shelves for the depot," he said. "I've been over there. I want to know why I'm given the run-around when I ask for a man."

The warrant officer came in. "Did you find Jasp? We can't work in the dark."

The Old Man said with quiet formality, "Sergeant, where is Private Wing?"

The first sergeant swallowed. "Sir, he's in bed."

"Bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"He didn't get up."

"Is he sick?"

"He just said he didn't feel like getting up."

"If you can't control your men, sergeant, you might report to an officer who can."

"Yes, sir."

"A fine kettle of fish," the warrant officer said. "You told me he—"

"I'll go down and see him," the Old Man said. "Come with me, sergeant. . . . The rest of you men have work to do, I suppose."

"Hello, captain," Jasper Wing said when the Old Man came in.

"Why are you in bed?" asked the captain.

"I don't feel like getting up, sir."

"I'll have you taken to the dispensary."

"I'm not sick, sir."

"Of course he's sick, sir," the first sergeant said. "He has to be sick. He's worked harder than anybody in this outfit for three years. Always on the go and cutting hair at night, and never missed a roll call before. He don't just stay in bed for no reason."

"Are you going to get up?" the Old Man said.

"No, sir."

"You know the seriousness of what you're doing?"

"Yes, sir," Jasper Wing said, stretching.

"Why are you doing this?"

"I just don't feel like getting up, sir."

As he went out, the Old Man said to the first sergeant, "I don't understand it. Never a bit of trouble for three years, and now this. That makes it hard for me to take disciplinary action. I wish I didn't know about it."

"I tried not to tell you, sir."

"You might have tried a little harder. G. I.s are supposed to stick together, aren't they? A lot of stuff goes on that I don't know about officially. That's part of your job. Can't you take responsibility, sergeant? Why do you put this on my head?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"I can't just ignore it. Think of the precedent. What would happen if I did nothing about it? I'll call the dispensary. The man must be sick."

"What if he's screwy, sir?"

"Screwy? Why, Jasper Wing is the sanest man in the Army."

"Yes, sir. But if he ain't sick, then it has to be something in his head. Otherwise he wouldn't of stayed in bed. What if they give him a Section Eight?"

"Good grief!" the Old Man said. "We'd be lost if Jasp got a medical discharge. Who could take his place?"

"He might feel different tomorrow," the first sergeant said. "I was just going to say nothing about it and let him rest up today. He's got a day coming anyhow, the way he's worked."

"He certainly has," the Old Man agreed readily. "We might even give him a forty-eight."

"Well, sir, there's an awful lot of things waiting on him."

"They'll have to wait. We'll give him a twenty-four. When did he have his last twenty-four-hour pass?"

"He ain't never had a twenty-four, sir."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

MESSYSCHMITT: What's luft of the leftwaffe.

PATTON LEATHER: A general's shiny shoes.

HUN-GER: German famine.

ERRTH: World gone astray.

ACCENTRICITY: Oddity in speech.

ROCKANDRYE BABY: In the spree-top.

DAWTER: A grackle's little girl.

VIXENATION: Keeping smallpox from a lady fox.

BR-EYED: As she goes down the aisle.

SHAKESBEER: Well, he had a good head on him, didn't he?

"You mean this man has never had a twenty-four? Never?"

"He used to figure on it a few times, the first couple of years. But something always kept coming up. We never could spare him for more than a Sunday afternoon and occasionally an evening pass."

"Sergeant, why don't you tell me these things? That's no way to treat a man! He's on pass today. Of course he is."

"Yes, sir. But a man can't spend his pass in bed, sir."

"He can spend his pass in bed if I say he can!"

"Yes, sir."

"Yep, he's on pass," the Old Man said with satisfaction. "And he certainly has it coming. It's my responsibility to look after my men."

A jeep was standing before the orderly room. Colonel Thistlefoot from battalion was inside carrying a midget radio.

"Where's your man?" he said. "His barbershop's locked up."

"Was Wing going to cut your hair, sir? I'm sorry; he's on pass."

"On pass? I had an appointment with him. And he was going to fix my radio. Can't I depend on your man?"

"Emergency pass, sir," the first sergeant put in smoothly. "He has relatives over here and there was sickness in the family. He told me to say he was sorry about the haircut, and could you come tomorrow."

THE Old Man shot the first sergeant a thankful glance.

"Well, that makes it different," the colonel said. "I'll leave the radio and pick it up tomorrow when I come for the haircut. Say ten o'clock."

"I'll tell Wing, sir."

"Now that I'm here I'll take chow and look around. Nothing formal; just look around, captain."

The Old Man blinked. "Yes, sir. But I wasn't expecting you."

"Nothing formal, captain. Nothing formal," the colonel said genially.

But the colonel's happy mood degenerated by the minute. First it was cold C rations to eat. ("Morale of the men depends on food. There's no excuse for this.") Then he found stock in the depot on a damp floor instead of on shelves. ("After they've made the stuff and got it through the U-boats, you treat it like this.") The stock was inadequate in critical items because a truck was broken down. ("You always have an answer, don't you, captain?") The supply room was black as a pocket. ("What don't you want me to see in here?")

"It's perhaps a good thing I dropped in informally, captain," he said. "Your outfit always has looked so spick-and-span on formal inspections."

The Old Man said nothing. He'd already tried to explain.

"I'll walk through the barracks and see how they are day by day," the colonel said.

"Sir, I wasn't expecting you," the Old Man said.

"That's exactly the point."

In the first Nissen hut a man was sleeping. Luckily, nothing could be seen but the top of his head.

"What's that man doing here?"

"Man doing here?" the Old Man said.

"He was on duty last night," the first sergeant said.

Jasper Wing yawned and pulled the covers from his face.

"Hello, colonel," he said.

"Hello, Wing." The colonel turned to the Old Man. "And just why was it necessary to lie to me about this man being on pass?"

"He is on pass, sir. Twenty-four-hour pass."

"So I see. Visiting his sick relatives."

"Relatives, sir?" Jasper Wing said. "I'm an orphan."

"Sir," the Old Man said, "if you'll step outside I'll try to explain."

"We'll stay right here and you'd better explain."

"Well, sir," the Old Man said, "Private Wing decided to stay in bed today."

"Was he on duty last night?"

"Well—no, sir."

"Then why didn't he get up?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did you ask him?"

"Certainly, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He said he felt like staying in bed."

"And that was that," the colonel said acidly. "If a man wants to stay in bed, that settles it in the Army. Of course there was nothing you could do. He was a full private and you're only the commanding officer. You couldn't do a thing. Your hands were tied. You might have at least called me in a crisis like this. I think I'll spend a little time digging into this outfit you're supposed to be running. Cold food, stock on the damp floor, trucks deadlined, and heaven knows what you're hiding in that dark supply room. And if a man decides not to get up, that settles it."

"Sir," the Old Man said, "Private Wing has had a perfect record for three years. As willing a worker as I've got in my company. A genius in a way—my handy man. If he'd been up, the field ranges would be working and the shelves made and the truck running and your radio fixed and your hair cut. It put me in a bad spot. I didn't like to take disciplinary action with a man like that. And he's never had a twenty-four-hour pass in three years. It's irregular, but I decided to call this a pass. I thought one was due him."

"And why didn't he have a pass?"

"There were always so many things to do."

THE colonel sat on the bunk opposite Wing. He got out a cigarette, offered one to the private and held a light.

"Maybe you can tell me about it," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you get up today?"

"I didn't feel like it, sir."

"I see. And when do you think you might feel like it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Tomorrow?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Next week?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I see." The colonel considered awhile, smoking reflectively. Jasper Wing smoked reflectively.

"If I gave you a direct order," the colonel said, "would you get out of bed?"

"I wouldn't want to make that decision," Jasper Wing said.

The colonel nodded. He was an old guy, too, around thirty.

"I've been a private," he said. "You've been a private three years, but too good a man to spare for a pass. You go to bed a few hours and the whole outfit falls apart. Yet they pull the TO on you. You're not in a job that calls for a rating. There's no place in the Table of Organization for you."

"I understand all that, sir."

"I'm going to ask you just one more question, Wing. I want a straight answer, yes or no."

"Yes, sir."

"Would a corporal's rating make all the difference?"

Jasper Wing's eyes were steady.

"Yes, sir," he said.

And next morning Corporal Jasper Wing got out of bed at the whistle.

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THE END

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YOUR FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR

Continued from Page 37

pulled out his wallet. From the wallet he snatched a black address book. His hands trembled. "Here—James U. Smith, 222 South Oliphant Street, St. Louis." He gestured, making a circle with his arms. "A little man, kind of fat. Bald. He's an insurance agent." He did not, as a matter of fact, know James U. Smith very well. He had promised to look up Mr. Smith's nephew if he ever reached England.

She was half smiling. "Why, I think—I think it must be the same Jim Smith I know," she said.

"Well, what do you know about that!" He slapped his knee hard. "Good old Jim Smith!" He rocked and shook his head as if he were completely overwhelmed by such a coincidence. "What they say—what they always say—it's a small world!"

IT was warm and there was an elusive smell of wood smoke, not unpleasant. They were lucky to find a vacant booth in the Old-Time Chophouse. Tucker hovered while she seated herself, and then helped her off with her coat and hung it on one of the old-fashioned clothes trees in the aisle. She wore a cashmere pull-over and a white blouse with a collar shaped like an Eton collar. The walk in the wind had pinked up her cheeks and the end of her nose.

"How nice," she said, looking slowly about the restaurant. She squeezed her shoulders together. "And warm. Mmmm!"

Tucker said, "I remembered it from before." And he remembered, also, how he had stepped toward the door and then had hesitated, caught up in the hope, the small aching wish, that she might come here with him.

"Could I interest you in a steak, Miss St. Louis?" He tilted his head curiously. "What's your name?"

"Irene Anderson," she said.

"Irene Anderson," he repeated appreciatively, as if the name were particularly attractive. He withdrew his wallet. "Mine is Tucker Adams. That's funny. Both our last names begin with A." He showed her his Army discharge. "That middle name there, Burnside, is not really my middle name. It's my mother's maiden name. But the guy that registered me insisted I should have a middle name."

She said, after a thoughtful moment, "Well, I think it makes a very nice name. Tucker Burnside Adams."

He considered this. "It does, sort of, doesn't it?" He leaned forward on his elbows, clasping his hands together. "Look. When I get to St. Louis, I'm going to open a radio shop. I'm an electrician. How do you think that would look on my sign and letterheads? Tucker Burnside Adams, Radio Repair, All Makes."

She nodded. "I think it would look fine—sort of impressive and—I don't know—well, dependable."

"Good evening, lady, gentleman," the waiter said. He was an old man, with an accent. "You wish to order up now?"

"You bet we do," Tucker said, grinning. "I think we both can eat a horse."

"You mean," the waiter said, his old eyes twinkling, "one horse apiece?"

Irene laughed outright. It startled Tucker, and he saw for a moment the sheer delight, not only in her eyes but all over her face, like sunlight bursting suddenly in a cloudy sky. It made her, he thought, incredibly lovely. His heart leaped and his thoughts raced with the realization that here, in this moment, was revealed a part of her that he had known was hidden somewhere.

Afterward they walked up the street toward brighter lights beyond. Tucker did not hold her arm, though he wanted to. At crossings, he put his hand lightly against her elbow and took it away when they had crossed. She walked beside him with quick steps, her face gravely composed but brightening interestedly whenever he spoke. Men glanced at her, and glanced again, and one whistled softly.

To Tucker, tall beside her, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that they should be walking together up a strange street in a strange city. When they stopped on the next corner for a traffic light, he stood so that his body shielded her from the wind.

"There's a movie across the street," he said. "We could go in and stay till ten and get back in plenty of time for the bus."

She nodded. "All right. Wait," she said. "It must be my treat, though."

"Now, please, listen."

Her pretty mouth became prim and determined. "I insist."

He said, "I think this is ridiculous. I don't see—" But just then the traffic light changed and he grabbed her arm and hurried with her across the street. "After all—"

Deftly a folded bill was squeezed and wormed into his hand. As he stood in line waiting to buy the tickets, he felt that people were watching him accusingly.

At the window he asked for one ticket and then had to ask for another. He blushed. When he rejoined Irene, his cheeks were red, his jaw hard, and there was a rebellious glitter in his eyes. Irene grinned at him.

"I don't think it's funny," he said. "And I don't see why you've got to make all this fuss about a couple of lousy tickets."

"But, Mr. Adams," she said, "I think that you're the one who's making all the fuss."

"Pardon me," the ticket collector said. "You're blocking the door."

Tucker gave him the tickets, grabbed the stubs, and followed Irene into the theater. It was dark inside and crowded. Irene squeezed her way in and it took him two or three minutes to locate her. When he sat down beside her he found himself unable to say a word. She glanced at him several times and then looked straight ahead at the screen, and after a few minutes leaned away from him, putting her elbow on the opposite armrest. He crossed his arms and gazed severely at the picture.

TUCKER was calming down, getting back into focus, trying to think of something nice to say to her, when it happened. Irene jumped almost completely out of the seat. He heard a loud resounding smack and was instantly aware that she had struck the man seated on the other side of her. "Miss Anderson," Tucker said.

Irene hit the man again as he tried to struggle up out of the seat. "Look out—stop it!" he said. "I didn't know there was anybody with you."

She sat down abruptly, huddling in the seat, breathing rapidly, hoarsely. Tucker felt that every bit of the blood in his body was gushing to his head, filling it, making it swell. He pressed past Irene's knees and caught hold of the man's coattails as he was attempting to flee.

"No, no, no!" Irene pleaded in a hoarse whisper. "Don't—please don't. Sit down—please sit down. Oh, please, *please!*"

"What did he do?" Tucker said, still hanging on to the coattails.

Ushers' flashlights were beginning to bob. "Please—please—please!" Irene whispered. "Nothing—nothing. I mean, he pinched me—but, oh, please, don't—"

The man pulled out of his coat and

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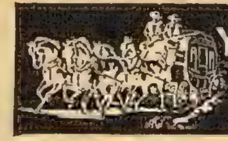

Yesterday, romantic Today, tragic!

To step back now to pre-car transportation would certainly be a tragedy. A noisy or smoking motor is a warning you should heed before your irreplaceable car puts you out on your feet in the street. Install "Rings made by Simplex" at the first sign of a piston slap or belching smoke. These longer life rings are available in ***ready-to-install*** sets at auto stores and service shops everywhere.

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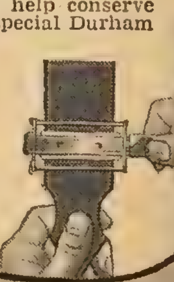

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have a pouchful of fresh toba co!
"seals as it closes"

A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut.

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plunged headlong through the row, tramping on feet, colliding with people who began to rise in anger and confusion. Tucker went after him in a blind fury. By the time he reached the end of the row the man was racing up the aisle.

"What's wrong?" a loud droll voice said. "Is there a fire?"

Somebody else asked, "Fire?"

"Fire!"

An usher shouted, "No—no! Keep your seats! . . . Eddie, quick, on the loud-speaker—no fire."

"Fire! Fire!"

"Lights! Lights!"

IT seemed to Tucker the audience began to rise about him like an immense tidal wave. He heard the low, almost voiceless groans of terror and the shrill inhuman screams of panic. The choking anger that had possessed him flooded away so rapidly that for a moment he felt peculiarly weak. Then he became puzzled by something unusual underfoot and realized with sickening dismay that he was walking on someone who was unconscious.

Suddenly he shouted, "Wait a minute!" But he could not hear his own voice. He was carried along helplessly in the surging crowd.

The lights came on. The loud-speaker blared, "Keep your seats, please. There is no fire. Keep your seats, please. There—is—no—fire. There—is—no—fire." But the loud-speaker, raucous, terrifying, seemed only to increase the panic.

Abruptly one of the exit doors let go and Tucker and half a dozen persons fell into an alley. He picked himself up and tried to get back in, but he was swept along up the alley to the street, and when he got there he wrapped his arms around a lamppost and hung on.

"Miss Anderson," he panted. "Miss Irene Anderson."

Someone must have rung the fire alarm, for the engines were arriving. Policemen came on the run and auto traffic was cleared away from the street in front of the theater. People were spewing from the lobby, tumbling, stumbling, running away frantically in all directions.

There was stupefaction in Tucker's eyes, and in a mumbling way he prayed that Irene was all right, that she would not be trampled under, hurt, injured.

"Got a light, buddy?" a man asked.

Tucker fumbled in his pockets.

"Thanks. Some dizzy dame in there—you'd think she was—" The man lit his cigarette and handed back the book of matches. "Thanks, buddy."

"Hum? Oh. Welcome," Tucker said. He started for the front of the theater, then suddenly whirled about. "What?" he demanded.

The man was leaning against the lamppost puffing his cigarette. He was a pudgy man with a fat pale face, loose lips, and heavy-lidded eyes. He was wearing a vest, but no coat.

"What about a dizzy dame?" Tucker said.

The man stepped back into the street. His face wore a slightly shocked look.

"Now, take it easy, buddy."

"So you didn't know there was anybody with her," Tucker said. Then he shouted wildly, "You—you caused all this!"

The man turned and ran out into the area the police had cleared. Tucker caught up with him in the middle of the street, inside the police lines, and spun him about. He hit him once and struck again at the shocked, stricken face, and almost fell down himself because the man dropped so suddenly.

"Hey, you!" a policeman bellowed, running over.

Tucker leveled an arm at the policeman. "You stay out of this," he said hotly. "This is my affair."

The man on the street crawled away, then jumped up and ran, and Tucker sprang after him. The policeman, enraged, took a good grip on his night stick. Several times he reached out with his left hand, but Tucker shook him off. Finally, his lost patience exploding in an oath, the policeman took a hard overhand swing with his night stick. He stopped short, breathing heavily, thickly, as Tucker collapsed.

THE room was neat, comfortably warm. On one of two oaken desks was a small radio broadcasting a boxing bout, and two men, the younger one in a policeman's uniform, the other in a dark gray business suit, listened enrapt.

Tucker Adams sat on a chair with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. It was the first time in his life he had ever been in a police station. He was disheveled and rumpled and the bump on his head throbbed with an almost lulling rhythm. He sat up and shook himself and looked at his watch. It was ten fifteen. The bus would leave at ten thirty. He jumped up and crossed the room and tapped the policeman on the shoulder.

"Sh!" the policeman said, putting a finger to his lips.

Tucker said, "All I want to know is, is she all right? Was she hurt?"

The man in the business suit glanced up. "Be quiet, will you?" he said morosely.

Tucker shook his head. He began prowling around the room, his fingers restless in his palms, a lock of hair bobbing agitatedly over his forehead. He returned to the desk and tapped the policeman on the shoulder again.

"Pardon me," he said. "May I—"

"Will you," the policeman said, banging his hand on the desk, "shut up!"

Tucker also banged his hand on the desk. "No!" he shouted. "I am a United States citizen and I demand my rights!"

One of the fighters was down and the referee was counting.

"Ten!" the policeman exclaimed. "The bum is out!"

He leaned back, grinning, pleasurably exhausted, while his companion glumly peeled off a couple of dollar bills. The policeman took the bills, stepped jauntily around Tucker, and headed for the door.

"Now wait a minute," Tucker said, leaping after him. "Just a minute. All I want, I would like to make a telephone call."

The policeman flicked the visor of his cap gaily with his night stick. "Ask George," he said, and pranced out.

"George," Tucker said, running back to the other man. "I mean—pardon me—I don't know your name."

"Humphreys, sergeant, detective bureau. Listen, son. Do me a favor. Sit down."

Tucker sat down opposite him, so close that their knees almost touched.

"Mr. Humphreys," he said, "all I want is to find out about this young lady, Miss Irene Anderson, St. Louis, Missouri. I got separated from her at the theater. I would like to call the theater and find out if she's all right."

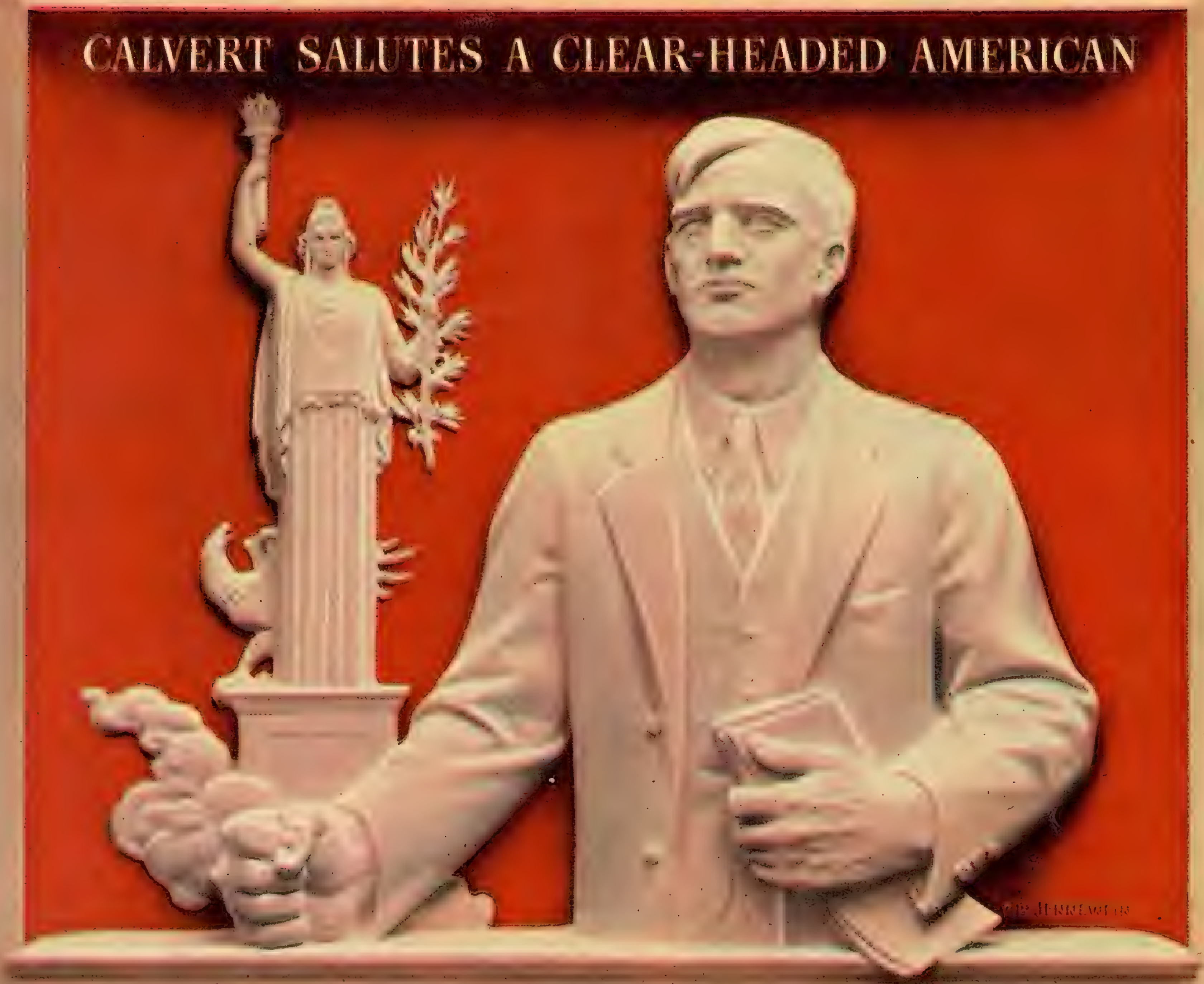
Mr. Humphreys shifted uneasily in his chair. He stood up and gave each leg a little shake, so his trousers wouldn't bunch at the knees. "I'll see what they've got on it at the desk." He returned in a couple of minutes shaking his head. "Only a dozen people reported injured, none seriously. Nobody by that name on the list."

"Thank you, sir. Is the theater still open? I could maybe have her paged—"

Mr. Humphreys shook his head. "They closed it for the night. Some broken glass and things like that."

Tucker held his head in his hands.

(*Continued on page 72*)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7th WAR LOAN

Calvert Distillers Corporation publishes this message
in support of the 7th War Loan

(*Continued from page 70*)

Mr. Humphreys said, "Would you like an aspirin?"

Tucker shook his head. "All I would like is to find out what happened to Miss Anderson. If I could—" He glanced at his watch. It was twenty-nine minutes past ten. He grabbed the phone. "The bus station. Is it all right if I call the bus station?"

Mr. Humphreys almost smiled. "The number," he said, "is Broad 1000."

The bus, Tucker was told, had just left. The agent, who was coughing, said, no, he didn't know if a Miss Irene Anderson had left on it. Was she, Tucker inquired, in the waiting room? There was no one, the agent replied, in the waiting room.

"She's gone," Tucker said, hanging up. "The ten-thirty. St. Louis." There were circles under his eyes and a bleak, haggard expression around his mouth. His hands dangled limply from his wrists. "Well," he said, his voice croaking, "just so long's she's O. K."

Mr. Humphreys said, "The young lady must be a pretty good friend of yours, the way you've carried on here."

"She's wonderful," Tucker said softly. "Of course," he added, "she doesn't understand that. You couldn't expect her to."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Mr. Humphreys said.

Tucker shook his head. "You wouldn't understand, either, Mr. Humphreys. Nobody would. You see, I just met her today, on the bus."

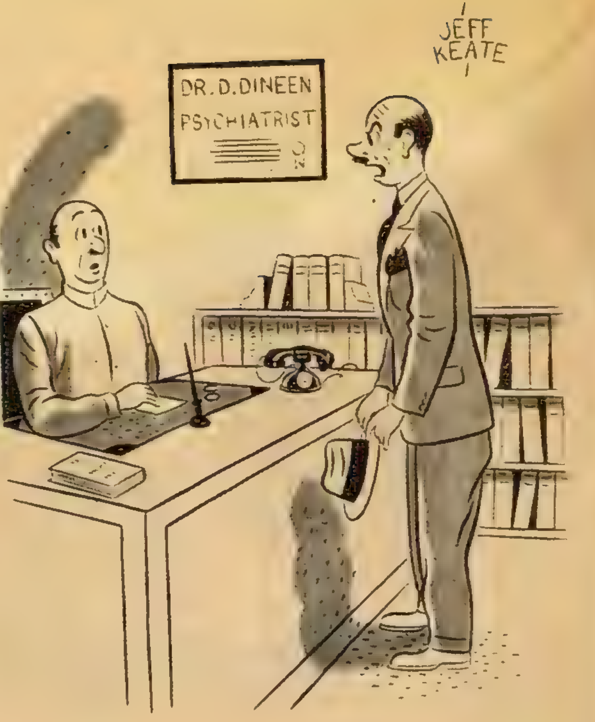
This in no way seemed to surprise Mr. Humphreys. He removed his glasses and polished them while gazing reminiscently into space.

"Take Mrs. Humphreys," he said. "The first time I met her was coming around a corner—bingo! 'Why don't you look where you're going, you big lummox?' she said. It was like meeting somebody I'd been expecting a long time. There she was—and I'd never seen her before in my life. Click! —I was in"—Mr. Humphreys cleared his throat and hesitated as footsteps passed the door—"love."

Tucker sat erect in the chair, his hands lightly on his knees. He was beaming. He gazed at Mr. Humphreys as though Mr. Humphreys were a remarkable man, full of wisdom and abounding in revelation. For now he knew that he had never known Irene before. If he had, he'd have fallen in love with her.

The footsteps came back and the door opened. "Adams," a policeman said, "the lieutenant wants to see you."

THEY released him at midnight and he strode through the dark streets, hatless, with his coat collar turned up. There was no chance of recovering his hat and overcoat until the theater opened next day. He shivered, but what worried him most was how he would ever find Irene again. She lived with her uncle on her mother's side, which meant the uncle's name was one he did not know. He'd have to advertise in the St. Louis papers: *Anderson—Irene. Must see you. Tucker Adams.*



"Just as I was getting over my persecution complex, I got your bill!"

He slapped open one of the doors of the bus depot and strode straight to the small portable oilstove. With his disheveled hair, his eyes glassy with intense preoccupation, he looked almost frightening.

"Mr. Adams."

Tucker wheeled.

Irene Anderson was sitting on the bench with his overcoat on and his hat beside her. She stood up and removed the overcoat. There was a pallor around her mouth, but her eyes showed warmth.

"Put this on," she said. "You look—you must be frozen stiff. I—I waited. I waited in front of the theater till ten past ten and then I hurried and got here just as the bus was about to leave. But you weren't here."

Tucker said, "You—you waited here? I mean, for me?"

"Why, of course," she said with her small grave smile. Her eyes clouded. "I—I'm so sorry about what happened. But I couldn't help it. I don't know—I hate to make scenes—but when he did that—"

"Irene—Miss Anderson—"

"It's all right if you want to call me Irene," she said. "Here, put your overcoat on. Tell me what happened. There's a bus at half past four in the morning. Here."

He shook his head. "You keep it. I'll be all right." He was smiling. In his worn, haggard face his eyes were shining, ecstatic, and the cold bare waiting room was, he thought, the most wonderful place on earth. His hand darted into his pocket and came out with his little black address book. "Now give me," he said, "the name and address of your uncle. I don't want to take any more chances."

But his fingers were too cold to write. She took the book and wrote down the address. Tenderness stirred in her eyes, and at the corners of her mouth a smile flickered, almost roguish.

"There's no reason," she said, "why we both can't share your coat, if you won't take it for yourself. After all," she added defensively, "this is an emergency."

They huddled on the seat together with the overcoat over their shoulders. The wind pushed and pulled at the swing doors and whined mournfully in the alley. But Tucker didn't hear it. He didn't hear anything. There was a ringing in his ears and an immense exhilaration all through him.

"Only," Irene said, "I must tell you about good old Jim Smith. I don't know anybody named Jim Smith."

THE END

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Save More Paper—Send it to War!

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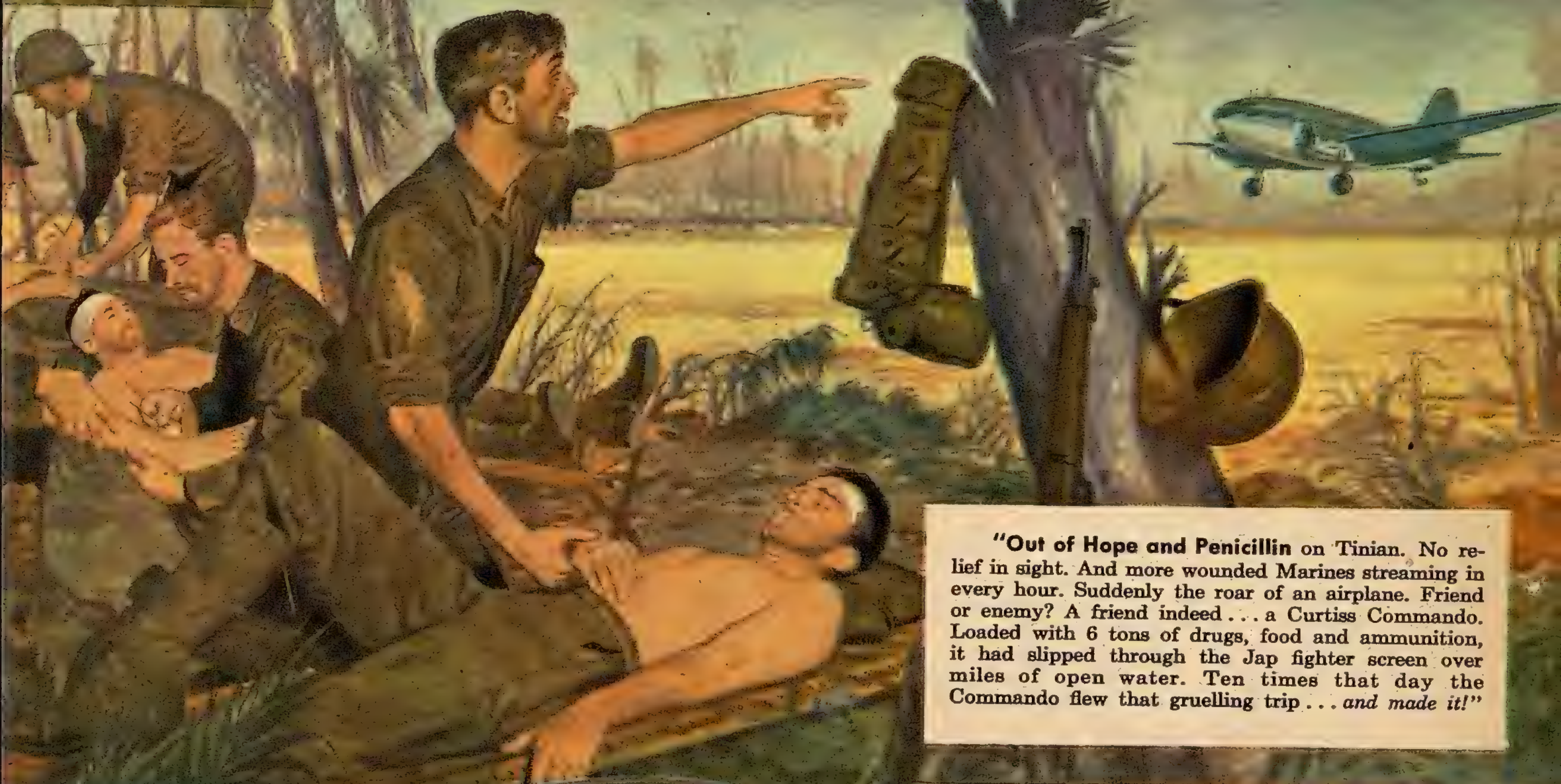
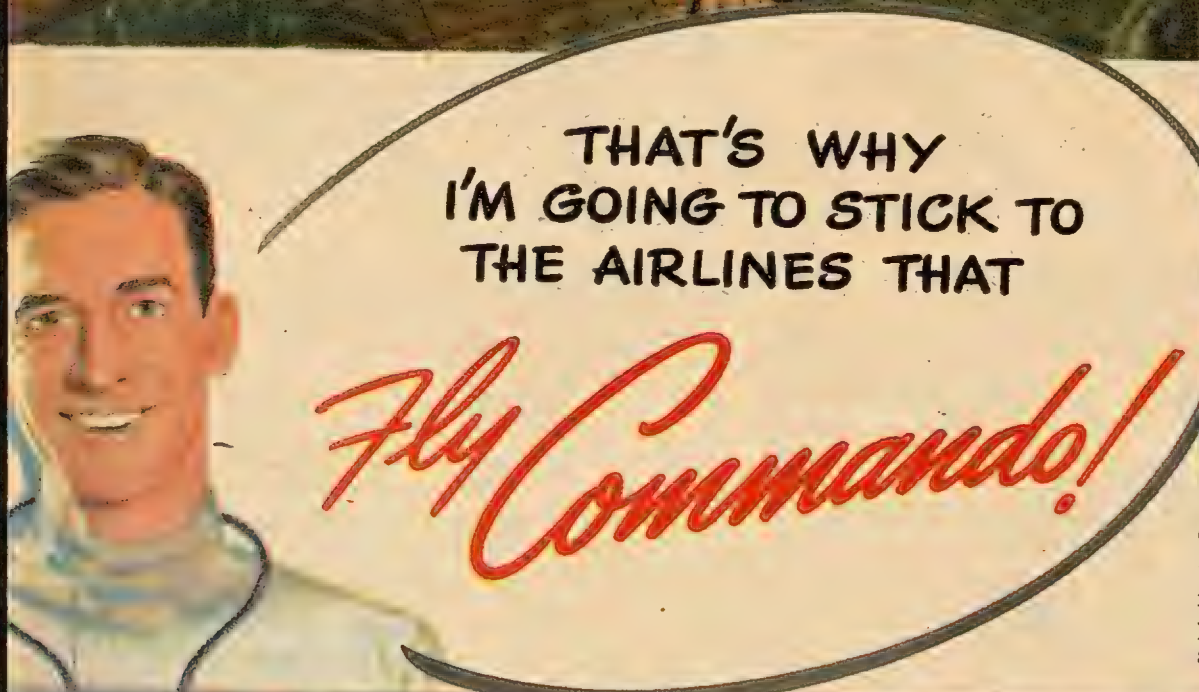
"In more ways than one our precious supplies were *HEAVEN SENT!*"

Based on a true story taken from the war record of the Curtiss Commando



"Out of Hope and Penicillin on Tinian. No relief in sight. And more wounded Marines streaming in every hour. Suddenly the roar of an airplane. Friend or enemy? A friend indeed . . . a Curtiss Commando. Loaded with 6 tons of drugs, food and ammunition, it had slipped through the Jap fighter screen over miles of open water. Ten times that day the Commando flew that gruelling trip . . . *and made it!"*


THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO STICK TO THE AIRLINES THAT
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Walk Into Wonderland as you board the Commando. Through the wider doorway without stooping . . . down the broad aisle with its deep-pile carpeting and overhead, fluorescent lighting. Relax and enjoy the roomy, noise-proofed cabin, where you can talk in a normal tone of voice, and where the air is changed completely every 1½ minutes.

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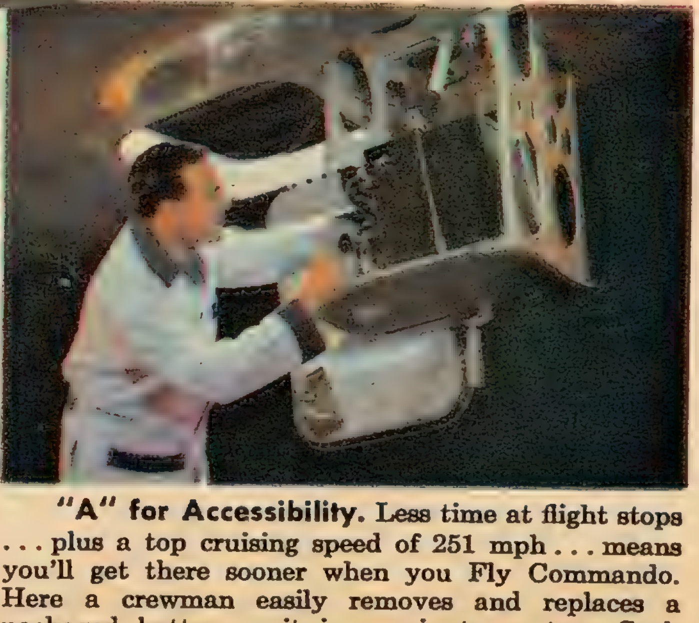

"A" for Accessibility. Less time at flight stops . . . plus a top cruising speed of 251 mph . . . means you'll get there sooner when you Fly Commando. Here a crewman easily removes and replaces a packaged battery unit in a minute or two. Such accessibility for easy servicing adds to over-all speed.

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OH, BROTHER! LIFEBUOY SURE GETS MY VOTE. IT SOFTENS TOUGH WHISKERS SO THEY COME OFF CLEAN AND CLOSE, AND IT'S SOOTHING TO TENDER SKIN
YES, SIR! EVEN WITH COLD WATER OR A USED BLADE IT REALLY DOES A JOB...I'M ALL THROUGH WITH QUICK-DRYING LATHERS. IT'S LIFEBUOY FOR ME!
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY "STAY-MOIST" LATHER—YOU'LL LIKE ITS MILD FRAGRANCE
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The helicopter makes a postwar promise. You'll conquer distance with speed and comfort in this revolutionary airplane.

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Nelson Hower introduced circus tights when his costume failed to arrive and he had to appear in knit underclothes.

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4 for 10¢
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Single and Double Edge

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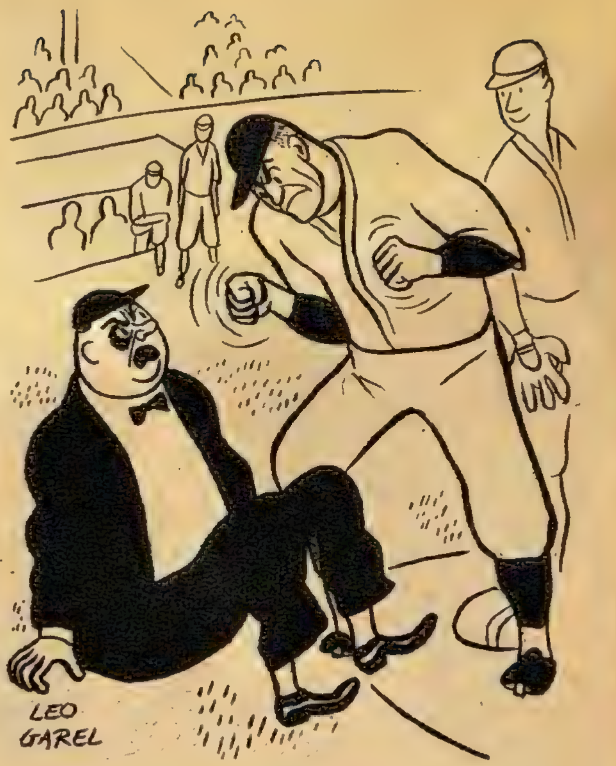


"Are you questioning my judgment?"

THE GIRL'S A NATURAL

Continued from Page 23

bait was that Ingrid would first do the American version of Intermezzo. And she was promised that no long-term contract would tie her up.

Her first night in Hollywood was straight from the Arabian nights. She had dinner at the Beachcombers, where tropical rains beat down on palm-leaf shelters and where exotic drinks were served in coconuts. Later she met Selznick. "Your English," he said with blunt relief, "isn't so bad as I thought it would be."

He asked her to a small party the next evening in her honor. The "small party" turned out to be forty of Hollywood's most famous stars, all unbelievably smart, groomed to their teeth. The women wore diamonds and furs. It overwhelmed her a little.

BITTERLY homesick for her husband and daughter, she returned to Sweden after Intermezzo, and then realized that she wanted to be back in America.

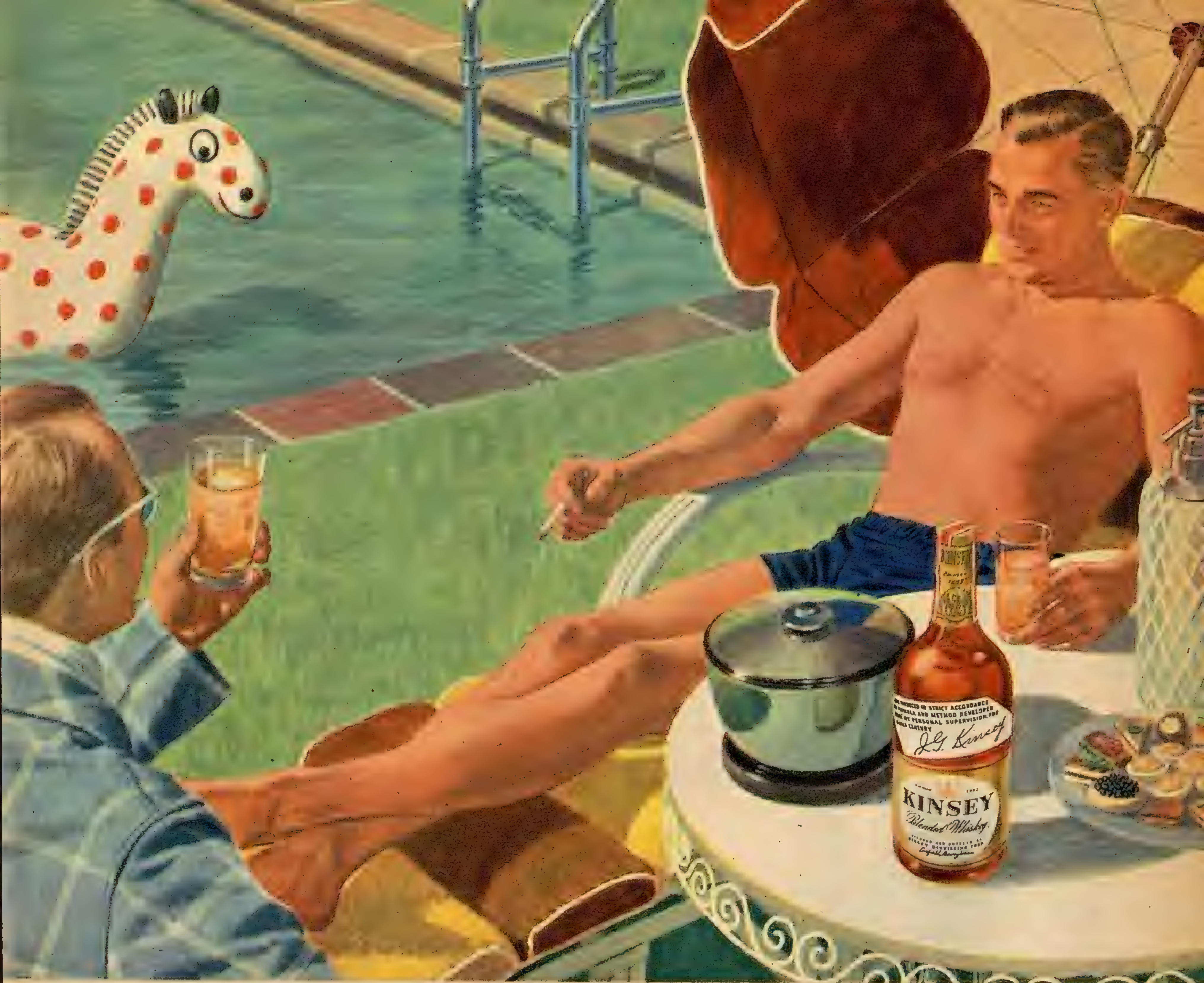
In Hollywood, despite the success of Intermezzo, everyone was asking what Selznick was going to do with Bergman next. You couldn't put her into just anything. She was too different. Didn't Selznick remember the million-dollar gamble that was Sigrid Gurie? Selznick replied stubbornly, "Ingrid Bergman is the Bernhardt of this generation," and called her back to Hollywood.

Not a moment too soon, for hell had burst over Europe. Ingrid and her daughter took the last ship available for civilians to America. Dr. Lindstrom joined them later. He studied nerve surgery while she worked on Broadway or in Hollywood. It was several years before they could share a home together.

Back in Hollywood, Ingrid was becoming known as the "sweetness and light" girl. She was the lovely governess in Adam Had Four Sons. She was the lovely refugee in Rage in Heaven. When Metro asked to borrow her again for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, they wanted her for the lovely young girl. Ingrid, cloyed with saccharine parts, asked for the role of the bad girl instead.

It was like Janet Gaynor asking to play Circe, but Ingrid got the part and gave a memorable performance.

(Continued on page 76)



Interview with a War Correspondent

JIM: If my editor could see me now, he'd write a sweet caption to *this* scene: FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT LOAFS WHILE BATTLES RAGE.

BILL: Listen . . . now that you're home, you're entitled to forget the headlines and deadlines for a while.

JIM: That's just it... anyone who has *seen* the war can't forget it. I know people here at home have done a lot to help win the war, but if they'd *felt* the war for even a minute, they'd do even more.

BILL: Like what, Jim?

JIM: Well, they'd dig down deep and buy that *extra* War Bond. They'd donate blood to the Red Cross regularly. They'd help keep prices down by buying only what they really need. They'd *hunt* for that mighty important war job. They'd ...oh, well, I didn't mean to gripe.

BILL: I guess a lot of us are inclined to get a little tired of the war. If we'd *sacrifice* more, we'd appreciate more keenly the pleasures we still have.

JIM: You can say *that* again! I know *I'll* never take enjoyment like this for granted any more—a swim in clean water . . . a few quiet, unhurried moments . . . a fine highball.

BILL: This Kinsey *is* smooth, isn't it? Nice and mellow . . . a grand drink.

JIM: Sure is. You know, I don't think the boys begrudge good living to us at home. But they'd like to feel that everybody is giving that *extra ounce* of effort.

BILL: Well, here's hoping everybody puts in that extra effort . . . so the boys can get home sooner and enjoy the good things they've missed.

JIM: I'll drink to *that!*

KINSEY

the unhurried

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Blended Whiskey • 86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

Quality that never varies
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Since 1840 CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

Brewing Corporation of America • Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from page 74)

Casablanca was next. Then For Whom the Bell Tolls. Both pictures saw her nominated for the Academy award, but not until Gaslight did she win it.

"Last year," says Ingrid, "I knew I was going to lose, the moment I saw Jennifer Jones in Bernadette. I cried all the way through the picture, because Jennifer was so moving, and because I knew I had lost the award."

This year, when everyone was saying, "She can't lose this time," she was still tensely apprehensive. Jennifer Jones, who was to make the presentation, whispered encouragingly, "If you don't win, I won't have any presentation speech. Everything I have to say is about you. If anyone else gets it, I'll just have to say, 'Here!' " Ingrid smiled wanly.

She sat in the theater, her heart pounding. Holding one hand was Dr. Lindstrom; holding the other, David Selznick. When her name was announced, she didn't hear it. Selznick let out a whoop.

Ingrid turned to her husband. "Did they say my name?" she asked. Dr. Lindstrom leaned over and kissed her. "Yes-s," he said patiently, as if she were a small child.

The award came to Ingrid as no accident. She works hard over any picture. If it's adapted from a book, she reads it over and over, absorbing the habits, mannerisms, and thinking of the character she is to play.

Then she tries to find someone in real life who resembles that character, and studies her narrowly.

THIS is Ingrid's protection against ever repeating herself. Director Alfred Hitchcock calls it the intelligent approach to acting.

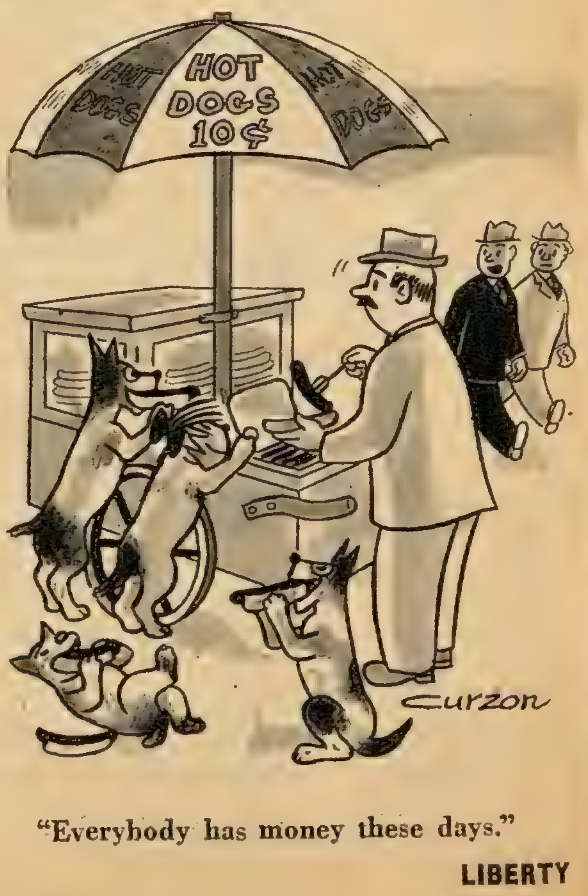
In Spellbound, for instance, she plays a young woman psychiatrist. For this role she spent several days with a woman doctor of psychiatry.

She read so much on the subject that her husband stopped her, fearing it would make her morbid.

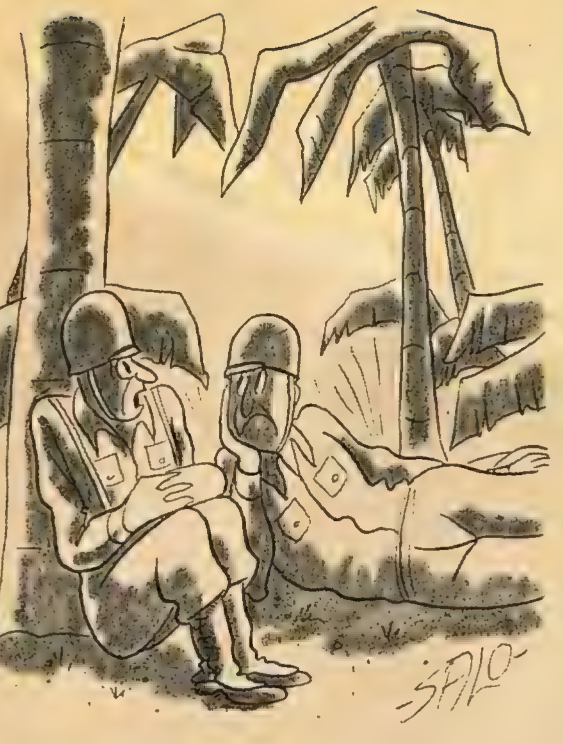
For Gaslight she made it a point to visit a girl who was a little "odd." She systematically observed the eccentricities that made others view this girl as "odd."

For The Bells of St. Mary's, she met the nun who inspired the story, and was disappointed when she could not observe the nuns in their private lives.

Thus prepared, she goes through the finished script many times. She doesn't



"Everybody has money these days."



"How I long for a female slap in the puss!"

learn her lines until the night before the scene is to be filmed, because dialogue is often changed at the last moment. In particular, she absorbs the sequence of shooting.

"Picture making jumps around so," Ingrid explains. "First you take the scene where you are married to the hero. The next day you take the scene where you meet the hero. You must know the character so well you can play it backward, because that is just what you are obliged to do."

Ingrid sees the previous day's rushes during her lunch hour—and gets sick with nervousness. If they are bad, her whole day is ruined.

"I cannot understand how stars can be so sure of themselves," she says. "I am always worried about that girl up there. I hope she will do all right. I never think of her as myself."

LIKE Garbo, Bergman keeps her private life to herself. When she first came, her English might have made her misunderstood, so she kept quiet. She adored American slang, but her experiments with it came out wrong.

She didn't understand Americans very well, either. "Over here you joke so much," she comments. "In Sweden we are always very serious. It took a while to understand you."

At interviews she has always been happy to tell of her professional life, but has said nothing of what she did when she left the studio. Partly this is because Dr. Lindstrom, a prominent nerve surgeon on the staff of the Los Angeles General Hospital, has the medical man's dislike of publicity.

Also, perhaps, Ingrid Bergman in private life is too normal a person to be good copy.

Her sense of humor will not allow her to believe that anyone cares what she eats for breakfast, which happens to be toast, coffee, and fruit. She gets up at seven forty-five every morning, Sundays included, and breakfasts with her husband and daughter. Ingrid drops Pia off at public school on the way to the studio. Free from long sessions with make-up men or hairdressers, she is on the set fifteen minutes after she drives her Ford convertible coupé through the studio gates at nine o'clock.

Once there, nothing will keep her in her dressing room. She has to see what goes on, talk to the grips, prop men, car-

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LIKE SLEEPING ON A CLOUD

penters, and all the people concerned with the technical side of picture making. She never wastes time. During her lunch hour she will see rushes, autograph great stacks of photographs, give interviews, confer with her secretary. She leaves the studio at six. Pia has her dinner first and goes to bed at seven, after Ingrid has visited with her.

Ingrid and her husband always have dinner at home, conversing in Swedish, because they like their privacy.

After dinner, there is sometimes a singing lesson (Ingrid is a mezzo-soprano) or lines to learn. But for the most part Ingrid leaves her professional life at the studio. She and her husband like to read best sellers, or to listen to their favorite radio programs—Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Edgar Bergen. Although the best friends of the couple are all picture people—the Gary Coopers, the David Selznicks, the Alfred Hitchcocks, Ruth Roberts, Ingrid's English coach—Dr. Lindstrom remains curiously detached from the Hollywood scene.

On Sundays Ingrid cleans house, doing all the things she doesn't ask the maids to do. She and Dr. Lindstrom love to dance, but have never been to a night club. Ingrid has a plaint common to many wives: "I wish to goodness we *would* go out once in a while!"

Sunday nights, after Pia is in bed, Ingrid and her husband go over to the David Selznicks' to see a movie in their private projection room.

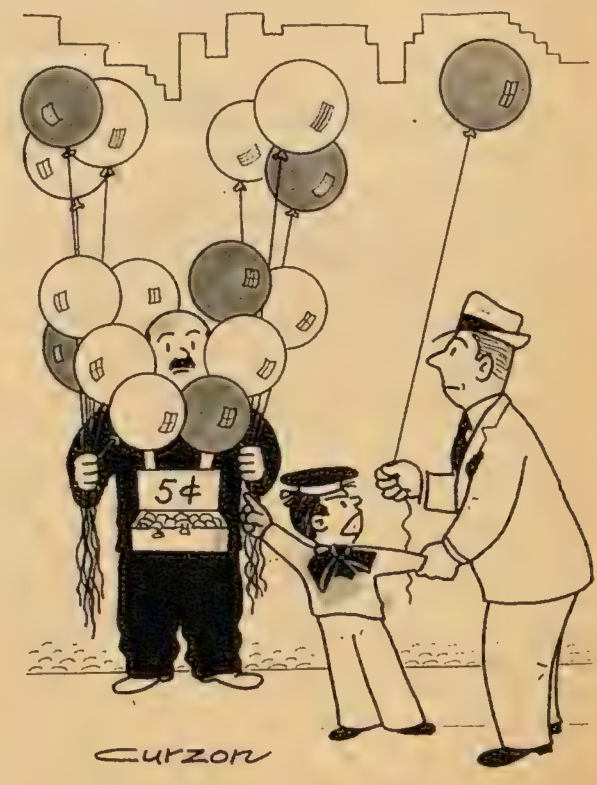
THAT'S Ingrid's personal life, certainly no meat for the gossip columns. Ingrid claims she has a temper and goes around slamming doors, but if she does, it's probably out of sheer boredom.

For what is exciting about an actress who quits acting when she gets home? Actresses are supposed to dramatize themselves, drink champagne from slippers, change husbands frequently, and make the headlines, but Ingrid doesn't even try to oblige.

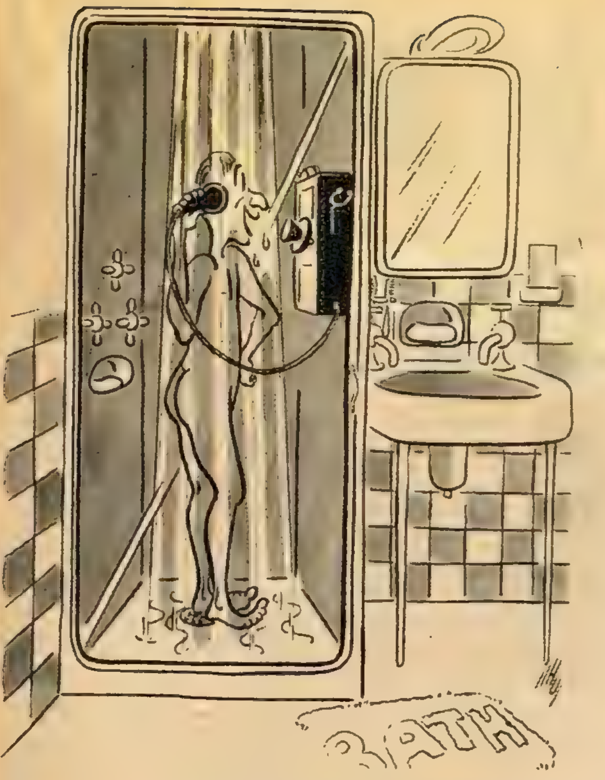
She is efficient as a watch, not shy but well-mannered, and frank without being familiar.

Wearing a shabby robe on the set, she explains that the garment still has a lot of wear in it. She hasn't a pair of high-heeled shoes to her name, but she isn't self-conscious about her height. "It's just that I feel five feet seven is tall enough."

She's twenty-eight, but never discusses her age, on the ground that in America it



"I want the one with the face."



"Yes! . . . You heard me. . . . I said I'm in the shower."

isn't considered good business for an actress to do so.

Asked what she has had to give up for her fame and success, she replies, "Only a pair of galoshes which were stolen by a couple of fans."

Of temperament, she says, "I believe in saving it for the camera." She has no illusions about her own limitations. When Selznick asked her to play the title role in Sarah Bernhardt, her answer was: "I don't feel ready for it. I think it's pretentious of me to play the greatest actress of all time. Some day, if you still want me to, I will, Mr. Selznick. Not now. I'm not ready now."

A FEW years ago, when she went to Minnesota to do an Office of War information picture, she lived on a farm, shoveled snow, fed calves, pitched ice-frosted hay, chattered Swedish to her hosts, went to church and to the Ladies' Aid.

The snow was piled in seven-foot drifts, sleighs replaced cars, and the thermometer went from zero to thirty below, but Ingrid had the time of her life. It would probably have slain a glamor girl.

While there, she visited eighty-six-year-old Mrs. Abraham Johnson to learn how to use a spinning wheel. Mrs. Johnson asked, "What is your name?" Miss Bergman said, "Ingrid," and took the old woman in her arms and kissed her. Being recognized as a movie star annoys her.

She loves to go marketing with Pia in Los Angeles, and walks briskly so that people are less likely to recognize her. But sometimes they do. The crowds gather and halt her little shopping binge.

Six months ago she met Garbo, whom she considers the greatest Swedish actress. It was a great thrill. "We are so proud of her in Sweden," said Ingrid. "I am glad to know she is much more beautiful in person than she is on the screen." Garbo was shy, so Ingrid did not press the friendship, but the meeting remained a high spot of her life.

Such honesty gives her roles a human quality that explains her success. She is a defrosted Garbo. And her jammed schedule of million-dollar-budget pictures, handpicked by Selznick, is the impressive result.

Today the most skeptical die-hards admit that Bergman is no bubble. She's here to stay, which is all right with Ingrid. She is one Swede who *doesn't* want to go home!

THE END

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New York, N. Y.

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

STAGGERING STATISTICS: Eleanor S. Doty, salvage chairman of Manhattan's East Midtown C.D.V.O., vouches for the fact that one envelope collected from every person in New York would yield paper enough to make 75,000 blood-plasma boxes, which are vitally needed. Save those scraps! . . . Alberto Tarchiani, Italian Ambassador to the United States, says that 45 per cent of the babies in Italy die in their first year. Ragged and hungry, the Italians cannot raise normal crops because of war's destruction. Many areas were flooded or mined by the Germans, and there are no seeds to plant. . . . A nation-wide survey conducted among 24,000 former maids in fifty-three U. S. war plants indicates that 81 per cent want to return to domestic service after the war. An educational bureau for home-owner problems reports that the questionnaire filled out by the 24,000 former domestics revealed that 63 per cent of the women had saved less from their war-work earnings than they did in domestic service.

MOTHER LOVE WITH A VENGEANCE: A conscientious mother who had legged it a long uphill mile to give her two-year-old the benefit of the swings and sunshine in St. Gabriel's Park near New York's East River was understandably annoyed when Junior insisted on lolling morosely in his stroller instead of frisking at large. Goaded by his apathy, she snatched him from his chariot and snarled, "Now enjoy yourself or I'll smash you!"

PARENTS' DAY: As this page goes to press, Mrs. Philip Perle of Forest Hills, New York, is still anxiously awaiting news of the liberation of her son, Richard, a prisoner of war in Germany for more than a year. Referring to the letters of Lieutenant Kendrick Reeves quoted on this page from time to time last year while he, too, was a prisoner of war, Mrs. Perle observes, "What impresses me most about these letters from our brave young fliers is, first, the spirituality, faith, and maturity so irreconcilable with their youth; and, second, the profound gratitude to the Red Cross." Mrs. Perle enclosed a copy of her Richard's letter written on July 11, 1944, his twenty-fourth birthday and his parents' twenty-seventh wedding anniversary: "Dear Mother and Dad—Under ordinary circumstances we'd be celebrating your anniversary together, but as it is, I've had to content myself with thinking what it would be like, and I know that you, too, have been doing much thinking today. I'm assuming that all is well with you and that Gabe [Richard's younger brother, serving in the South Pacific] is okay. That being the case, we have much to be thankful for. We've seen happier times in the past, and will again, and they will be the more joyous and meaningful for this intervening period of anxiety, during which we have found cause to think more deeply about others and ourselves, and perhaps do a little mental housecleaning and rearrange our sense of values. I know that you have met these times with fortitude and strength, and I'm proud of you. For your understanding and tolerance and patience, I am grateful. Above all, I am glad that you are my Mom and Dad. Always your loving son, RICHARD."

ONE MORE SILVER LINING

"Stocking output for spring and summer may be 30 per cent short of last year's production due to Government needs for rayon, and manpower problems, according to Roy E. Tilles, president of the Gotham Hosiery Company. He urged the fashion press to avert 'panic buying by teaching American women to use stockings properly, the heavier weights for sports and service, the sheers for best.' He also advocated the barelegged fashion for sports this summer."—*News item.*

The naked leg is here to stay—
For summer sports it's quite O. K.
So should there be a scarcity
Of fashionable hosiery,
Reflect upon this happy ending:
What you ain't got will not need
mending.

SUCCESS GIRLS: Miss Catherine V. Parker, for seventeen years with a New York advertising firm, has been made a vice-president. . . . WAC technician, fourth grade, Laura V. Loveland of Harrisonville, New Jersey, is the mother of two paratroopers. She has also won the Bronze Star for meritorious service as a clerk in the G-1 division of Supreme Allied Headquarters. General Eisenhower himself pinned the Star on Mrs. Loveland. . . . Mrs. Courtney H. Hodges is a successful wife. A letter from Major William Sylvan, aide to her general-husband who is the commander of the American First Army, informed her that her appreciative mate had declared himself in favor of marriage, stating that before he married Mrs. Hodges, all he had was a flat wallet and indigestion. Since matrimony set in, indigestion has gone out and the general has money in the bank.

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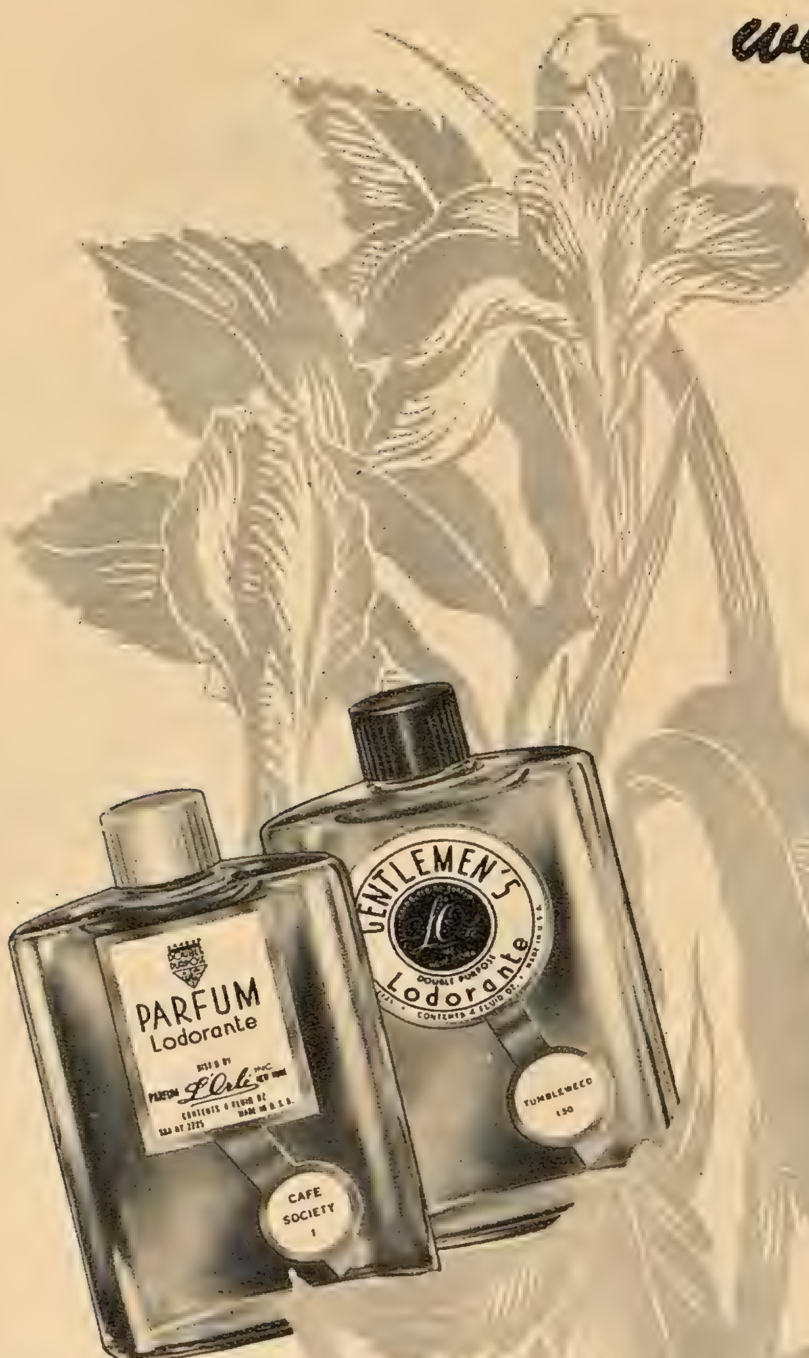
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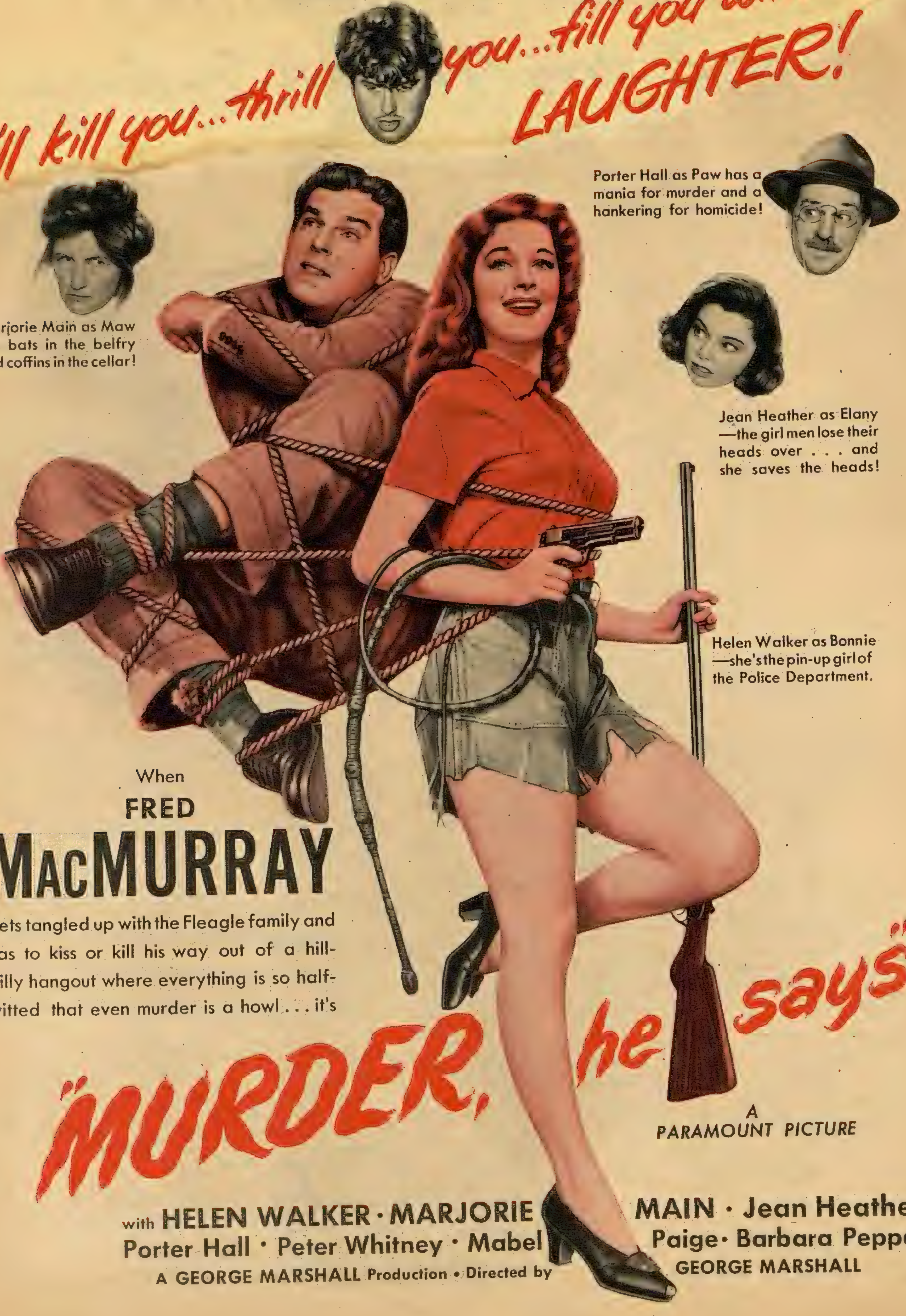

Peter Whitney as Bert—he'll smash you, bash you and crash you .... just for fun!

Marjorie Main as Maw has bats in the belfry and coffins in the cellar!

Porter Hall as Paw has a mania for murder and a hankering for homicide!

Jean Heather as Elany —the girl men lose their heads over . . . and she saves the heads!

Helen Walker as Bonnie —she's the pin-up girl of the Police Department.

When

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MacMURRAY

gets tangled up with the Fleagle family and has to kiss or kill his way out of a hillbilly hangout where everything is so half-witted that even murder is a howl . . . it's

"MURDER, he says"

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with **HELEN WALKER · MARJORIE MAIN · Jean Heather**
Porter Hall · Peter Whitney · Mabel Paige · Barbara Pepper
A GEORGE MARSHALL Production · Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Danny Kaye, as the lively half of a pair of twins, goes Bali-wacky with Vera-Ellen.

THE WONDER MAN

(Sam Goldwyn-RKO)
Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen

THE exuberant Danny Kaye, who packs enough kinetic energy into one of his inspired frenzies to supply six ordinary mortals, appears in his second full-length movie as a pair of twins. A lavishly colored musical stocked with the lush Goldwyn Girls (glorified this time in floating scarves) provides a background for the dual Danny. His high jinks, including three typically hilarious specialty numbers, are strung on a thread of mischievous fantasy—perfect in spots but not quite strong enough to hold up the whole show.

The story quickly turns one twin (a night-club entertainer) into an outrageously devil-may-care young ghost, intent upon circumventing the gangsters who bumped him off. He does it by taking possession of his protesting brother, whose bookish personality thereupon goes through some startling transformations. Kaye has a field day in this situation, and also has a fine time experimenting with his ectoplasm, which goes airily through a cement post but won't connect with a glass of bromo-seltzer. To bolster up the plot, there's a heroically sneezy rendition of Otchi Tchorniya and the sprightly stepping of pert little Vera-Ellen. (Snagged for the movies while dancing in The Connecticut Yankee, she turns out to be well worth watching.) There's also a top-notch Bali Boogie number, and a hysterical opera travesty—complete with a doggedly genuine diva (soprano Alice Mock), chorus, and full orchestra.

Former Goldwyn Girl Virginia Mayo is cast as a sweet librarian, and there are several good character bits. Danny's acting is less impressive than his clowning, but he rampages off with the whole show anyhow.

(Another review on page 84)

But mistaken identity gets the mild twin (and Virginia Mayo) into some awful scrapes.

INSIDE
Paramount

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JOAN FONTAINE
FOUR WINS—NO LOSSES

Joan Fontaine, at last, has her first chance to show her extraordinary talents as a comedienne in the new motion picture

"The Affairs of *SUSAN*"

famed producer Hal Wallis' first production for Paramount. Joan comes off a winner—four times.

• • •

As Susan, a revolving cutie, with a fast change of pace, Joan gets four men—suffers no losses.

• • •

Her first is **George Brent,** Broadway big-shot, who is fascinated by her innocence, astonished by her truth.

• • •

Her second is **Don DeFore,** a strong, silent type, aged in the Minnesota woods. He is a sucker for bare shoulders and a fast rhumba.

• • •

Her third is **Dennis O'Keefe,** picked up on a park bench—won with flat heels and four old-fashioneds.

• • •

She takes her fourth, **Walter Abel,** like Hodges took Cologne, but doesn't ruin him in the process.

• • •

Susan's affairs, ably directed by William Seiter, are entirely yours—for fun catch up with her at your favorite theatre—she'll get you like she got her men.

Paramount Pictures

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The men try frantically to save their doomed transport by jettisoning matériel.

THE WAY AHEAD

(Two Cities-Twentieth Century-Fox)
David Niven, Raymond Huntley, Billy Hartnell

THIS fine English picture partakes of the same quality which distinguished In Which We Serve, and does for the glamorless infantry much of what the Coward film did for the British Navy. Not only does it show how a heterogeneous group of grumbling, balky, and exceedingly English civilians are slowly welded into a courageous battle unit, but it brings out so much that is universally human in these men that they might well be citizens of any free country—particularly our own.

The story deals simply with a group of men of diverse characters and backgrounds, yanked bodily out of civilian life in 1941 and shuffled into a training camp. One comes straight from a furnace room, one from a farm, two from a shop, one from a travel bureau. There are a snob, a rebel, and a weakling among them. They all frankly detest everything in the Army, from their blustering sergeant (Billy Hartnell) to the fit of their uniforms. Most of all they resent their polished young officer (David Niven) with the furtive smoldering anger of the underdog. But bit by bit a slow change takes place. Visiting a friendly English home that dispenses tea, cheer and baths, they make the half-sheepish discovery that their officer's human after all. As they toughen up, morale improves in small, important ways. By the time they've shipped out, they are no less individual men, but also a tough, dependable platoon.

With their officer (David Niven, lower left) the men at last face battle in North Africa.

The story moves swiftly here from personal drama into terrifying action as the transport is torpedoed. The fiery chaos on deck, the frightful, confused urgency, the anguished struggle to keep the powder magazine cool are powerfully portrayed. Finally there's a glimpse of the ship captain's lonely dark-coated figure, the last to clamber down the side of his doomed vessel to a waiting destroyer—a characteristically small and eloquent touch.

In sleepy, fly-infested North Africa, the men finally face real battle. Stirring encounters with a skulking enemy in true infantry fashion round out a saga which leaves the men valiantly and symbolically advancing in mid-battle.

This picture is notable not only for its gripping war drama but for its deft and simple revelation of the small things which make up the British way of life, its insight into human beings everywhere. The result, besides being moving and memorable, is inspiring.

SPECIAL MENTION

SAN PIETRO (U. S. Army Signal Corps). Major John Huston's stirring documentary of the infantry's tough struggle in Italy.

THE CORN IS GREEN (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, John Dall, Joan Lorring.

THE CLOCK (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Robert Walker, James Gleason, Keenan Wynn.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION (M-G-M). Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore.

WITHOUT LOVE (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball.

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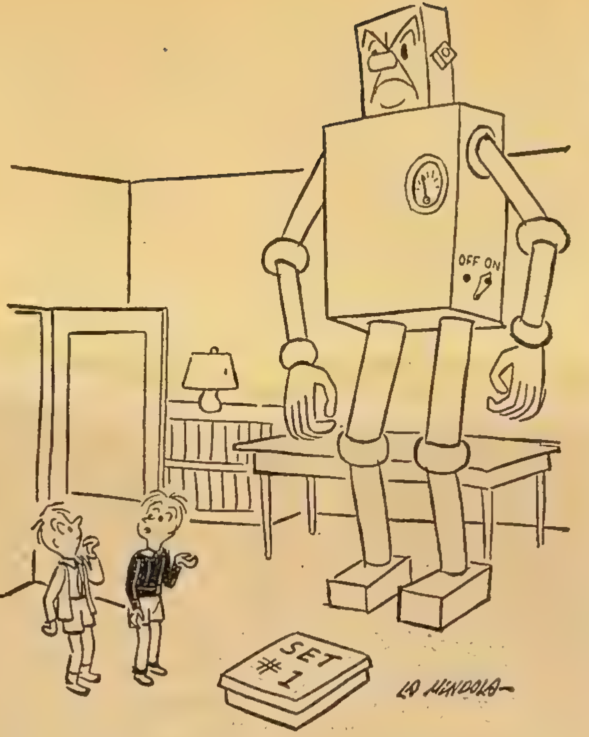


"Boy, what I could do with the No. 5 de luxe model set!"

PACIFIC TROOPSHIP

Continued from Page 29

of hardy and sleep-spurning souls retired at this point to the latrines, the only places brightly lighted after dark, and read or played cards on the deck there. They came to be known as "head society," an expression derived from the Navy term "head," meaning latrine.

PRACTICAL jokers also did their stuff after blackout. They shouldn't be confused with either the hatch-happy or the inveterate grumblers. The sergeant in the upper compartment of No. 5 hold dismissed them as "screwballs."

"Now look at that bunch over there," he said, almost pityingly. "They're laying mines tonight."

A half dozen G. I.s had bunks alongside the passageway leading to the compartment latrine, and since the traffic kept them awake anyway, they were making the most of their strategic position. They had piled a tin can, a piece of rope, and some sticks of wood in the passageway. Under the weak red lights the pile could have been anything. Whenever anyone came along, latrine-bound, one of the "mine layers" would stop him with a sharp "Watch out!" pointing at the odd heap.

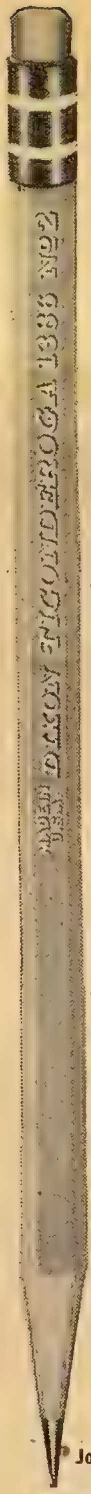
"Antipersonnel mine," another would add grimly. "We found it hidden down the hatch and brought it up. Don't touch it, for God's sake." Nine times out of ten the G. I. stepped gingerly over the spot or detoured to escape it, sending the mine layers into gales of laughter.

"See what I mean?" the sergeant remarked. "It's something different every night." In another corner, seven G. I.s were settling themselves around an empty orange crate.

"That's the icebox," the sergeant explained.

One of the seven opened an imaginary door. He reached into the crate and drew his hand out slowly, as if holding a large bottle. With his other hand he took out a handkerchief and wiped the "bottle" off. "They're really cold tonight, boys," he observed. Then he stuck the "bottle" under the "opener" on the crate and pressed down. There was a *pssss* like air escaping from a bottle of beer. In the dim light it seemed surprisingly real.

"Here, Moe," he said, passing the "bottle" to a man in the group. After he had repeated the entire process six times, all



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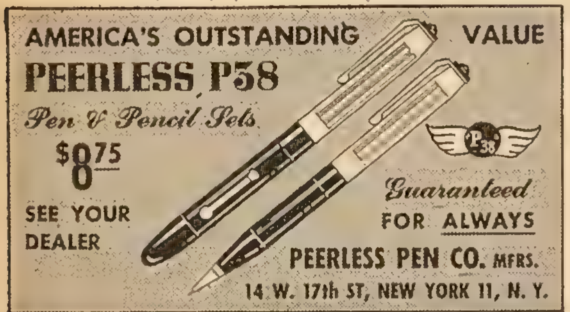

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seven men took long, deep "drinks" together, smacked their lips, and said, "Ahhh!"

The sergeant shook his head again. "They've been having their beer parties like that since the fourth day out. If it keeps up another week, I'll probably be having a bottle with them."

The untrammeled G. I. imagination also showed up in letters written aboard the Pacific. From the dozen or so which soldiers let me read, it seemed that many troops were giving their families and friends a hair-raising account of what was in fact a routine voyage.

"We had not left the port but two days when the first submarine attacked us," one private wrote. "I was standing on the back of the ship and was almost thrown off my feet when the ship twisted to dodge the torpedo which passed so close that I could almost have touched it. Then we turned all our guns on the submarine and nothing was left but a patch of oil."

Another man's letter opened: "Dear Ralph: We had a narrow escape this morning. Two Jap planes dived out of the sun at us. The first one got through our barrage, but its bombs missed. We blew the hell out of the second Jap. A piece of his prop hit the deck where I was standing."

Of course this blithe romancing ignored the fact that all troopship passengers are ordered below decks at the first inkling of enemy attack, making eyewitness accounts fairly improbable. In fact, Captain Maguire put the troops through a tedious hour's drill in this procedure daily.

WITH the lively imaginations aboard the Pacific, it was small wonder that rumors flourished. Troops on the promenade deck one day saw a piece of a ship's mast floating by. In a few minutes it was: "Somebody on the bridge said that was a piece of Liberty ship that was torpedoed here yesterday." An hour later it had become: "A Liberty ship was blown up by a submarine just a couple of hours ahead of us. The submarine is trailing us now and we've got all the guns manned. Things might really be tough soon."

In terms of geography, the high point of the voyage came when the Pacific crossed the international date line. It was a Thursday when the ship reached this beginning point of every day, so the following day was Saturday, Friday being lost. This fascinated the troops and cheated several who lost their birthdays, one who lost his wedding anniversary, and a couple of hundred officers and men of Jewish faith who missed out on their Friday-evening Sabbath service.

Religious life was in no way neglected aboard the Pacific. Practically everyone attended one or another of the various divine services held during a week, if only because there was no place to escape them. The ship's Navy chaplain, Father Ferdinand Falque, a Minnesotan (St. Cloud) of French descent, was ably abetted on this voyage by three Army Protestant chaplains—two Methodist and one Episcopalian. Besides saying his Catholic Masses, Father Falque supplied the Jewish passengers, who had no chaplain, with a victrola and transcriptions of Hebrew services.

SECTARIAN distinctions were easily overcome. A half hour before one of his Sunday services, the Episcopal chaplain's pianist was too sick to play. The dominie hurried to the two Methodists, his cabin mates. One of them managed to find a pianist who happened to be Jewish. During the Episcopal service a soldier was converted, but he wanted to be a Methodist. Instead of arguing with the man, the Episcopal chaplain delivered him to the Methodist who had provided the pianist, and everyone was happy.

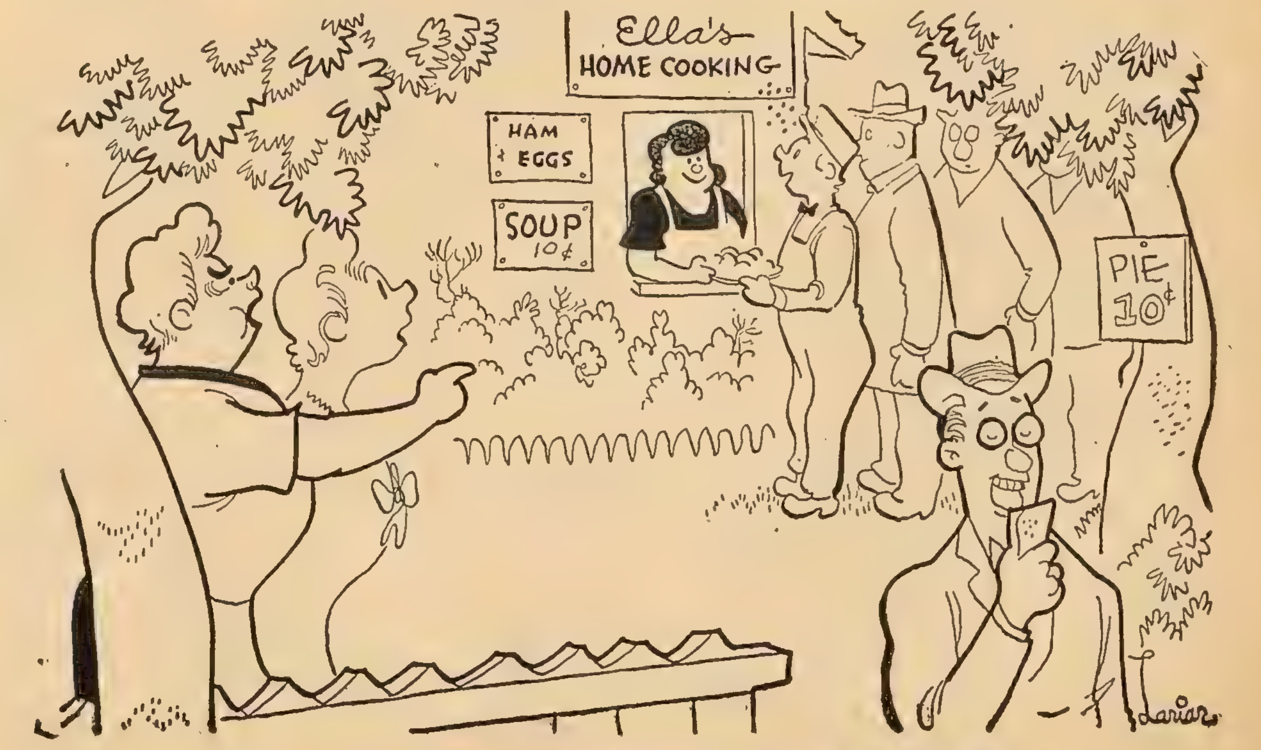
The supply problem alone for a Pacific troopship is startling. Among the food stores which our ship took aboard at her West Coast port were 180,000 pounds of potatoes; 90,000 pounds of apples and oranges; 30,000 dozen eggs; 25,000 pounds of butter; 20,000 pounds of chicken; 160,000 pounds of flour; 50,000 pounds of coffee; 20,000 pounds of powdered ice cream; and 10,000 pounds of luncheon meat (the Navy's euphemism for spam). The Pacific also loaded up with 150,000 pounds of boneless beef, which one of the galley men in an odd moment figured out had accounted for an entire herd of 400 prime steers.

Fresh water was no problem. The Pacific's own set of giant evaporators could turn sea water into fresh at better than 80,000 gallons a day.

The ship's stores flowed into the main galley in a great daily flood. Here a battery of big black ovens baked 1,400 loaves of bread every twenty-four hours; waist-high deep-fat fryers French-fried 100 pounds of potatoes at a time (4,000 pounds of potatoes were cooked in one fashion or another every day)—and so on, everything in Gargantuan terms.

In the galley and mess hall, as well as in the general cleaning and policing of the

THE HOME FRONT



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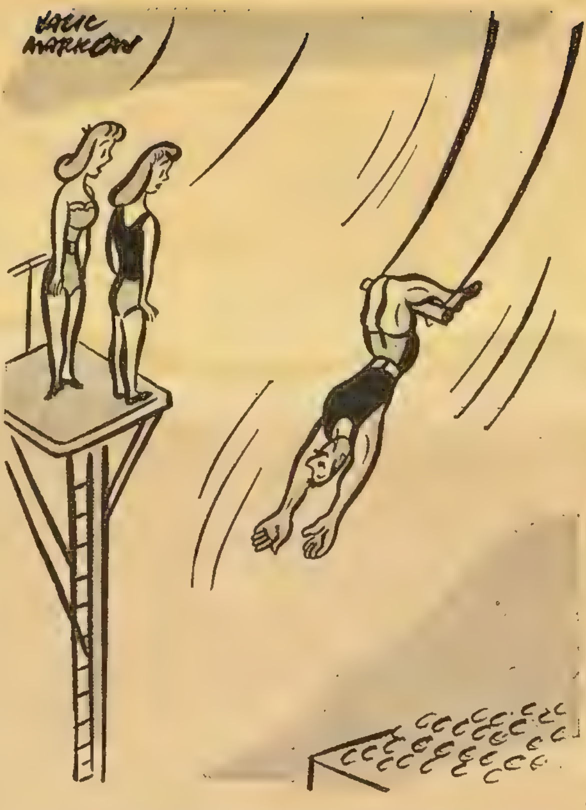

"Well, here comes old clammy paws."

ship, the Pacific's own Navy crew was swamped when she had a load of troops aboard. So hundreds of Army passengers were detailed to help out. They worked under the Navy officers.

General responsibility for troops was shared by the Navy and Army Transportation officers aboard the Pacific. The Navy Transportation officer was Lieutenant H. O. Duncan of Farmington, Missouri. The Army representative, who headed a permanent unit of eleven officers and men aboard the ship, was Lieutenant Colonel James E. P. McNair of Staten Island, New York. As a former cavalry reserve officer attached to the staff of a Navy captain aboard ship, Colonel McNair was prone at times to detect similarities between troopships and horses. He preferred horses.

His preference was confirmed on this particular voyage by a new G. I. antidote for boredom—new at least aboard the Pacific. It flared up in steady nerve-racking tappings all over the ship. Simultaneously

TO HITLER, AT HIS END

You marvel why you go down in the strife
Under War's feet your own intolerance shod?
Fool! You abused the goodness of all life
And the amazing tolerance of God
Too long! Your cruel and dark Bigotry,
Your mighty, your vindictive Idol falls
With a long ruin down your bloodied halls
While echo unto monstrous echo calls. . . .
Life's Thief, for whom no jail is bad enough
Nor strong enough to hold; the pomp and power
Of your own hell befits your last, shamed hour;
You, like that batlike thief upon the cross,
Denied Life's Lord; now suffer a like loss!

—HARRY KEMP.

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teaspoons disappeared from the mess hall by the gross.

Investigating, Colonel McNair's men found scores of G. I.s seated on the Pacific's steel decks striking fifty-cent pieces and quarters with teaspoons. By holding a coin edgewise against the deck and hitting it lightly but resolutely with the bowl of a spoon for upward of twenty-four hours, a man could so compress the coin that when the center was scooped out with a pocket knife, the remaining silver band made a fairly acceptable ring. The spoon in most cases suffered neither dent nor scratch, a revealing exhibition of the persistence of the weak overcoming the strong.

Educational or not, the colonel drew a tired breath and wrote a daily order restraining the amateur silversmiths.

OTHER G. I. efforts to lessen the monotony of the voyage were more happily received. Inevitably there were good professional entertainers aboard. Before the ship was at sea three days, seven former dance-band members found some instruments in the ship's Special Service stores, christened themselves the Pacific Pacifiers, and drove their shipmates into frenzied howls of enthusiastic glee with daily jam sessions.

In the second week an entire show was produced, featuring the Pacifiers, a one-time New York night-club tap dancer, a Negro quartet, the aforementioned ventriloquist, and a young man who claimed to have confounded Cardini once by producing more and better cards from thin air than could the master himself.

Meanwhile more than twenty Chinese-language classes had been organized with the two Chinese passengers and a number of Army students of the language as teachers.

The picture of a group of these young Americans loudly intoning *"hao"* (good), *"Fan kwan-dz tsai nali?"* (Where is a restaurant?) would have convinced any old treaty-port resident that Kipling's world was gone forever.

One day the Pacific's destination port hove in view. It was like waking from a long and fitful dream. Troops again were milling about the upper decks just as on departure day, except that they seemed a bit mustier and there were odd-looking native boats in the water. Betting pools were started: the hour and minute when the first line would be tossed on the dock; when the first heavy hawser would be secured; which compartment's occupants would go ashore first.

Suddenly the bo's'n's pipe sounded shrilly throughout the ship. Men's spines tingled.

"Now hear this. Troops in Compartment X-102-L lay down to your compartment and prepare to debark."

THE END

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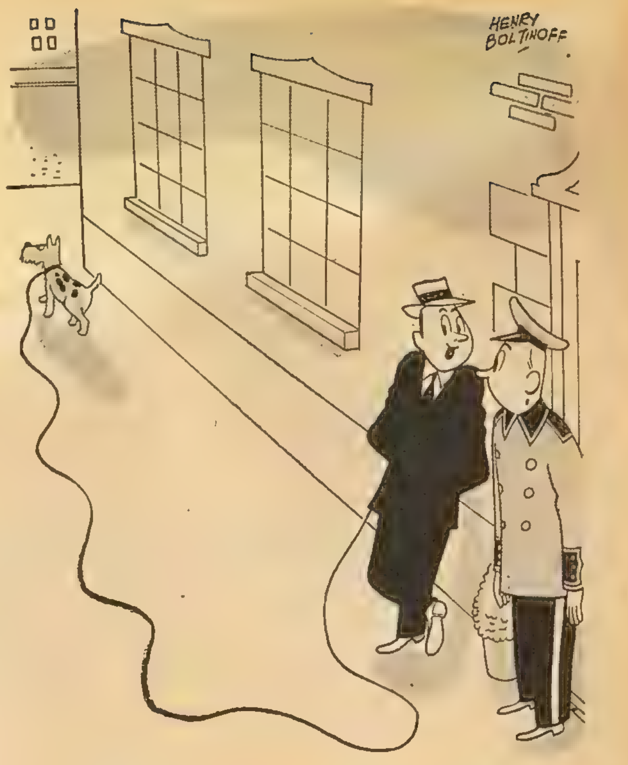


"It saves me a lot of walking."

AMERICA'S ISLAND HELL HOLE

Continued from Page 25

a certain amount of land with government funds. But much of it was wasteland that skirted the huge sugar plantations. The sugar centrals were glad to get rid of this land and the *jíbaros* were glad to have a plot of their own, however poor.

The total effect on solving Puerto Rico's economic problems was practically nil.

SUCH a land redistribution took place in Ponce, about two miles from the water front. The quarters where the stevedores live who load Ponce's infrequent ships with sugar form one of the worst of the island slums. Tiny one-room cabins of gray rotting wood raised on stilts press against one another. The rocky streets are littered with filth, and the backwaters from the bay wash salt water and sewage beneath the cabins. Here 90 per cent of the people have hookworm, 75 per cent tuberculosis, 65 per cent venereal diseases. The stevedores get good pay—eight dollars a day—when they work, but they are lucky if they get ten days of work during the year.

There are ten men for every job, and when a ship is in, the men fight for hours in front of the shipping line's gates, hoping to get near enough to get called when the jobs are given out.

The sugar central's land ran down to the sea. Several hundred acres were rocky and barren save for a few large ceiba trees. An agreement was made for its purchase. Then it was split up into lots of one acre each. The stevedores and dock wallopers gathered around on a specified day. Amid much waving of La Pava, each man's name was drawn from a symbolic straw hat as the numbers of the lots were called out.

Thus, by the law of chance, each man received his acre of land.

No building materials were provided these settlers, and they had to make new cabins out of the materials of the old, with the addition of what old boards and oil tins they could find. In a few months a new shanty village sprang up. But there were still the reek of sewage and the swarms of flies. True, each man had his acre of land, but it was rocky and sterile. A few calabash and plantain trees were planted. They might bear fruit in three or four years. The great trees which might have been used for lumber had been cut down and made into charcoal instead. Some of the homesteaders realized forty or fifty dollars by selling the charcoal, then they were ready to move back to the old slums.

"It is lonely here," Juan Gomez complains. "I have to walk two miles to the dock, a mile to the store, still farther to see my friends. The land, it is no good. I am unhappy. I am going to move back to La Playa."

"And how do you feel about Muñoz-Marin?"

"Oh, he is good man. Maybe next time he give me something better."

Even good land would not in itself be enough. Careful administration and long-term education are required to make the soil pay dividends.

In the rich cane country the *jibaros* working in a co-operative system did far better. The government maintained the land, hiring the *jibaros* to do the work under the terms of the minimum-wage-hour law. At the end of the season the profits were distributed among the workers in proportion to the number of hours which they had worked. In the best of these co-operatives, the maximum bonus received by a worker was forty-five dollars.

THE *jibaros* are pleased with this system. But they will remain pleased only as long as there are profits. The last few years have been exceptional ones, for the United States has been able to take all the sugar and all the rum that Puerto Rico could produce, besides absorbing a large proportion of the surplus manpower in the Army.

However, these conditions cannot be expected to continue after the war. There will certainly be years when there are losses. Not only will there be no bonuses for the workers, but the insular government will have to make good the deficits. This subsidizing of the sugar trade can last only while the insular government has the funds to make losses good.

The insular government and the Popular Party are, for the time being, one and the same thing. Luis Muñoz-Marin is its head and, as much as one man can be, he is the maker of the internal policies of the island.

Rexford Guy Tugwell is governor and his many enemies have built up a mythical "Tugwell plan" in an attempt to foment antiadministration feeling. Actually the governor's powers are chiefly negative. He might obstruct Muñoz-Marin in many ways. He has not chosen to do so, but has worked closely with him and the party leaders.

The really great menace to Muñoz-Marin's success and to the success of the Popular Party itself comes from the very source which originally gave him his power: his own party leaders. Muñoz-Marin, himself, admitted to me that the Popular Party was "born with a serious disease."

That disease is intense, fanatical nationalism which is Fascist at its core. This nationalism feeds on hate, revels in flags, uniforms, strong-arm methods. It is definitely opposed to the principles of democracy, dedicated to the destruction of all things American, and has concrete links with the Fascist powers. Muñoz-Marin disclaims these elements in his party, but not very emphatically. They believe that he is one of them at heart and is simply playing a game of carefully considered politics.

Muñoz-Marin the politician and Muñoz-Marin the idealist are at times difficult to reconcile. It would be easy to put him down as a charlatan, mouthing a precious philosophy while playing ball with the island crooks. Yet even his political enemies do not label him in this way. As far as is known, he has never benefited in any material manner by his political success.

Big business men who bitterly oppose him speak wistfully of him, with a fantastic tenderness. One of these, a hulking, brutal, profane man, expressed himself thus:

"If we don't drive that bastard off the island he'll ruin us, but just the same I wish him luck. You know, there's something about the guy: he's damned lovable."

Meanwhile Don Luis explains that what he wants for Puerto Rico is a "good civilization." To have this, he says, "Puerto Rico must be a place where when the average man dies he will feel that he has led a reasonably good life. He may not have found many worldly goods, but he will be able to look back over the span of his life with content, feeling at least that he has done but little harm to his fellow men."

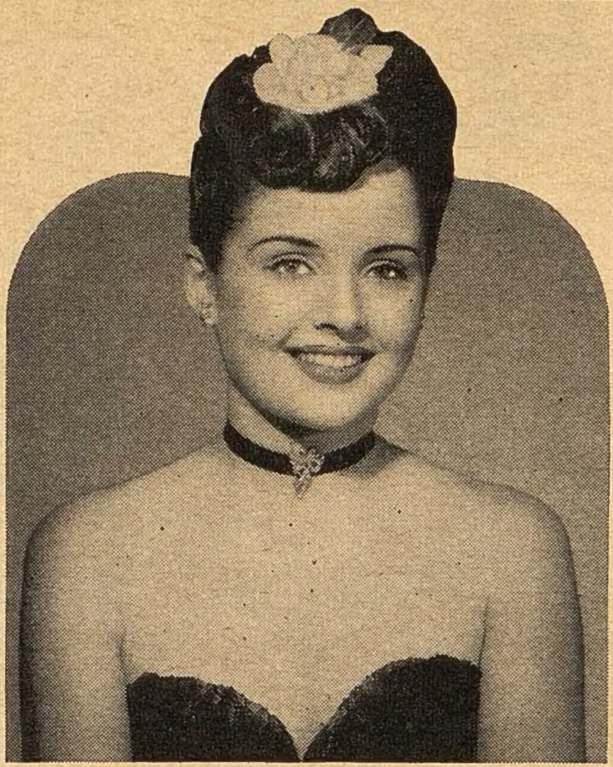
"You're expounding the theory of Christianity, are you not?" someone asks.

"God forbid!" shouts Muñoz, clasping his hand to his forehead. "If anyone did that, they would be mobbed and killed."

"Maybe that will happen to you in the end."

"Oh, no," says Don Luis proudly. "You see, I've got the *jibaro* behind me."

THE END



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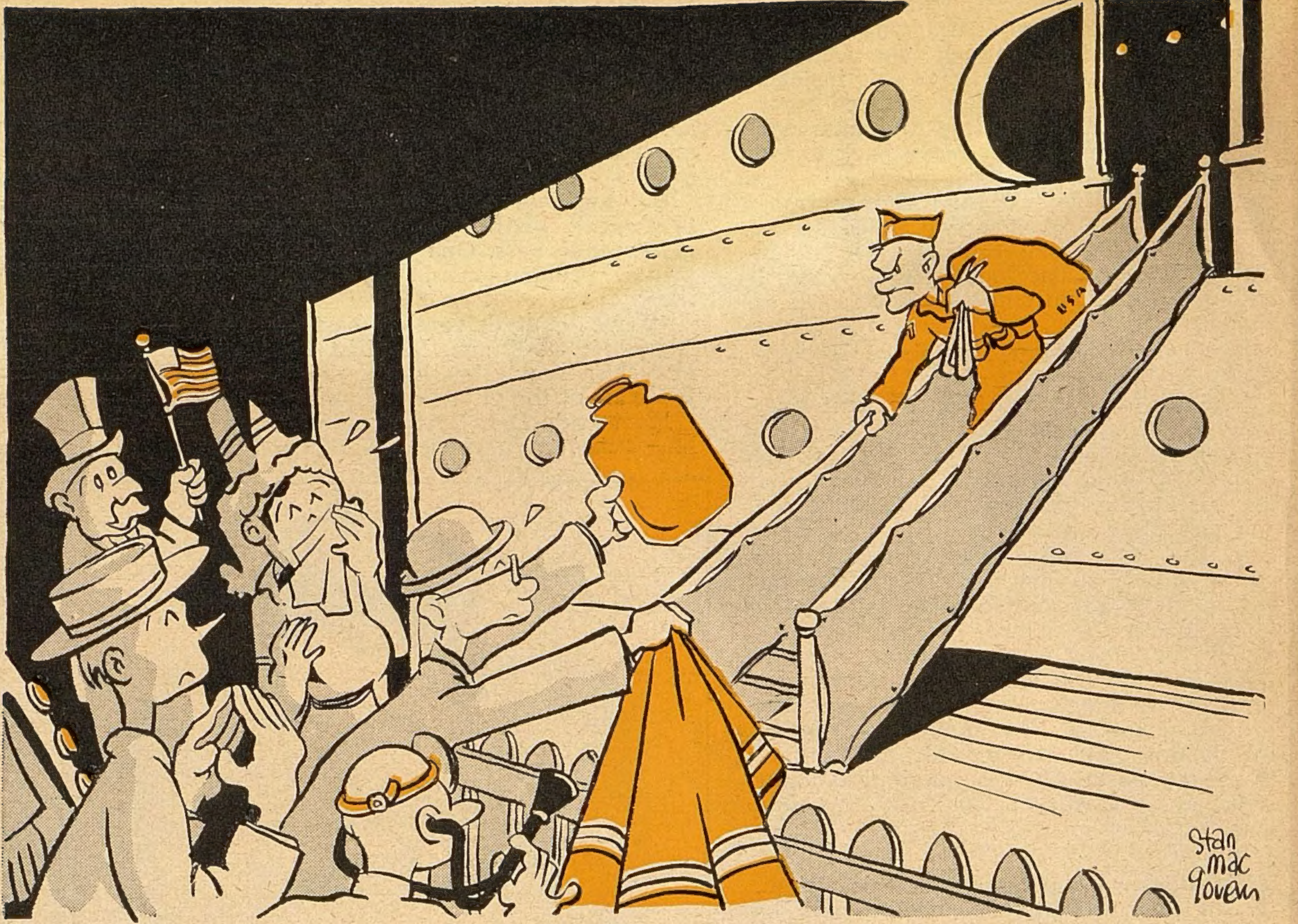


REHABILITATING G. I. JOE

PRIOR to the opening of the United Nations conference in San Francisco, a number of people suggested that one member of the American delegation should be a G. I. from Uncle Sam's Army.

On the face of it, this seemed like a reasonable suggestion. Certainly the men doing the fighting ought to have something to say about how the world they fought for is set up. But Stars and Stripes, the soldiers' newspaper, took quite a dim view of this idea editorially. According to Stars and Stripes, the men and women of the armed forces were quite willing to leave America's representation at the conference in the capable hands of the men and women of our delegation. It was pointed out that the soldiers were hardly in a position to judge the matters under discussion and would therefore be able to contribute little or nothing to the deliberations.

This serves to indicate what we have long suspected—that our men and women in uniform intend to maintain their dignity and common sense and not be placed in false or embarrassing positions through the well-intended actions of civilian busybodies. The tendency of the folks at home to become sentimental over soldiers and their problems is quite pronounced. It is refreshing from time to time to see evidence that the armed forces mean to resist this tendency and not allow civilian sentiment to create problems out of thin air which really do not exist.

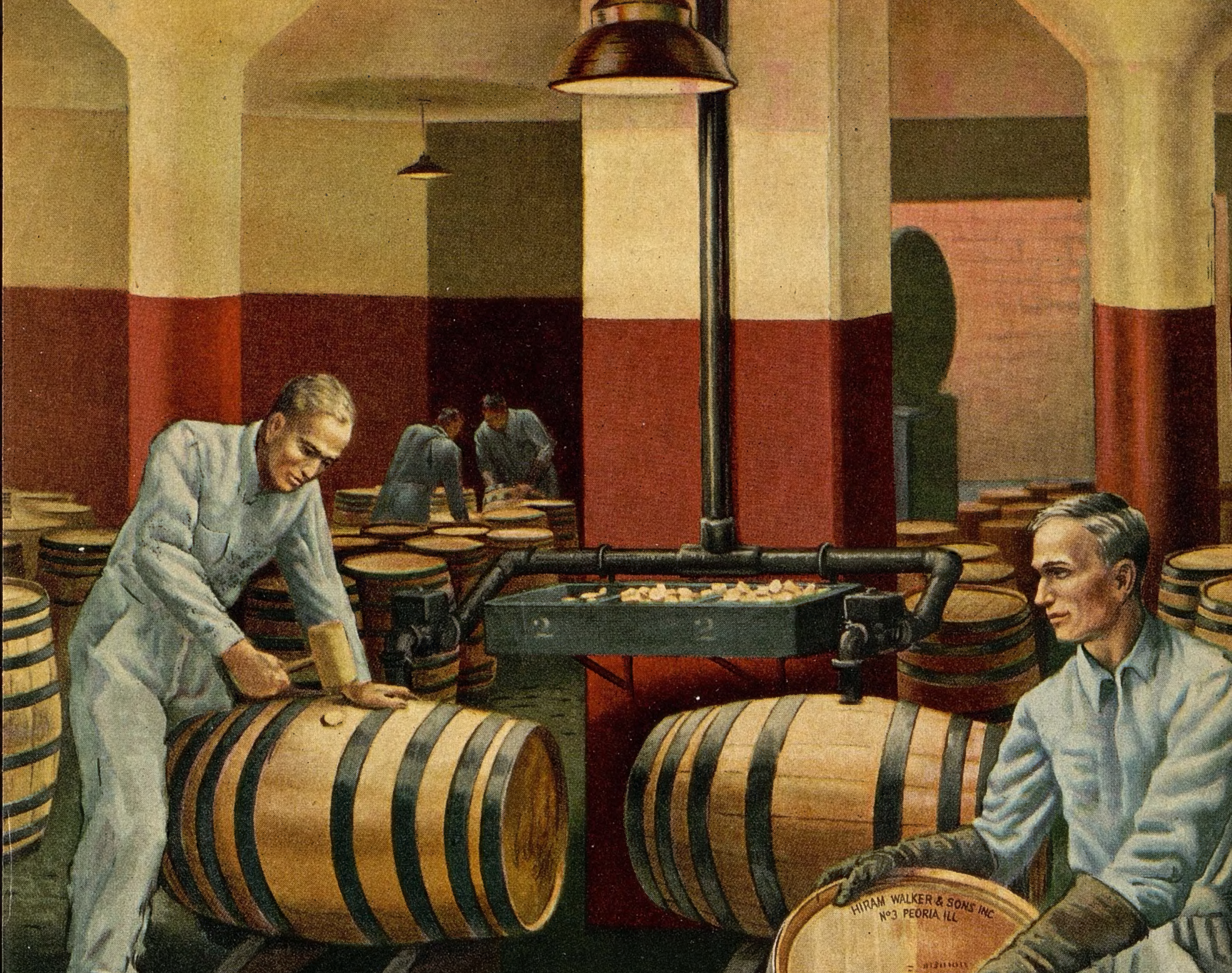
On all sides, among civilians, one hears frightening tales of the problems of psychological readjustment which the boys face when they come home. The average soldier, however, recognizes no such psychological problem. He merely wants to get back, get to work, and to take up his life where he left off.

The intentions of earnest citizens, hell-bent to do him good, embarrass him extremely. He does not intend to allow well-meaning busybodies to create problems out of his situation so that they can solve them with great fanfare and excitement.

There will be problem cases, of course, but they will be the exception rather than the rule. The average man in uniform in this war is a pretty sensible Joe and will increasingly resent the attentions of veteran chasers, rehabilitators, psychologists, and others who want to put him in a separate category and work over him. The boys have made the transition from citizens into soldiers without any great wrench to their mental states. They have fought shrewdly, capably, and efficiently. They feel they can make the transition back to civilians with equal facility. In the process they don't want to be wept over, pawed over, or prayed over. All they want is a chance to make up for lost time. Give them that and they'll take care of all other readjustments necessary.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL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